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Pius the Seventh and Pius the Ninth.

AT the moment at which we are writing, the English newspapers are giving to their readers the details of the measures said to be proposed to the Italian Parliament by the Government of Florence for the securing to the Holy Father—whom that Government has just violently robbed of his States, his palaces, his churches, and of the money in his treasury—the free exercise of his spiritual sovereignty. The same Government, moreover, has lately seized the papers which printed the Pope's Encyclical, containing the excommunication of Victor Emmanuel, his advisers and abettors, not to mention other acts which furnish so significant a commentary upon the promise of "a free Church in a free State." The details of the proposed measure—which perhaps may be forgotten before these lines reach our readers' eye—are curious, and will impose, no doubt, on some few innocent people out of Italy. It may be worth while to examine them for a moment.

Pius the Ninth, then, is to be guaranteed his "sovereign rights"—after everything over which he is sovereign has been taken away from him. He is to be allowed to retain his guards, and provided with an income of 3,255,000fr. As his guards would be immediately overpowered by any force that the Florentine Government might choose to employ against them, and would therefore be at once forbidden to resist by the Holy Father himself, the brave Swiss who have so often proved their fidelity might as well be at once turned into mere beefeaters or javelinmen, or supplanted by Italian policemen. As for the promised income of 3,255,000fr., we can only wonder that M. Lanza and his associates should have fixed on this particular sum rather than any other. It is as easy to promise thirty millions as three. The Italian Government is pretty well versed in the game of spoliation—and of promising compensations or offerings. After the siege of Ancona, the papers were instructed to publish that Victor

Emmanuel made an offering of no one knows how many thousand scudi to the shrine of Loreto. When the Church property and the property of the religious orders was seized, every one knows that compensation was promised to individuals, and every one, not out of Italy, knows perfectly well what the royal promise in one case or the parliamentary promise in the other was worth. So, as he never means to pay anything at all to the Pope, except when it is in the interest of his policy to do so, M. Lanza might as well have put it on a little stronger in his civil list for the Pope, and if he wishes any one but Englishmen to believe in his sincerity, he might begin by returning to His Holiness the five millions which he found in the Roman treasury, of which, we will venture to say, the Italian State as such has been by no means the sole recipient. We are further told that the Pope is to keep the Vatican, the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore—which, by the way, is *not* the cathedral of Rome—Castel Gandolfo, and their dependencies, “and these are exempted from taxes and common law jurisdiction. The same immunity is extended to any temporary presidency of the Pope” (here the English papers must have made some mess of the Florence telegram), “Conclave or Council. The Pope’s correspondence is to be free. Even in pursuit of criminals, neither visits nor searches are to be allowed. The Pope is to be free to establish at the Vatican a post and telegraph office, keeping his own officials.” It is not said how the post-bags are to get anywhere, except by the good leave and help of Italian officials, or with what part of earth, sea, or sky the telegraph is to communicate, without being always liable to the inspection and manipulation of the same tender guardians of the liberty of the Church. It is added, indeed, that “the Papal despatches, couriers, and telegrams are to be conveyed as those of foreign Governments,” but then foreign Governments may possibly have a way of their own of enforcing respect to their “despatches, couriers, and telegrams” not possessed by the prisoner of the Vatican. “Councils will require no preliminary permission for meeting.” This is very kind of M. Lanza. Councils have not been in the habit of asking leave of such Ministers as he is for their meetings, but, unfortunately, they require either a free city or a Government which they can trust before they meet anywhere. “The Pope may prefer to benefices without royal permission. The sale of the Bishops to the King, the Royal Placet and Exequatur, are abolished. The seminaries and other Catholic

institutions will derive their authority from the Holy See alone, without any interference whatever from the Italian scholastic authorities." That is, we suppose, without any interference except of that kind which has lately shut up the schools of the Roman College and the Apollinari, and various other institutions of the same class. For all which boons, no doubt, Pius the Ninth will be very foolish if he does not feel extremely thankful, and consecrate by his blessing the new state of things which produces them.

What the Italian Parliament may think of all these proposals, we are of course unable to tell. One thing we may be quite certain of—that no member of that body will for a moment be so foolish as to believe that the Government of King Victor Emmanuel has the slightest intention of keeping them except as a matter of convenience, or that when the Bill in which they are embodied, or any other Bill of the same kind, has passed the Legislature and been ratified by the King, it will be worth, as far as any protection to the Pope or Church is concerned, the paper on which it is written. In one view of these matters, it would seem as if nothing could be more childish than to propose such measures—except, of course, to believe that there is the slightest intention of carrying them out. This latter childishness, we believe, is reserved mainly for our own countrymen. Again, there is something singularly foolish—if it be not meant as a mere insult—in enacting at Florence a set of conditions for the security of the Pope, when it is perfectly well known that he will accept nothing whatever at the hands of his gaolers. No Government with a particle of character or good faith would venture on the farce of such legislation. In this point of view, it is another grave insult to the Church, to morality, and to God, another deep disgrace on the Italian name, to go through the solemn mockery of pretending to secure by measures such as these the rights of the Church and the Holy Father, when no security whatever is needed except deliverance from the violent injustice and brute force of the men who are the performers of this mockery. It is almost impossible, with the history of the last few years in our memory, to speak or write as if the proposals of the Florentine Cabinet were the serious proposals of real statesmen who mean to do what they promise and observe the obligations by which they bind themselves, but there may be some people, at least in this country, who may not be aware of the grounds of this

impossibility, and for their sakes it may be worth while to reason for a few minutes as if it did *not* exist.

We need not repeat the arguments which have been so often urged as to the necessity of the Temporal Power for the independence and free action of the Church. Those arguments show irresistibly that the Pope must be the sovereign of a considerable State, weak, it may be, by the side of the great monarchies of Europe, but large enough to bear without grievance the burthen of the administration of the government of the Church, and to make its ruler safe against sudden aggression and insolent oppression. We have already implied, that there is a difficulty in arguing the question on these grounds, because we might by so doing seem to admit that anything at present is to be done but simply to redress wrong and restore what has been sacrilegiously usurped. And now, in the light of the truth of the necessity of the Civil Independence of the Supreme Pontiff, what are we to think of M. Lanza's proposals? No man in his senses will argue that they make the Pope independent in any way. He is at best a sort of Prince Bishop, though there have been, and perhaps are, Prince Bishops who have the temporal administration of certain portions of country in their own hands to a far greater extent than is conceded to the Roman Pontiff by the Government of Florence. It would not make the Archbishop of Canterbury independent if he were allowed a small number of streets around Lambeth as a "Leonine city," and had his own beefeaters, his own post-office, and his own telegraph wires. There have been whole classes of people in European States who have had "sovereign rights," if by that is meant the privilege of personal inviolability, but they have not been the less subjects for that. Napoleon the First would have conceded to Pius the Seventh a good deal more than M. Lanza is ready to concede to Pius the Ninth, and both Emperor and Pope understood well enough what was meant by freedom and what was meant by servitude. There is no question, therefore, of satisfying the requirement of the Church's necessary liberty by the arrangements that are now proposed, even if they are proposed in good faith and can be honestly exercised. Even let us place in the position of Signor Lanza and his associates a thoroughly Catholic ministry, let us fill the Hall of the Cinque Cento at Florence with representatives of the Italian nation equally Catholic, and let us place on the throne some loyal and religious sovereign in the stead of Victor

Emmanuel, what would these measures be worth in such a case? They would be worth a little more than they are now—but not much. Not much—for no one can give what he has not got to give; and no Parliamentary majority, no constitutional ministry, no sovereign of a State whose policy may change from year to year, can secure for such stipulations as those of which we are speaking that they shall be permanent and immutable.

A few years may roll by, and a change in public opinion or a revolutionary agitation, a propaganda of ideas hostile to the Church, and the hands which have set up these frail barriers of security for the independence of the Pontiff may be called upon to pull them down. Italy is at this moment undermined by the secret societies. Up to this time they have used the King of Piedmont and the so-called Conservative party in the various provinces to bring about their long-plotted unity and the destruction of the Temporal Power; but who shall say how many weeks or months are to elapse before the Revolution knocks over its own puppets? It may in answer be said that Italy will, in a sort of sense, pledge herself to the Catholic world—that the nations of Europe will require of her to guarantee the securities which she proposes for the independence of the Pope. Just at this time, however, who cares any longer for guarantees? Italian Ministers have never kept a pledge, except by force, but it is not Italy alone, it is one great European Power after another, that denounces treaties and declares that it holds them no longer binding, because the physical force is wanting that might punish their violations. We must have something more binding than a solemn pledge from people who have never given a solemn pledge except to break it, something more than a guarantee from people who hold that it is neither infamous nor immoral to cast guarantees to the wind. The fall of the Temporal Power has already been signally illustrated by the open avowal that solemn treaties no longer bind the European nations. Europe has looked on with apathy while the greatest act of injustice which our time has known has been perpetrated with the greatest display of insolent mockery of all that is right and holy. Then of a sudden she finds that the bond of union, the sanction of the common law of nations, is gone into the same grave with the throne of the Pope! She has for centuries substituted mutual fear and the jealous watchfulness of her great and carefully-balanced powers over one another for the law

of right and justice and the guiding influence of the representative of Jesus Christ upon earth. The balance of power has now been utterly disturbed; and in the disturbance we see what its moral worth was. It kept nations in order as long as they feared to become aggressive: now they find they need no longer fear, and we see that its moral worth was simply that of the maxim that "might makes right."

With Pius the Ninth in captivity in the Vatican, and with the European system itself in the state of solution into which the great German war of 1870 has thrown it, to be followed, perhaps, by far more general convulsions—for when Rome and the Pope are touched, there is commonly trouble from one end of Europe to the other—it may seem as if there were but few grounds of hope for an immediate restoration of peace, order, and the tranquil exercise by the Church of her heavenly mission in the world. We have already said that we cannot share the despondency with which many good Catholics look forward to the future. "Nothing under the sun is new," writes the Wise Man. "What is it that hath been? the same thing that shall be." The Church and the Temporal Power have gone through graver trials than those which now beset them. Let us refresh our memories, not by returning to any very ancient times, but to the days when our fathers were young, the days of the great war and of the First Empire, when the States of the Church were incorporated into the unity of the dominions of one who claimed to be the successor of Charlemagne—a man before whom all the earth kept silence, and by the side of whom Victor Emmanuel is a somewhat contemptible figure—when the Pope was in captivity, not in his own palace at the Vatican, but in the small town of Savona, not surrounded by his Cardinals and counsellors, but utterly isolated, denied even pen and ink for his own use, and allowed to know of the affairs of the world and of the Church just as much and no more as was contained in the columns of the *Moniteur* of the French Empire. Most appropriately for our purpose, within the last few months in which books could still be printed and published at Paris, M. d'Haussonville sent out the last two volumes of his great work, *L'Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire*. These two volumes contain the history of the saddest portion of the life of Pius the Seventh—his imprisonment at Savona and Fontainebleau, the Gallican "Council" of 1811, the Concordat of 1813. In spirit, as well as in interest,

they are the best parts of M. d'Haussonville's work. Begun with the object of proving the favourite thesis of the author, against the connection of Church and State, and written so far in the service of a dangerous and unorthodox opinion, the history has yet gradually come round to be a simple, most interesting, and most authentic narrative of events, of which no other such narrative exists, and M. d'Haussonville is far too honest to let his opinions warp his fairness in the statement of facts. It is surely very much to be wished that some concise and clear narrative of the events which it relates, a narrative which to be complete would have but few other books on which to found itself than the work before us, should be given to the English public.

If we compare, point by point, the situation of the Church at the time of the imprisonment of Pius the Seventh and at present, the difference is certainly all in favour of the speedy resolution of the difficulties of our own time. We have already remarked on the inherent weakness and corruption of the Italian kingdom. It is inherently weak, as all factitious unities must be. It has grown by fraud and violence, and has not been consolidated by any moderation, foresight, or conciliatory policy on the part of the aggressive power. We doubt whether in a large portion of the peninsula, the Piedmontese are less hated now than the Austrians some years ago in Northern Italy. The first power, internal or external, which appeals to the Italian provinces with the cry of federation, rather than the forced unity under which they now groan, and supports the cry with sufficient force to encourage the timid, will, we are convinced, be welcomed with a shout of joy from Florence to Palermo. The Government is corrupt, the Court is corrupt, the finances are manipulated for the purpose of individuals, and the result is the necessity for an enormous taxation. Put this against the Empire of Napoleon the First. Say what we may against the Second Empire, the truth is, that the long reign of the Third Napoleon—far longer than that of his uncle—shows, among other things, how much force and strength there was in the power of the First. It was the name of Napoleon and the Empire which secured to the adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne the suffrages of France, not, we think, on account of the military glories, to the exclusion of the firm and strong government of which memories were full even at that distance of time. At the time of his quarrel with Pius the Seventh, the Emperor was at the height of his power.

His will was law from one end of the Continent to the other. His imprisonment of the Pope and incorporation of the Roman States into his Empire took place after he had been enabled to establish that "Continental system," which, whatever were its effects, may certainly be quoted as a convincing proof of the immense influence of its author. England, his only enemy, after her desertion by Austria in 1808, found her ships excluded from the ports of France, Italy, Dalmatia, Germany, Russia, Prussia, Holland, and Denmark. We have written, Italy: but there were two ports in that peninsula—Civita Vecchia and Ancona—the Sovereign of which, alone of all the rulers of Europe, refused to accede to the wishes of Napoleon in that respect.

That no one then discerned in the colossal Empire which the soldier of fortune had raised for himself the elements of internal decay, is plain from the manner in which he was treated by the crowned heads of Europe, over whom he had soared to such unprecedented greatness. When his nephew was in search of an alliance after his *Coup d'Etat*, it was commonly said that no European royal family would have sufficient confidence in the stability of his throne to give one of its daughters to him in marriage. When Napoleon the First divorced himself from Josephine, the two proudest houses in the world, those of the Czar of Russia and the Cæsar of Austria, vied with each other for the dubious honour of furnishing him with a consort, who perhaps might not be considered universally to be a lawful wife. It may be said with truth, that if any one had predicted the downfall of Napoleon and the dissolution of the Empire at that time, he would have seemed a mere visionary. Nor indeed, to do him justice, was his system such as to ensure its own speedy dissolution. If Napoleon could have controlled himself, if he had not made his wisest counsellors afraid to tell him the truth, in political, as afterwards in military, matters—if he had not been simply intoxicated by success, so as to do his own genius the greatest injustice, there was nothing in reason to bring about the downfall of the edifice which he had reared. He was a firm, prudent, resolute governor, often, indeed, led away by passion, but a great organizer, and when not under the influence of passion, sagacious, industrious, and gifted almost with a kind of divination both as to measures and as to men. He was his own great enemy, and the great enemy of his Empire. But for the intoxication of which we have spoken, he would never have

made his great mistakes—of all of which the greatest was his conduct to Pius the Seventh. Such was the man, and such the power which were measured against the feeble old man on the throne of St. Peter at the beginning of the present century, and which held him in captivity, as Victor Emmanuel and the Italian kingdom now hold Pius the Ninth.

The contrast is still more striking if we turn to other features of the two pictures. It is unfortunately the fact that, in the days of Napoleon and of Pius the Seventh, the captive Pontiff had indeed some consolation from the devotion of the faithful and in the sympathies of the Christian world, but, if we must say the truth, there was but little expression of real sympathy, and that little was not allowed to make itself known to the prisoner at Savona.

We have not been able to learn [writes M. d'Haussonville, tom. iii., p. 308], that any foreign Cabinet officially reclaimed against the *Senatus Consultum* which made Rome the second city of the Empire, which imposed upon the Popes the obligation of promising upon oath, on being raised to their dignity, to respect the four propositions of the Gallican Church, which assigned to them a fixed income of two millions as great functionaries of the State, and allotted to them palaces in the cities of the Empire in which they might choose to reside, especially in Paris and Rome. Among the Powers who professed to recognize the spiritual authority of the Holy See, some, like Naples and Spain, were bound by all sorts of ties to the Imperial policy. The rest, like Austria and Bavaria, had already for some years entered on a course of obsequious deference. It does not appear, either, that the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, who would fear with reason to rouse some dangerous storm against themselves, thought of protesting on their own part. Portugal, allied with England, was at war with the Empire, and so without any diplomatic agent at Paris. Schismatical Russia, Prussia, and the minor Protestant States of Germany, were at once too indifferent to Catholic interests and too much pre-occupied by the care of their own security to hazard themselves without any positive right to do so on so dangerous a position. So there was general silence on the part of foreign Powers. *If we are not mistaken, the same silence was prudently kept by the Catholic clergy of the whole world.* The Bishops of Dalmatia alone at the moment, in answer to a circular addressed to them by Napoleon from Znaim, dared to take in hand the defence of their oppressed Chief in terms so full of lofty and brave independence as to seem almost to recall the classic harangue of the Danubian peasant.

Very different this, certainly, from the reclamations which are being made by the Catholic world against the sacrilege lately perpetrated by the troops of Victor Emmanuel! Even the English Prime Minister has used language about the necessities of the case which has given umbrage to Italians. As for the

European Powers "who profess to recognize the spiritual authority of the Holy See," we are at all events no worse off than the Catholics of 1809. We have reason enough not to put our trust in Princes; but modern Governments cannot long neglect the most important interests of large bodies of their subjects, and the expression of public opinion as to right and wrong cannot be ignored by them. With whatever drawbacks, our time is an advance upon the period of the First Empire. The Church always gains when the great body of the population has more power over the action of Governments, and whenever public opinion can make itself fairly heard. Without building castles in the air, or raising hopes which will never be fulfilled, we may certainly express a confident hope that European Governments will not all look on upon the spoliation of the Holy See with as much ultimate indifference as, in the days of the First Empire. Pius the Ninth has probably already received more expressions of devotion and loyalty in the three months of his moral captivity in the Vatican, than his seventh namesake received in the whole five years of his exile and captivity.

Another very remarkable difference is suggested by the words which we have italicized in our quotation from M. d'Haussonville. It is the cue of that writer to underrate the loyalty and firmness of the clergy, and we need not accept in all their severity the strong condemnation which he has either expressed or implied even of the French Bishops who were unfortunately the tools of Napoleon in his unequal warfare against Pius the Seventh. There are many excuses to be made for them—many excuses on account of the character of the times through which they had passed, on account of the conditions under which they lived, and on account of the character and actions of the man who claimed their servility. M. d'Haussonville gives a striking account of a scene at the Tuilleries on March 16, 1811, when the Commission of Prelates and clergy which had been appointed to advise the Emperor as to the measures to be taken, in reality, to dispense with the Pope's action in the government of the Church, were assembled with some other dignitaries in the presence of the sovereign. Napoleon kept them waiting—it was his habit when he wished to intimidate people—for two hours, and then appeared in great pomp, surrounded by a brilliant Court. He made a long and violent harangue against Pius the Seventh, and the stupefied silence which succeeded was not broken by any remonstrance on the part of the dignitaries of

the Church. The Emperor was almost disconcerted, and turned, as if to make a diversion, to the famous M. Emery, of St. Sulpice, then an old man on the brink of the grave, into which he was to sink in a few weeks, and asked him what he thought of the matter. M. Emery simply replied that he could think nothing but what was contained in the Catechism taught all over the Empire, that the Pope was the visible head of the Church. "Could a body do without the head to which it owed obedience by divine right?" He then quoted the four Gallican Articles, which the clergy were obliged to maintain, and showed how strongly they spoke of the Primacy of St. Peter and of the Roman Pontiffs as having been instituted by Christ Himself. Napoleon, to the surprise of all, was not angry. He said that he acknowledged the Spiritual Power of the Pope, but that the Temporal Power had been conferred upon the latter by Charlemagne, and that he, as Charlemagne's successor, could take it away again. M. Emery again replied, quoting Bossuet as to the necessity of the temporal sovereignty for the exercise of the spiritual authority of the Pope. Napoleon again replied by an argument. As long as Europe was divided among several sovereigns, it was well that the Pope should be independent of any: now that Europe obeyed only one, what was the inconvenience of his being a subject of that one? M. Emery again replied with perfect simplicity, "What was now might not be always, and then all the inconveniences might recur. The order so wisely established should not be changed." The Emperor then asked him about a clause of which the Commission—of which M. Emery had been an unwilling, a dissentient, and a protesting member—had suggested the addition to the Concordat. Its purport was that if the Pope delayed to give institution to the Bishops nominated by the Emperor within a certain time, the right to do so should devolve on a Council of the province. Would the Pope consent to that? M. Emery told him that the Pope would not consent. It would destroy his right of institution. The Emperor turned in anger to the Bishops, and reproached them for having advised him to ask a concession which the Pope would not grant, and bowed courteously to M. Emery when he dismissed the meeting. He would not listen to the apologies made to him for the plain speech of the illustrious Sulpician. That was how he wished to be spoken to, he said. M. Emery knew his business.

If such scenes had been more frequent in the life of

Napoleon, we may at least hope that he would have been saved from many of his greatest faults. But the readers of M. d'Haussonville's volumes will know how very far different was the spirit of M. Emery from that which animated most of the Prelates of his time. It is indeed a sad and miserable story, though relieved by many incidents of courageous and conscientious resistance on the part of the courtly ecclesiastics who trembled before the power of the new Charlemagne. The vital point in dispute was that which we have already mentioned—the institution of Bishops. The Pope was a prisoner, deprived of his temporal power, deprived of the free exercise of his spiritual power, and, as the Church says in the Lesson read on the feast afterwards instituted to celebrate his deliverance—*Viiis omnibus penitus interclusis, ne Dei Ecclesiam regere posset, nullo similis persecutionis in priscis annalibus exemplo*.* But the Emperor could not stop the hand of death, and as one bishopric after another fell vacant, he had need of the poor prisoner at Savona for the canonical institution of his nominees. The Pope replied to all demands of the kind that, as he was cut off from his usual counsellors and assistants, and unable to communicate with the Church freely, he could not in conscience discharge his duty of ascertaining the fitness of the persons presented to him. This, then, was the point at issue. Could Napoleon do without him? A Commission of Prelates and clergy in 1809 first of all declared its own incompetence, and hinted at a National Council. It even went so far as to say that such a Council, in a case of extreme necessity, might take on itself to supply the want of the canonical Bulls required for institution, by declaring that institution given *conciliariter* by the Metropolitan, or in the case of a vacancy of the Metropolitan see, by the eldest of the Suffragans, should supply the place of the Bulls until such time as the Pope or his successors should consent to execute the Concordat. In 1811 another Commission went further, as we have seen. Then we have a deputation of Bishops sent to Pius the Seventh at Savona, nominally on the part of the Council, but really by the Emperor. It requires all that can be alleged in the excuse of these Prelates to shield them from the severest indignation of the reader. They had to arrange two negotiations with the Pope, one as to the

* *Rom. Brev.* (Supplem.), on the feast of "our Lady the Help of Christians," May 24.

Church of France, another as to the general affairs of the Holy See and the Church at large. It would take us too long to enter into details ; but the Emperor's proposals on both heads were such as the Pope could not accept, such as no Bishop ought to have urged him to accept, such as we believe no Bishop of our own time would venture to recommend. The story is a very disgraceful one, and it seems to have been told for the first time in its hideous completeness by M. d'Haussonville. M. de Chabrol, the prefect of Montenotte, purchased the services of Porta, the Pope's physician. "Porta," writes M. de Chabrol to the *Ministre des Cultes*, "serves well his employers." The Pope could not sleep, his nights were disturbed, his head was fatigued, he was no more master of himself ; he was, as he said himself, in a state of intoxication and madness. We may not be prepared to say that this state of "mental alienation" (the words are taken from a despatch of the prefect to the Minister) was produced by artificial means, still less that the Bishops were privy to the plot, but at all events it is a sad spectacle that is presented to us by these Bishops, who at the best are the accomplices of a rude bullying prefect and a doctor bribed to serve the Emperor's cause in wearing away the resistance of a nervous, timid, and wonderfully diffident old man, cut off from every means of information or consolation. At last the Pope was so far overcome as to allow certain propositions, implying more or less a surrender to the Emperor's wishes, to be drawn up and left upon his chimney-piece. This concession was enough, and the next morning, in fear lest it should be revoked, the Bishops set off on their return to Paris. The Pope at once found what he had done, declared that they must be recalled, that the note must be altered. A serious hypochondriacal attack ensued, and it would seem that the real reason why the so-called "National Council" met at Paris shortly afterwards came to nothing was that serious fears were entertained for the mental health of the Pope.

It is not our business at present to draw out the somewhat intricate history of that Assembly, nor to follow Pius the Seventh through the various stages of his captivity, from Grenoble to Savona, from Savona to Fontainebleau, until his restoration to liberty and independence at Rome. That too is a sad but most touching history, most of all from the very little support and the very great discouragement and disappointment which it was the lot of Pius the Seventh to receive from those

who ought to have been his most devoted adherents and zealous friends, Cardinals, Bishops, and other members of the clergy. The history is told severely enough in the pages of M. d'Haussonville, but though we may think him severe, we must at least admit that there were exhibitions of servility to the powers of the world and of traitorous advice to the Holy Father such as we trust will be looked for in vain in the history of our own times. We shall give but one more incident of this unpleasant period, in order to contrast it with what might be expected in our own time. The Pope had issued a brief declaring null and void the jurisdiction assumed by Cardinal Maury as Archbishop of Paris, to which dignity the Emperor had nominated him. The brief was the cause of a sudden accession of rage to Napoleon, and cost the Abbé d'Astros, the Vicar General of the Chapter, an imprisonment at Vincennes, after the Emperor had threatened to have him shot. Cardinal Maury persuaded the metropolitan chapter of Paris to address Napoleon in terms of loyalty and devotion. It was one way of turning from their own heads the gathering storm of persecution. The address, which was opposed by M. Emery, contained passages which denied some of the rights of the Holy See, and it was, in any case, sure to be interpreted as an act of adhesion to the measures taken against the Pope by the Emperor, to whom it was submitted, and by whose dictation it was even altered. Well, adhesions to this address poured in from large numbers of ecclesiastical bodies in France and Italy. In France such a thing might have been less unexpected: but Italy! The addresses were all printed in the *Moniteur*, and carefully laid before Pius the Seventh at Savona. M. d'Haussonville tells us that with the exception of five chapters which maintained a significant silence, all the canons of the sees which had been preserved in Italy adhered to the Paris address. No doubt the adhesions were got up officially—but we may at least trust that nothing of the kind is possible in the days of Pius the Ninth.

We may say the same of the outrageous brutalities of the treatment to which the Pope and his Cardinals were exposed by the tyranny and petty spite of Napoleon. His treatment of the Pope was absolutely barbarous—almost as great a blot on the Emperor's character as the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. Happily, the power of public opinion in our time is too great to permit anything of the kind—though we must be prepared to find that everything has been done that can be done without

provoking a public outcry. The revolutionary party in Italy are capable of any enormity; but public opinion has, happily, too much strength as yet to make it safe for them to venture to ill-treat the Pope. They must vent their malice upon wounded Zouaves, innocent priests, and Sisters of Charity. No Government in Europe, not even the Italian Government, could venture to treat Pius the Ninth as the French officials, by the order of Napoleon, treated Pius the Seventh. The men may be as bad, perhaps worse, than the tools of the Emperor; but the power of Christian sympathy for the Pope is already too great for them to find it worth their while to add to it by increasing his sufferings.

It seems, then, that in the present conflict between the Church and the Italian kingdom—for it is simply that—the forces are far more favourably arranged for the triumph of the Church than when Napoleon was her adversary at the head of the French Empire. There is, indeed, another aspect of the case, which has been put forward with much ability in a thoughtful article by one of our German contemporaries, and according to this our prospects are worse than before, because “modern Europe” is more adverse to the idea of the Temporal Power of the Church than the Europe of sixty years ago. This argument opens a controversy on which we need not enter at present, for we believe that the necessity of the Civil Independence of the Supreme Pontiff is acknowledged by many minds who are yet unable to grasp the full Christian idea of society of which the connection between Church and State is an integral part. We can see little in the state of Europe to make us wish to go back to the Congress of Vienna. Providence then fought for the Church, and Providence will do so now. Catholics are persuaded, with a certainty that does not amount to that of faith, but still is a certainty of very great intensity, that the Temporal Power of the Pope is necessary for the independence of the Church. Napoleon the First cared about as much for the independence of the Church as M. Lanza and the Florentine Cabinet, and in the height of his irresistible power he laid hands upon the dominions and sacred person of the Holy Father. No one resisted him, no one lifted his voice against him, but the sentence of excommunication struck him, and he was hurled from the throne of France to that of a little Mediterranean island, almost in sight of the town of Savona, where he had imprisoned the Pope with so

many circumstances of barbarous cruelty. And at present it is not a great Empire, but a factitious agglomeration of States under the nominal sceptre of a man of whose qualities it is not worth while to speak, that measures itself against the Church. If Italy were stronger than France ever was, and Victor Emmanuel greater than Napoleon ever was, it would be just the same. Behind the captive and insulted Pope is the majesty of the Catholic Church, and behind the Catholic Church is the power of Him Whose Providence rules the world.

"Fear not, stand and see the great wonders of the Lord, which He will do this day." History repeats itself, and yet generation after generation sees the world's hosts surging up against the rock of the Church, forgetting the defeat and destruction of which the traces are as yet hardly removed. But the children of the Church cannot forget them, and so each new assault finds them calm and confident, waiting in tranquillity to see in what new way the certain deliverance will be made; leaving to Providence the times and seasons, as well as the manner, of the triumph, and careful only not to fail in their duty of securing it and hastening it on by energetic activity in their own spheres of influence, by the practice of Christian virtues and the irresistible importunity of intense and ceaseless prayer.

By the Sea-shore.

WILL you come with me, my darling, now the tasks of day are ended,
Will you come to me, my darling, as I stroll along the shore?
To allay for one short half-hour of a lonely life unfriended,
Ceaseless heartache of remembrance and the sting of "never more?"

I am selfish to entreat you, from your paradise descending,
To forsake for such as mine is, love that sullies not, nor ends,
And your children gather round you, but they need no more your
tending—

Or if careful, you can leave them to the charge of angel friends.

I am selfish still as human, yet less selfish than in gladness,
In ungrateful days of pleasure, God-forgetting years of bliss;—
And I would not ask your presence as a solace for my sadness,
But in tears repentance brightens, you will Heaven's light scarcely
miss.

Ah! that eve you leant your weakness on my strength, as feebly trailing
Your dear wasted limbs, you wistfully looked out upon the sea,—
Just as then, you're ever with me, just as then, through years of wailing,
Shall I mourn you till our meeting by a calmer ocean be:—

Just as then I'll think I'd see you, if not hidden from these aching
Eyes of mine, by summer gloaming, not a night more dark and drear;
And I'll fancy 'tis the murmur of the waves beneath me breaking
Drowns the music of your low voice—I am listening hushed to hear.

Should I know you, in your brightness of a beauty far outshining
All that canvas ever mirror'd, or that dreaming eyes behold?—
Would you know me in my darkness, worn and withered by repining,
—Shrunken frame, and weazen features sharp as pinched in sorrow's
mould?

We are chang'd in mind-relation;—what is all my little learning,
To your viewing in the Godhead truth too vast for words to speak?
I of you am counsel craving, faith I beg from your discerning,—
You the teacher, I the pupil, you the strong one, I the weak.

You have marvelled at my symbols, sun's or moon's eclipse foreshowing,
Magic signs that mete the comet, or the fleet wings of light;—
Now I marvel at your science,—lore unletter'd all things knowing,—
Past and future, Mind and Matter clear before the ghostly sight.

Yet the same as ere you left me,—not in angel guise I rather
 Would conceive you, only happier, looking shyly as a child
 Meekly waiting for caresses, on the face of God the Father,
 By our Lady's hand led onward, very reverent,—very mild.

Strength from beauty Earth dissevers; 'tis not so in Heaven's completeness;
 There, the tender grace that trembles, makes more loved the martyr
 brave;

Mingle there, stern self-denial of the Saint with infant sweetness,
 And the fondness of the cradle with the wisdom of the grave.

We can speak of palms of Eden, why not speak of Eden daisies?
 Not the humblest of earth's flow'rets, but has better life above;
 Only thorns are for the burning; lilies, violets, God upraises,
 With the gentle souls that witness to His gentleness of love.

Here in time our senses bounded, of Eternity's perfection
 One by one the splendours image, of the whole a single part;
 And we mourners looking upward for our lost, in vain selection
 Note the brightness, not the whiteness, seraph-brow, not child-like
 heart.

As I dream of you, and mourn you, come again,—but not in glory,—
 In humility self-doubting, fond and loving as of old,
 Letting fall from head discrowned, o'er my locks now scant and hoary,
 Tresses soft but not too shining, and your wings in pity fold.

Would you care to have me with you?—where you are is no regretting;
 Yet I think you would have missed me, had I first been called away;
 Then for grace to cling to Jesus, never you and Him forgetting,
 To your God and Friend appealing, for your old companion pray.

Bring me penitence unselfish of a son who has offended,
 Not the fear of slave o'ertaken, sullen dragged before his lord;—
 Bring me longing as for heavenly so for earthly life amended;—
 Virtue prized for more than crowning, sin for more than shame
 abhorred.

Bring me anguish for His anguish that absolves me, as confessing
 In the sacrament of penance I bewail the shameful past;
 Bring me strength, to good from evil, back the stubborn will redressing;
 Bring me conscience ever wakeful, duty patient to the last.

For these treasures ask the Owner, He will hear you interceding,
 And His Mother, and your Mother, will not let you pray alone;—
 Not a boon but He will grant her, for a soul His succour needing,
 By His hand in mercy stricken, led by you before His Throne.

There are times I think He loves me;—was it only sorrow dreaming?
 When a sudden trembling joyance thrilled my desolation through,
 As I fancied, from the altar, more than earthly radiance streaming,—
 And a whispered benediction in the wind-stirr'd churchyard yew.

Might I come before His Presence? and for menial service asking,
Beg for work, though shadows lengthen, and the sun is in the west,
Vow to Him the last grey minutes of a lost day, doubly tasking
All the few that yet are left me, ere the night compel to rest.

Oh! to strike one blow in battle for the Cross with His crusaders,
Oh! one foe of His to lay in dust, one fallen friend to raise,—
Or to hurl from Sicily's battlements, but one of her invaders,—
One knightly act to do for Christ, and win His smile of praise!

Yet so faithless still, and wavering, by the lightest zephyr shaken
Of a doubt, in will so feeble, by a scornful look o'erthrown,—
Dare I risk the Master's honour in a duel undertaken,
Where the strength is all the foeman's, and the weakness all my own?

Thousand deep the saints are marshall'd; love's immaculate confessors,
They who glean behind the reapers, Famine, Pestilence, and Strife,
Sisters, servants, of the poor man, of his wrongs the meek redressers,
Round the Lamb are gather'd, singing His new canticle of life.

Rank on rank in order follows; first the loving, last the fearing;
With the hirelings, not the children,—with the mendicants of grace,
I am station'd far from Jesus in His gladness of appearing,
With the willers, not the doers, who behold Him face to face;—

With the smitten, with the wounded, swathed around in prayer and
fasting,
Draped in sackcloth of contrition, not in armour bright arrayed,
By the patience of His mercy, years of thanklessness outlasting,
Only saved as if by scathing of a judgment long delayed.

Help me darling! watch above me, with those dear kind eyes unsleeping;
Bring to fruit of faith, hope's blossoms in this heart yet blank and sere;
Genial make with Heavenly sunshine, earthly rain of sorrow's weeping;
Bring me faith, as yet so distant,—and the grave so very near.

In the death-gloom of the future, let me feel your gentle leading;—
In the keen light of the present, show the past with all its stains;—
If the toys of time allure me, let me hear you softly pleading—
“What has earth that may replace me?—you have lost me—what
remains?”

So be with me—so be near me—till the end of separation;—
Then from out the 'wilderer brightness come and lead me to the King;
While like worships grandest Gloria, joy-bell strains of acclamation,
For a bridal as at Cana, for our new uniting ring.

W. E.

Pagan Inscriptions and Christian Cemeteries.

MOST of our readers are aware that the earliest period of the history of the Roman Catacombs is that which had remained enveloped in the greatest obscurity and encumbered with the gravest difficulties, until De Rossi boldly claimed for them some few years ago a public instead of a secret existence during that time, and the protection of the common law of the country. It is not too much to say that this theory has effected a complete revolution in the history of Subterranean Rome, and probably there is no one discovery by which that distinguished writer has thrown such a flood of light upon a most interesting subject as by this simple and obvious statement, which nevertheless was in direct contradiction with what had heretofore been generally believed. Formerly, it had always been taken for granted that the Christians had had recourse to this particular mode of burying their dead, only for the sake of the opportunities of secrecy which it afforded, and hence it had been a frequent topic of discussion among archæologists how it could have been possible to carry out a work of such magnitude under the very eyes, as it were, of the Pagan authorities without detection. The antiquarian world, therefore, was quite taken aback when De Rossi threw all these speculations to the wind and "moved the previous question," viz.—Is it true that the early Christians were driven to take exceptional precautions in this matter of the burial of their dead? or were not the ordinary customs of their Pagan neighbours such as they might innocently use, or at least seem to use? and would not their cemeteries have been adequately protected by the law?

The moment these questions were mooted and De Rossi had offered his own solution of them, the subject attracted considerable attention, and we believe no chapter in the work of his English editors has been read with greater interest than that which treats of the Roman laws and customs affecting burial, and their relations to the position and requirements of the

first Christians. The subject, however, admits of much fuller illustration than it has there received; and as De Rossi has written about it more in his *Bullettino* than in the larger work of *Roma Sotterranea*, we believe we shall be gratifying many of our readers if we set before them some further details in our own pages. Our information will be derived almost exclusively from some of the more recent collections of old Pagan inscriptions; as, for example, the *Amplissima Collectio* by Orelli, published in 1828, together with the supplementary volume by Henzen in 1856; the magnificent volumes of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, published in 1863 and 1869 by Ritschl, Mommsen, and Hubner, under the auspices of the Academy of Berlin; and the *Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani*, also edited by Mommsen, and which may in fact be considered as forming part of the same *Corpus*.* It is in documents of this kind that we must look for the fullest information on the subject of the funeral rites and ceremonies of the ancient Romans, and not in the writings of their poets, philosophers, or historians. Cardinal Norris indeed suggested† that there must once have been books containing all this information in detail, but that they were probably destroyed by the early Christians in their hatred of idolatry. We can see no reason for this conjecture; to us it seems more probable that such books were never written at all. The Roman rites of burial were not such a complicated network of ceremonial observances as we find, for example, in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead;" and such as they were, we seem able to get a sufficiently clear idea of them from the inscriptions to which we have referred. At any rate they will reveal to us many things "not generally known" on this subject, yet full of interest in their bearing on the condition of the early Christians in the same matter.

Everybody who has any acquaintance with the monuments of antiquity, knows how common a practice it was for wealthy Romans to make express provision in their wills for the erection of tombs, statues, or other memorials after their decease. When this was done, the heir usually signified his obedience to the instructions he had received by specifying the fact in the epitaph, e.g., *ex testamento feci*, or H. EX. T. F. C., for *hæres*

* In this article, the first of these works is to be understood by the initials O. H., and the last by I. R. N. The first and second volumes of the *Corpus* will be quoted under the names of Mommsen and Hubner respectively.

† *Cenotaphia Pisana*, dis. iii., Op. tom. iii., p. 560.

ex testamento faciendum curavit. Contrariwise, where no such instructions had been left, the EX.T. of the last formula was omitted, or the heir made a more distinct record of his own generosity by such expressions as these—*de suo*, or, *impensâ suâ faciendum curavit*;* or if the expense of the funeral and monument had exceeded the sum which the deceased had left for the purpose, the heir did not hesitate to record it, with more economical accuracy than refinement of feeling—*adjectis de suo* so many thousand *sesterces*.† But not only did the Roman gentleman give minute directions as to the cost of his funeral and the kind of monument which he desired; he made provision also, as he fondly dreamed, for the continual preservation of that monument, and of the memory of himself as its founder. Let us look into one or two of these wills and examine for ourselves. Here is an extract from one which was engraved on stone outside the Porta Labicana of Rome, and its fragments found there, near the Claudian Aqueduct, in 1831.‡ It disposes of "certain gardens, together with a house and vineyards, all inclosed within a wall, and situated between the first and second milestone on the left-hand side of the Via Labicana as you go out of the city." T. Flavius Syntrophus bequeaths this property, together with all the furniture of whatsoever kind that may be found there at the time of his death, to one of his freedmen, on condition that nothing shall be done either by himself or his heirs to interfere with the following arrangement. It was to be held in trust for the benefit of all the testators—freedmen and women, both those already freed and those who should hereafter be freed by this will or its codicils; the revenue was to be divided equally between them all, provided they offered the usual sacrifices at his tomb at the appointed time, and assembled there the 22nd March, the day for sprinkling violets on his grave (*dies violationis*), § the 21st

* Hubner, 214, 4059, 4066. † O. H., 7421. ‡ O. H., 7321.

§ This seems to have been the day usually, if not uniformly, chosen for the *violatio*; the day of the *rosatio* was more variable. The classical reader will call to mind the *Purpureos flores* on the tomb of Anchises and the shade of Marcellus (Virg., *Æn.*, v., 79, vi., 885), and the statement of Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, xxi., 8, 10) that the Romans scarcely used any flowers for crowns but violets and roses, and that these crowns were not only for the honour of the gods and the *lares*, public and private, but also *sepulcrorum et manium*. Compare also St. Jerome's letter to Pammachius (Ep. xxi.), in which he speaks of "other husbands scattering on their wives' graves violets, roses, lilies, and purple flowers;" and the charge brought against the Christians by Cœcilius (Minuc. Fel. Oct., cap. 2), *coronas sepulcris denegatus*.

May, the day for sprinkling roses (*dies rosationis*), and the 30th December, the testator's birthday. If any of these freedmen wished to occupy the house, he was at liberty to do so with the consent of the rest, or at least of the majority of them; and the rent of the house and the profits of the rest of the property, whatever should remain after the expenses had been provided for the feasts on the appointed days of meeting and the proper preservation of the monument, should be divided between the legatees. The last survivor of them was to take care by his last will and testament that his heirs should pass in like manner into the family of the testator,* so as continually to keep alive his name and memory.

This was the one thing which they seem always to have had specially at heart, viz., that there should be at least one or more yearly gathering of friends and dependents about the tomb, that so the memory of the deceased might not altogether perish; and it was sought to secure this end, partly by the attraction of a feast, and partly also by the distribution of actual largess on the anniversary of the death, or, more commonly, on the birthday of the deceased;† partly also by the forfeiture of a very heavy fine,‡ or even of the whole legacy, if the feasts or sacrifices were neglected, in favour of some *collegium*§ or corporate body in the town, or of the chief magistrates, or even of the public exchequer of the place, whatever it might be.||

The provisions of another will, which has not come down to us in its original, but only a copy of it as taken by some of Alcuin's scholars in the eighth or ninth century, are still more curious and apt for the illustration of our subject.¶ Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow have given us some sketch of its contents, from which we shall freely borrow, supplying however some details which they have omitted, and correcting an occasional error. This document begins by ordering the completion of the monument (*cella memoriae*) which the testator had already commenced. It was to be finished in exact accordance with the plan he should leave behind. In it were to be set up two statues of himself of a certain size—the one in bronze, the other in marble,**

* O. H., 4386, 4392, 4395, 4417. † O. H., 4069, 4088, 4115, 4417.

‡ O. H., 4076. § O. H., 4420; I. R. N., 460, 3545.

|| O. H., 4084; I. R. N., 1504. ¶ *Bullett. di Arch. Crist.*, i., p. 95.

** Similar testamentary provisions for the erection of statues seem to have been very common on the Latin inscriptions in Spain. See Hubner, 1055, 1065, 1350, 1947, 1951, 1952, 2060, 2130, 2150, 3165, 4020.

and in front of it a tomb (*aran**) of the finest Carrara marble, in which his bones should be laid. Careful provision was to be made for the easy opening and shutting of this *cella*, and an inscription was to be set up outside, giving the date of the building and the age of the testator when he died. Couches and benches† were also to be provided for those days on which the *cella* was to be opened, and even garments for the guests. Orchards and other property are assigned for the proper maintenance and repair of the sepulchre, which is left in charge of two freedmen who are named. The orchards are to be cultivated and looked after by three gardeners and their apprentices (*discentibus eorum*),‡ and to each of the three the testator's nephew and heir shall pay sixty *modii* of corn every year, besides half that quantity in lieu of clothes. Nobody shall ever have dominion over this property for any other end than to improve its cultivation and carry out more effectually the provisions of this will. Everybody shall be allowed to have access to it who comes out of a feeling of respect towards it (*ad id colendum*), whether he come on foot or in a carriage.§ If at any time the heir allows anything to be done at the tomb contrary to the provisions of this will, *e.g.*, allows any stranger to be buried or burnt here, he shall forfeit a sum equal to about £833 of our money to the public treasury of the town (of Langrès), and this shall hold good against all future owners of the property. All freedmen or women to whom the testator has given liberty, either during his life or by his last will and testament, shall contribute a few pence yearly, to which the testator's nephew and heir shall add more, and out of this sum meat and drink shall be provided, to be consumed at the tomb on the annual celebration of the deceased's birthday; sacrifices also shall be offered on the tomb on the first day of every month from April to October inclusively.

We have chosen these two wills because of their greater completeness, which enables us to see in detail what is more briefly recited, or even only alluded to and implied, in the shorter monumental inscriptions. These last, however, are

* Messrs. N. and B. have translated this word *altar*, but it clearly ought to have been *tomb*. The word is found in this sense in very many inscriptions. Mommsen, 1109; O. H., 4521, 4522, 7357, 7358; Hubner, 310, 1293, 1375, 3306, 4315, 4372.

† These are ordered also in an inscription given by Hubner, 1066.

‡ *Discentes* is used for "pupils" in inscriptions. O. H., 4682, 4684.

§ We cannot hazard any interpretation of the *et staticulis* which follows.

very numerous, and, when taken together, their sense is sufficiently explicit to justify us in saying that nothing was more common among the wealthy classes in Pagan Rome than to make some such provision as this for the erection and maintenance of their sepulchral monument, and the perpetual observance of the usual ceremonies in their regard; and that of these ceremonies the most general and the most essential were the offering of sacrifice at least once in the year, the sprinkling of the tomb with roses or violets, or both, and the celebration of social feasts in memory of the deceased on certain fixed days, of which his birthday was generally one. For this purpose an area of very considerable dimensions was set apart for the tomb and its appurtenances, which are variously described, sometimes as gardens, vineyards, or orchards, together with a dwelling-house or house of entertainment—for the sake both of protecting the monument and of assembling together,* sometimes as a field or garden inclosed by a wall;† and it is often added that there is a well also upon the premises, or that there is a right of drawing water from a neighbouring well; also that wood and all things else necessary for the offering of sacrifice shall be provided, and that there shall be free access to the spot for all whom it concerns.‡ Sometimes this area was common to more than one sepulchre.§ It was set apart for the purpose during the lifetime|| of the person intending to be buried there, or it was provided by the liberality of some special benefactor for many others besides himself,¶ even for all the inhabitants of the borough, except outlaws, those who had hung themselves, and those who during life had followed any disgraceful occupation.**

It was also a matter which the old Romans had very much at heart, that their tombs should never pass into the hands of strangers;†† they were protected, therefore, by exceptional legislation, under the especial protection of the *pontifices*. We find it stated in the English *Roma Sotterranea* (p. 46), not only that all burial-places in Rome were under the guardianship of these officers, but also that from time to time they inspected the tombs, and that without their permission no serious alteration could be made. We think that there is some inaccuracy here, and that the English editors have gone somewhat beyond their

* O. H., 4368, 4369, 4371, 4373, 4395, 4400, 4418, 4430, 4509, 4561.

† *Ibid.*, 4400, 4561. ‡ *Ibid.*, 4085, 4374, 4378; I. R. N., 212.

§ O. H., 4510. || *Ibid.*, 4512, 4549. ¶ I. R. N., 1504. ** O. H., 4404.

†† O. H., 4386, 4395, 4403, 4428, 7337, 7338; Hubner, 4332; I. R. N., 3545.

author in this statement. No doubt, all burial-places in Rome were under the jurisdiction of the *pontifices*, but we can find no authority for supposing that there was any periodical inspection of them. On the contrary, their intervention seems only to have been called for when there was any reason to believe either that there had been, or that there was imminent danger of being, some sacrilegious interference with the inviolability or inalienability of a sepulchre. It was not lawful, for example, without their permission, to transfer a body that had once been properly buried from one tomb to another, neither might any existing monument be taken down and rebuilt. If any monument was falling into decay, the leave of the *pontifices* must be obtained before it could be repaired; and in later days they even fixed the time within which the repairs should be completed, and they were always bound to take care that they should be so executed as not to expose the bones or ashes of the departed to the light of day; if this was inadvertently or unavoidably done, they had to exact the due performance of the expiatory sacrifice which the law enjoined. Accordingly, we find numerous inscriptions which testify to the rebuilding, *permissu pontificum*, of monuments that had been ruined, or inscriptions which ask for such permission; or again, which invoke the protection of the *pontifices* against future alienation, or declare that a disputed right of property in this or that tomb has been settled, *ex auctoritate et judicio pontificum, secundum sententias pontificum*,* &c. One curious inscription, found in the kingdom of Naples,† records at some length the sentence that was given in a dispute of this kind. It begins by certifying that there had been good ground for bringing the action, that it had not been vexatious, for that the event sufficiently showed that an inspection of the place and buildings in dispute was really necessary. Next, it recites the main outlines of the case; that one Ælius Rufinus, a soldier, had bought the buildings, and as it did not appear on examination that there were any sepulchres underlying, or adjoining to, or otherwise connected with, the said buildings, it was clear that they were the lawful property of the said Æ. R. by right of purchase. But that, as to the place or field adjoining them, which Ælius Abascantius, the father of Ælius Rufinus, had bought in the same way from the heirs of Patulcus Diocles, inasmuch as it contains many

* O. H., 4406, 4515, 7331; I. R. N., 1537. See also *Cic. de Legibus*, ii., 19, 23.

† I. R. N., 2646.

sepulchres scattered about in divers places, the right of ownership could never be lawfully transferred to any purchaser. Moreover, inasmuch as the father of Rufinus, and afterwards Rufinus himself, had enjoyed possession of the field, though its purchase had not been legally effected, the family of the Patulci could in no wise lay claim to it. On the contrary, the judge having satisfied himself by personal inspection that the field had been levelled and all tokens of the graves erased, and whereas the Patulci say that in the deed of sale it was expressly stated there are no sepulchres in the place, therefore he decrees that Rufinus, son of Æ. A., shall forfeit the field, in punishment for his contempt of religion, and that it shall henceforth become public property, and be set apart for the burial of soldiers of such a regiment; and the heirs of the vendor, Patulcus Diocles, shall refund the purchase-money, together with compound interest at the rate of two per cent. (per month), by way of fine for neglect of reverence due to sepulchres, the said sepulchres having been clandestinely destroyed; and the soldiers of the aforesaid regiment shall receive this fine as a fund to benefit them in their sickness and death, that so for the future they be no longer looked after when sick, or buried when dead, by means of public subscription. And let all men know that this sentence is inviolable, and this marble tablet bears witness to it.*

We will not enter upon the interesting inquiry, in what way these social usages and legal provisions which we have been considering could have been made use of for the protection of the early Christian cemeteries, till we have first removed an objection which it is likely will have occurred to the minds of some of our readers, viz., that the first Christians were too poor and despised a section of the community to have been able to avail themselves of the privileges of the upper classes. It might be sufficient to urge in reply to this objection, that it is certain there were not a few, and very important, exceptions to the general poverty of the early converts to the faith; but it will be more instructive to turn once more to the collection of Pagan inscriptions, and to gather from them what lessons we can as to the law and practice of mutual cooperation among the various members of society in the ancient world. Now the most cursory glance will suffice to show us that the idea of associations, or

* See also O. H., 4423, 4424, 4425, 4427, where a similar fine is imposed both on the buyer and seller of a sepulchre.

sodalities, was very familiar to the Roman mind. We are not speaking of temporary associations, such as partnerships entered into for purposes of trade, which might at any time be dissolved by mutual consent, but of associations of a more lasting kind, which when a man had once entered clung to him more or less closely all his life. Such, for example, were the religious sodalities, some of which dated almost from the foundation of the city, having been brought in, it was said, by the Sabines, and being certainly mentioned in the laws of the Twelve Tables.* These might be compared, in a certain sense, to our religious confraternities, inasmuch as they consisted of a body of persons bound together for the performance of certain sacred rites, and meeting on fixed days to partake of certain solemn feasts. Then there were other associations of a more secular kind; something more akin to our mediæval corporations or guilds, consisting of members of the same profession or trade; and even some of these too claimed to have been instituted in the days of Numa or of Servius Tullius.† It is said that there were at first only eight of these‡—goldsmiths and workers in brass, tailors and dyers, fullers and potters, players on the flute and carpenters; but as time went on they became more and more numerous, until at the period in which we are interested in them, there seem to have been guilds of almost every profession or handicraft that is known. Inscriptions are extant which testify to the existence in imperial times of corporations, or colleges, of masons and blacksmiths, soldiers and sailors, boatmen and divers, bakers and cooks, mule-drivers and donkey-drivers,§ wine-merchants and corn-merchants, hunters and fishermen, dealers in drugs and carders of wool, doctors and bankers, scribes and musicians; and, in a word, of almost every occupation in life. Lastly, besides these religious and official corporations, there were other *collegia* for merely social purposes; and amongst these, burial-clubs were both the most numerous, the most important, and the most lasting. Even

* *Cic. de Orat.*, ii., 49.

† Pliny, *H. N.*, xxxiv., i.

‡ Mommsen, *De Collegiis et Sodalibus Romanorum*, p. 30. Kilise, 1843.

§ An inscription belonging to such a *collegium* was found by Mommsen in an old building once attached to the Church of St. Stephen, now a chemist's shop, in Potenza, in the kingdom of Naples; and he adds that to this day the owners of mules and donkeys in that place are in the habit of assembling and driving their beasts round this building on St. Stephen's day! (*I. R. N.*, 391.) *Collegium jumentariorum* is found in an inscription at Fossombrone (*O. H.*, 4093; also in 2413).

when the liberty of other corporations was interfered with by positive legal enactments, burial-clubs enjoyed, under certain restrictions, their ancient privileges. At first, and during the most flourishing days of the Republic, there seems to have been no limit either to the number or the action of any of the *collegia*. But about the year 64 B.C., a decree of the Senate abolished some and hampered the freedom of meeting in others. Not long afterwards Clodius re-established them by means of a law *de collegiis restituendis novisque instituendis*, the precise details of which have not come down to us; but we know that under Julius Cæsar only the most ancient were tolerated, and that Augustus confirmed the dissolution of the rest. Hence it is mentioned in several inscriptions that such a *collegium* enjoyed the right of meeting (*jus cocundi*)* by a special decree of the Senate; and the only general exception that we know of to this rule was in favour of burial-clubs instituted for the benefit of the poorer classes, to which the members made a small monthly contribution and held meetings once a month. It seems probable that this exception was one of the provisions of the *Lex Julia*, but only for the city of Rome; in the end of the second century, however, Septimius Severus extended the privilege to Italy and all the provinces of the Empire.

The reason of the imperial jealousy of these associations is clearly shown in the official correspondence between Pliny and Trajan. In the course of his progress through the province intrusted to his charge, Pliny had seen the immense mischief both to public and private property that had been caused in Nicomedia by a large fire, which the people had made no exertions to extinguish, partly from lack of will, and partly from a total absence of all proper appliances; and he timidly proposes to the Emperor that a guild of firemen should be established: "Only of one hundred and fifty men," he says; "I will take care that nobody is admitted but a man proper for the work, and that they do not use for any other purposes the privilege conceded them. Besides, it will not be hard to keep a close watch on so limited a number." The Emperor politely but firmly rejects the proposal. "It has occurred to you," he says, "that after the example of other places a guild of firemen might advantageously be established at Nicomedia. But we must not forget that that whole province, and especially the large cities, has often been disturbed by factions of this kind.

* O. H., 3140, 4075, 4235, 6745; I. R. N., 4243, 4851, 6803.

Whatever name we may give these associations, and for whatever cause they may be instituted, sooner or later they will become political clubs (*hetæriæ*), however limited. It will be better, therefore, only to provide those instruments which are useful for extinguishing fires," &c.* Nothing, then, but their manifest public utility served to protect the burial-clubs from being suppressed through this excessive fear of secret societies; and that they might enjoy the same protection, other associations seem to have superadded this purpose of burial to the objects for which they were originally instituted, or even to have substituted this purpose for every other altogether. At any rate, we learn from the unquestionable testimony of inscriptions on public monuments, that burial-clubs were multiplied to an extraordinary extent, and under every variety of name, during the period with which we are concerned, the second and third centuries of the Christian era, so that the word *collegium*, without any adjunct whatever, came almost to be used as synonymous with a burial-club.† The members, indeed, of these clubs would appear, if we might judge from their titles, to have been united during life in the worship of some common deity, as they call themselves worshippers (*cultores*) of Jupiter, or Hercules, or Apollo and Diana, or Isis; nevertheless, no records have come to us of their joint action in anything beyond the purchase, or the use, of a common place of burial, together with the feasts, sacrifices, and all other observances which belonged to such places. The conclusion, therefore, can hardly be rejected as illogical, that this was really the chief, if not the only cause of their existence. Several, indeed, did not even profess to have any religious tie, but merely took the title of some deceased benefactor whose memory they desired to honour—e.g., *cultores statuarum et clipeorum L. Abulli Dextri*;‡ and with others the only bond of union appears to have been service in the same house or family—e.g., *Collegium Vernarum, colentes Isidem; collegium quod est in domu Sergiæ Paullinæ; loc(us) sep(ulturæ) convictorum qui una epulo vesci solent*.§

Three monuments which have been discovered during the present century, and belong very nearly to the same date (A.D. 133—167), contain so many important particulars as to the internal organization of these clubs, that no apology is necessary for describing them at length. The most ancient, bearing

* Ep. x., 42, 43. † St. Cyprian, *Ep.* 67. ‡ I. R. N., 5029.

§ O. H., 2414, 4073; Hubner, 3730.

date A.D. 133, reveals to us all particulars about a *collegium* of slaves, erected in honour of Diana and Antinous and for the burial of the dead, in the city of Lanuvium, where it was brought to light amid the ruins of the ancient baths in the year 1816.* It sets forth the law that allows those *collegia* to meet, whose members make a monthly contribution towards the future expenses of their funeral, and forbids their meeting more frequently than the legal allowance, once a month, and distinctly mentions it as the special object of this club, the providing a decent burial; it exhorts each new member diligently to read its rules before he enters, lest he make them afterwards a subject of complaint, or even leave to his heir matter for a lawsuit; and then it proceeds to publish the rules. Each new member shall give a keg of good wine and pay so much money on admission and so much a month afterwards. If at the time of his death his subscriptions should be so many months in arrear, the club shall take no account of his funeral; but if otherwise, it shall pay so much out of the common chest, a sixth part of which shall be divided among those who attend the funeral. If a member dies at a greater distance than twenty miles from the town, three other members shall be deputed to go and superintend the funeral, and they shall give an honest account of all their expenses to the general body of members; and if they be detected in any attempt at fraud, they shall be fined fourfold.† . . . A definite sum shall be allowed for travelling expenses. If news of the death does not arrive in time, or if the distance is too great, then whoever has buried him shall present his bill of expenses, attested by seven Roman citizens, and his demands shall be satisfied, and a receipt in full must be given. If any member of the club die, not having made a will, his funeral shall be conducted according to the discretion of the members and officers of the club. If the body of any deceased member be detained by the harshness of his master or mistress, he shall be buried in effigy (*ei funus imaginarium fiet*). Also, it has been resolved that if any member commits suicide from any cause whatsoever, the club shall take no notice of his funeral.‡ Also, that any member, being a slave, who

* O. H., 6086.

† The stone is here imperfect.

‡ Mommsen attributes this proviso to motives of economy, and not to any higher appreciation of the value of human life or hatred of suicide (*De Coll. et Sod.*, p. 100). But compare the inscription quoted above from Orelli, 4404.

shall receive his liberty, shall give a keg of good wine. Also, that whosoever shall refuse to serve his year of office as *magister* and to give the usual entertainment on his appointment, shall pay a fine to the public chest, and the next in order on the list shall serve in his stead. Then follows the list of days on which suppers are to be given (*ordo cenarum*), and the allowance of bread and wine on these occasions for each mess of four; certain privileges to be granted to members of a certain standing, and to those who have discharged with credit the duties of the club's officers. Finally, it is ordered that all complaints and all matters of business shall be dealt with at the public meetings, that so the peace and harmony of their entertainments may not be interfered with; and if anybody causes a disturbance or picks a quarrel with another member, he is to be fined: the fine is to be still heavier if a member says anything insulting to any of the officials during the suppers. And then the document concludes with a brief mention of a few simple religious ceremonies, such as the offering of incense and libations of wine on solemn days, to be executed by the officials of the society, each in his turn. It is impossible not to admire both the thoughtful prudence and the amiable genial spirit of these rules of a Pagan burial-club, instituted more than seventeen centuries ago. They are an interesting revelation of the social life of those times.

The next monument we would quote is just twenty years later, and it records certain benefactions of a lady of rank to a burial-club, which was nominally a College of *Æsculapius* and *Hygeia*. The benefaction was made in memory of her deceased husband, who seems during life to have had charge of the imperial picture-galleries; and it consisted of a small building on the left-hand side of the *Via Appia*, between the first and second mile out of the city, a marble statue of *Æsculapius*, and a covered hall in which the members (*populus*) of the college might feast. She also gave the college a considerable sum of money on certain conditions; of which the principal were, that the number of members should never exceed sixty, and that only freemen should be elected to fill up the vacancies caused by death. It should be lawful, however, for any member to bequeath his place to his son or brother, or even to one of his freedmen; but in such cases the new member should pay into the common chest one-half of the sum which the college usually paid to the heirs of a deceased member (*funeraticium*), and the

interest arising from these funds was never to be spent in any other way than in distributions, according to certain fixed proportions, among the officers and members of the college on their appointed days of meeting, of which six or seven are enumerated. On some of these money was distributed, as well as bread and wine and *sportulæ*, and it was specially provided that distribution should be made only to those who were present; the only pleas which were admitted in excuse for non-attendance were absence in foreign parts and confirmed ill-health (*excepto eorum qui trans mare erant, vel qui perpetuâ valetudine detinentur*).^{*} The same monument makes mention of a supper on the 14th of March, which had been provided by the liberality of another and earlier benefactor. Finally, a gentleman connected with the husband of the principal benefactress left them another sum of money, subject to the same conditions as before; and it was enacted that if the wardens (*curatores*) of the society failed to observe these conditions in any particulars, they should forfeit to the common chest a considerable sum of money.

Our third and last monument tells of a *collegium* which was by no means so fortunate in the acquisition of legacies. It belonged to an obscure town in Dacia, where the tablets were found in a mine near Aprudbanya, in the year 1807. The college had been established nominally in honour of Jupiter Cernenus (a local appellation), but in substance this also seems to have been a mere burial-club like the rest. Originally it had numbered fifty-four members; but at the time we come across it (A.D. 167) these had dwindled down to seventeen, and even these did not regularly attend the meetings, nor pay the appointed contributions. The funds, therefore, were no longer sufficient to meet the obligations; and one of the wardens (there ought to have been two; but his co-warden, *commagister suus*, had never put in an appearance, the writer of the tablet says, since the day of his appointment) issues an official document, attested by seven witnesses, which is in fact a declaration of bankruptcy. "He gives public notice," he says, "that, if any of the members dies, he must not think that he belongs to any club, or that he can get any allowance made for his funeral."[†]

^{*} Compare O. H., 4069, 4115, 4511. Sometimes, however, the members were allowed to send a friend to the feast in their stead, in case of unavoidable absence (O. H., 4366).

[†] O. H., 6087.

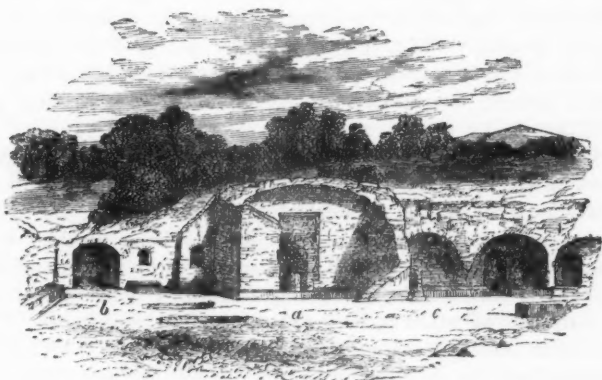
We have not left ourselves much space for pointing out the application of all this heathen lore to the history of the Christian Catacombs; nor, indeed, is much space necessary. For a great deal is too obvious to require special mention, and the English *Roma Sotterranea* has not neglected this part of the subject. We shall confine ourselves therefore to a few remarks, supplementary to what is already within reach of our readers in that epitome of De Rossi's labours. First, then, we do not find it mentioned there that the word *area*, which was the proper technical word for the space assigned to the maintenance of a Pagan monument, and not confined to the space actually occupied by that monument, was also used to designate the Christian cemeteries, at least in Africa. We need not quote the passage of Tertullian in his letter* to Scapula, the Proconsul, in which, playing on the double meaning of the word, he incidentally mentions that there had been an outbreak of popular violence against the Christian cemeteries (*areae sepulturarum nostrarum*). The word is also used in the same sense in other less familiar passages, as for instance, by Pontius the Deacon, in the Acts of St. Cyprian, in which he says that the Saint was buried in *areae Macrobiani Candidi, Procuratoris*. Again, in some of the official documents connected with the Donatist schism, referred to by St. Augustin and Optatus, we find mention of the *area martyrum*;† and in another official document, *area ubi orationes facitis*.‡ Finally, a Christian monument, recently discovered among the ruins of one of the old Roman towns in Africa, records the gift, by one of the faithful, of an *area ad sepulchra* and the building of a *cella* in connection with it. This is exactly the same as we have read before on Pagan monuments; neither should it be passed over as wholly without significance, that the benefactor in the last-named example styles himself a *Cultor Verbi*—an unusual phrase, which reminds us at once of the *Cultores Jovis, Isidis*, and the rest, whose acquaintance we have already made. And if all the examples we have cited come from Africa, and not from Rome, we must remember that in that country the Christian cemeteries were above ground like those of their Pagan neighbours, and that hence a closer similarity of language might reasonably be expected. What was lawful, however, in one country was lawful also in the other; and if the African Christians had their own

* Cap. iii.

† Optat. Miliv., p. 170. Ed. Dupin.

‡ See Baronius, *Ann.*, 314, 24.

cemeteries in which they publicly buried their martyrs and were known to assemble for purposes of prayer, there is no reason for supposing that the Church did not under ordinary circumstances enjoy the same liberty in Rome. We say, under ordinary circumstances, because we are not now considering exceptional disabilities imposed during times of persecution, of which the earliest authentic information that has reached us, in any way affecting the Catacombs, belongs to the middle of the third century; * but we are speaking of the legal condition of the Christian cemeteries in Rome from the very earliest period; and we repeat that there is absolutely no reason for supposing that during the first two centuries they were the occasion of any



CEMETERY OF ST. DOMITILLA.

embarrassment whatever to the infant Church, or laboured under any special obligation of concealment. On the contrary, we believe that they were well known, and their entrances, and probably *cellæ* and other monuments of various kinds above ground, quite public. And this theory of De Rossi's, originally proposed and supported by other arguments, has lately received very remarkable confirmation from the actual discovery of such a public entrance to the Cemetery of St. Domitilla on the Via Ardeatina, where, on either side of the vestibule (*a*) leading to the Catacomb, we have the remains of a dwelling-house (*b*), *custodiæ tutelæque causâ*, as the old Pagan monuments express it; † and of a large chamber, *dieta quæ est juncta huic monumento*, ‡

* Euseb., *H. E.*, viii., 11.

† O. H., 4368, 4373.

‡ I. R. N., 3545.

or *solarium tectum junctum in quo populus . . . epulatur*,* in which the Christians doubtless assembled to partake of their *agapæ*. Traces of a vestibule may also be seen in the more recently discovered Cemetery of St. Nicomedes, in the Villa Patrizi, situated in a most public position near the Porta Pia; and the remains of old buildings over the Catacomb of Prætextatus and of St. Callixtus, on the Via Appia, we may well believe, are the ruins of similar *cellæ*—perhaps the very *fabricæ* which the *Liber Pontificalis* tells us that St. Fabian, Pope and martyr, caused to be made throughout the cemeteries (*per cimiteria*) before the middle of the third century. It is no part of our present purpose, however, to enter into topographical details of Subterranean Rome, or to confront particular specimens of Pagan and Christian monuments, but rather to suggest the general outline of an analogy between them, which may be enlarged or modified by subsequent examination. At present we will conclude by briefly naming two points of resemblance, too striking and important to be passed over.

Our readers will not need to be reminded of Pliny's famous letter, in which, whilst asking for instructions from his imperial master how he ought to deal with the Christians, he at the same time communicates all that he has been able to learn about their practices. One of the leading features in his account of them is this, that, after having assembled before day-break for purposes of worship, they return to their homes, and then at a later hour (in open day, we must believe) come together again to partake of a common meal. Neither need we enter into any detailed account of the *agapæ*. It is sufficiently notorious that one of the most frequent occasions of holding them was the funeral of any of the brethren, and one of the most common places the tombs of the martyrs. Without saying then as much as Raoul Rochette has said, that the Christian *agapæ* were nothing more than a direct and conscious imitation of the funeral repasts of the Pagans, we can at least scarcely fail to recognize in the Pagan practice a most convenient cloak or screen for the Christian, and we cannot doubt that it was so felt and used in the earliest times. Probably no one will be found to dispute this assertion. We hardly anticipate, however, such general acceptance for our next proposition, which nevertheless we are irresistibly impelled to hazard, after rising from a careful study of so many hundreds of Pagan inscriptions. It

* O. H., 2417.

is this—Was not the word *dies natalis*, or birthday, whereby the Church denotes the day of a martyr's death, originally suggested by the circumstances of the times rather than by any conscious reflection on the beautiful ideas it contains? Of course, now that the word is in established use, it is easy and legitimate to descant upon the sublimity of that faith which sees in death, received even under the most excruciating torments, only a birthday to a new and better life. But the question is, whether this was the idea which prompted the first adoption of the word, or whether we ought not rather to seek for that idea in the language and practice with which the inscriptions on Pagan monuments have made us familiar. We have seen how common it was among wealthy Pagans to make provision in their wills for the perpetual commemoration of their birthdays, either of their own or of those of the deceased parent or brother, wife or husband, or some other friend whom they specially desired to honour. We read too of the *dies natalis* of the *collegium*, or club, and sometimes even of the very *cella* or monument in which the members of the *collegium* were wont to assemble; also of the heathen gods,* and of the idols,† and of public games;‡ and although it may not be easy to determine in all cases what is the precise meaning of the term when so applied, it certainly seems to show that it had partially lost its true meaning, and come to be used in a secondary sense as almost equivalent to festival. We read even in classical authors of the *dies natalis* of the standards of a regiment; and they distinguish between the *natalis genuinus* and the *natalis purpuratus* of the Emperors, *i.e.*, their natural birthdays and the anniversaries of their accession to the throne. Hence, when St. Augustine§ speaks of the day of St. Cyprian's martyrdom being known by the name of St. Cyprian's birthday, and being so called, not only in Carthage, but throughout all Africa, and indeed throughout the whole Church, and that not only by Christians, but even by Pagans, Jews, and heretics, we are inclined to doubt whether this word was really used by all these classes precisely in the same sense. We are not satisfied that it conveyed to the mind of a Jew or Pagan anything more than the idea of commemoration or celebration; just as we find among the few (ten) Christian dates in the *Fasti* of Polemius Silvius, compiled in the middle of the fifth century (A.D. 448),

* Minucius Felix Oct.; I. R. N., 2569.

† Tertull., *De Spectac.*, cap. vi.

‡ Tertull., *De Idol.*, cap. x.

§ *Serm.* cccx., t. v. Ed. Gaume, 1841.

not only the *Natalis* of St. Vincent, St. Laurence, and St. Stephen, but also the *Natalis Calicis* on Maundy Thursday, March 24th, whilst in the same calendar Christmas Day* is set down as *Natalis Domini Corporalis*. In the *Sacramentarium* of Gelasius, Christmas Day is called *Natale de Nativitate*, whilst Passion-tide is called *Natale de Passione*; and in the calendar of a most ancient martyrology, edited by Bucherius,† we find for the 22nd of February, *Natale Petri de Cathedrâ*.

However, whether the first Christians deliberately selected the word *natalis* as expressing most truthfully their thoughts and feelings about the blessed fruits of a martyr's death, or whether, as we confess we incline to believe ourselves, they fell upon the use of it almost unconsciously and from the natural force of the circumstances in the midst of which they lived, its convenience in those days cannot be called in question. As they flocked to this or that cemetery and its adjacent *cella*, the Christians would be to Pagan eyes only a *schola* of *sodales*, or a number of relatives, friends, and dependents of some great family, going out to the appointed place to celebrate the birthday of a deceased parent or patron; and if questioned, they might answer truly that such was indeed their errand. Except the funeral pile, and the sacrifice upon the altar, all that the Pagans did at the tombs of their friends bore a strong resemblance to that which was done also by the Christians.‡ The Christians could not be molested for their neglect of the funeral pile, since it was custom only, and not law, which prescribed its use. To all objectors, therefore, they might answer boldly in the words of Minucius Felix,§ "We follow the better and more ancient custom of burial." And had they chosen to practise dissimulation, even the celebration of their most holy mysteries might have passed to Pagan eyes or ears for little more than an offering of bread and wine; especially since it was not customary to shed the blood of victims on the *dies natalis*, but only to pour forth wine and *puls*, from a natural sense of incongruity in the act of taking away life on the day on which oneself had received it. We know, however, that

* Mommsen, i., pp. 339, 357, 566.

† *Doctrina Temporum*, p. 267. Antwerp, 1634. Among the occasional collects and prayers collected from ancient missals, we find some that were to be in *Natali genuino*, which was clearly the natural birthday, others again in *Natali propriæ Regenerationis per Baptismum* (Ven. Thomasii, Opera ii. 552, vi. 196).

‡ *Bullettino di Arc. Crist.*, ii., 27.

§ Cap. x., p. 408. Edit. 1838.

to such dissimulation as this the faithful would never have consented; they were so averse from it, that they chose rather to acquiesce in the false charge of impiety which the Pagans brought against them for having no temples, nor altars, nor sacrifices, than to reveal to them their hidden secrets or to leave room to suspect the most distant resemblance between the impure rites of heathenism and the "clean oblation" of Christian worship.* This, however, could not alter the facts of the case, nor prevent the heathen laws and customs about burial rendering most important service to the infant Church. The extensive *arca*, the garden, orchard, or vineyard attached to the monument; the assignment of the property in trust to chosen friends; its inalienability when once it had been used for purposes of burial; the power of admitting friends and excluding strangers by the mere will of the testator; the right of combination to secure or maintain such burial-places; the monthly contribution to this end; the habit of meeting, and eating and drinking in solemn commemoration of departed friends: these facts or principles, guaranteed by Pagan law and practice, were certainly, if not of primary necessity, yet of most exquisite convenience to the framers and frequenters of the Roman Catacombs; they furnished a real, perhaps even a legal, screen for the protection of the Christian society in matters that were very near to their hearts, and may have had more influence than we have been in the habit of thinking on the early growth of Christianity in Rome.

* This explanation of their language is accepted by Bingham, viii., 1, 6.

Catholic Interests and the late Session of Parliament.

II.—THE PRISON MINISTERS ACT COMMITTEE.

IT has, we believe, been almost officially announced that the Government intends to ask Parliament, in its ensuing Session, to legislate with reference to the improvement of the Prison and Prison Ministers Acts. There can be little doubt that the measure of the Government will embody with tolerable faithfulness the recommendations of the Committee of the House of Commons which sat last summer for the investigation of the working of the Acts in question, and such a measure is hardly likely to meet with serious resistance from any great party in either House. The improvement imperatively called for is the compulsory payment of Catholic chaplains according to a certain scale, which payment will give them a position of authority, and place them so far on an equality with the Protestant chaplains. We owe this result to the activity of Mr. Maguire, who moved for the Committee and was its Chairman. We owe it remotely to the perseverance of a few Catholic Priests, in bringing the subject time after time before the uncongenial tribunal of the Westminster Quarter Sessions, and we owe it still more remotely, but not less truly, to the obstinate bigotry of the majority of the magistrates of Middlesex, who so repeatedly supported their own Visiting Justices in the refusal of English justice to Catholic prisoners and Catholic clergymen. It may seem superfluous, when the case is thus more or less settled, to dwell at any length upon the facts elicited in the course of the investigations of the Committee. Still, these facts, like others consigned to Blue Books, require to be made generally known if they are to have their full weight upon public opinion, and Parliamentary legislation can scarcely be very efficacious unless the opinion of the community at large either calls for it or supports it. As it happens, this evidence is remarkably intelligible and remarkably instructive, and we shall

therefore make no further apology for dwelling upon it somewhat copiously.

The law, as it at present stands, is sufficiently described in the Report, as leaving to the discretion of the different prison authorities throughout the country the appointment of prison ministers other than the chaplain of the Established Church. We learn the working of this law since 1866, by returns contained in the appendix to the Report. In the Government prisons, as is well known, the Act of 1866 has been fully and satisfactorily applied. The return in question gives the results in one hundred and twenty-four county and borough prisons in England and Wales. Out of twenty-two prisons in which the Catholic prisoners are reckoned as ordinarily one hundred and upwards—in several of them, three or four hundred—the Catholic priest is totally unpaid in twelve. The payment ranges from £300 a year at Liverpool to £28 at Usk. Of six prisons in which, on the day taken for the purpose of this inquiry, there were between fifty and one hundred prisoners, one alone pays the priest (£25). Of fifty others with smaller numbers of prisoners, two alone give small salaries. The remainder are supposed to have no Catholic prisoners. In thirty-four prisons the rule obtains which requires a personal request on the part of each prisoner before a priest can see him, and in eight no other teaching but that of the Established Church is given. Other variations in the working of the Act are summed up in the following sentences of the Report:—

The result has been great inequality in the working of the system. In some prisons, a Roman Catholic prison minister is appointed with an adequate salary, and is placed on terms of equality with the Protestant chaplain; in others, a Roman Catholic prison minister is appointed with a salary, but is not permitted to assemble the Roman Catholic prisoners for Divine Service, being restricted to visiting them in their cell; in a third class, a Roman Catholic clergyman is permitted to visit the prisoners of his persuasion, and to assemble them for Divine Service, but is denied a salary; whilst in a fourth the visits of a Roman Catholic clergyman are only permitted at the express desire of a prisoner. This inequality is specially felt as a grievance by Roman Catholic prisoners, who cannot receive the ministrations of the chaplain of the Established Church without offending against the laws of their own religious persuasion (p. 111).

The witnesses whose evidence is recorded in the Report may be classed under three heads. First, there were the Catholic chaplains, or Catholic priests doing service as chaplains, either in

Government prisons or in the borough and county prisons in which such ministrations as theirs are permitted. Then there were witnesses belonging to the class of officials who have either resisted the admission of priests into the prisons under their care, or insisted on fettering their liberty or on refusing them any remuneration. Lastly, there were Government officials capable of reporting on the working of the system of the admission of Catholic chaplains where it has been carried out.

If it were our object to draw out anything like a complete account of the facts stated in the evidence before the Committee, we should find plenty of testimony of the very strongest kind among the statements of the Government officials, both as to the benefits of the system contemplated by the Legislature when it passed the Prison Ministers Act, and as to the facility with which that system can be worked without interference with the discipline of prisons, as well as without any danger of controversial squabbling between the ministers of rival denominations. But as to this point there is absolutely no question except among those who are altogether blinded by prejudice, and who shut their ears resolutely to the teachings of experience. Nor need the evidence of witnesses of the first class, important as it is, detain us very long. The priests employed in the prisons which are under the management of town or country magistrates had almost invariably complaints to make of hindrances, more or less serious, that were placed in their way. These subjects of complaint were independent of the question of salary and position, but they would probably have never existed had that question been satisfactorily settled. At Tothill Fields Prison, Westminster, there had been troubles in consequence of the supposed zeal of a Protestant matron, who had turned the Catholic prisoners out of the laundry—which appears to be the popular place of employment in all prisons—and hinted to them broadly that they were at liberty to attend the Protestant service after leave had at last been given for the celebration of Catholic worship. Dr. Kirner, who attends Coldbath Fields, Mr. Keens, who attends the City Prison, Holloway, Father Signini, attached to the Cardiff Prison, Mr. Collingridge, of Winchester, and others, had each his tale of complaint. Annoyances from matrons and warders and other subordinates might very well be expected under the circumstances, but they are less serious than those which come from prison regulations and the intolerance of authorities. At

Tothill Fields the Visiting Magistrates seem to think it their duty to defend the predominance of Protestantism in their prison with as much determination as if they were Frenchmen fighting for the very existence of their country. One very striking and characteristic instance of this dogged zeal relates to the "essentials" for celebrating Mass, after leave had been given and a room set apart for the purpose of Catholic worship. Let us hear Father White—

74. The visiting justices gave you permission to celebrate divine worship, but did they give you any assistance to enable you to do so?—They put up certain fixtures in the chapel which were absolutely necessary; for instance, there was what they called the Communion Table, and a little side table called the Credence Table, and they fitted up the room with benches, but everything else more immediately connected with the service at the altar I had to provide myself. 75. Did you do so out of your own pocket?—I did so, at an expense of about £150; I sent to the magistrates a list of things that were necessary, and amongst other things there was a harmonium mentioned; they replied that they did not intend to give me any of the things applied for. I should mention that they gave me a carpet; I ordered a carpet at my own expense, and the authorities very kindly offered to pay for it (p. 3).

203. Then what was done by you to provide the necessary articles which were required?—I applied to the justices to provide the chalice and vestments, the altar-plate, &c. 204. Which of these things were provided by the justices?—None of them; the justices provided the fixtures of the chapel and the carpet. 205. Then the articles provided by you consisted of the chalice and vestments?—I should say about 18 or 20 articles were necessary; vestments and linen, and plate and different sorts of things required for the celebration of divine service (p. 7).

And now let us see what the Chairman of the Visiting Justices, Captain Donatus O'Brien, thinks it right to say on the same subject—

478. What do you think the expense of those fittings would be?—I have at this moment forgotten the exact sum, but if I recollect rightly, and I am pretty sure that I am right, we told the architect not to exceed £200; we considered the expenses under two heads; one regarded the fittings of the chapel which we granted, but we refused the other, viz., to supply the priest with, or to pay for, those articles said to be necessary to carry on the service, such as the tabernacle, the pyx, vestments, candles, and so forth, making a marked difference between those things which he had been in the habit of bringing in for the service before, and that which we ourselves thought it right and proper to provide for his reception (p. 7).

494. You gave your permission that Mr. White should be appointed chaplain to the prison; did you know that he was to be chaplain to

the Roman Catholic prisoners?—He was appointed for that purpose. 495. Did he, as chaplain to the Catholic prisoners, tell you that there were certain essentials, things necessary for the conduct of his religious services?—Yes, he sent in a list of them. 496. And your answer is, that you had nothing to say to the essentials of Catholic worship or Catholic service, and that he might provide them or not, just as he liked?—That was practically the effect of it. 497. And you gave an answer to an honourable Member that he might take them away to-morrow if he liked?—Yes. 498. And leave the Roman Catholic prisoners in your prison without the essentials of Catholic worship?—If he pleased. 499. The justices had nothing to say to the essentials of Catholic worship, or as to providing necessities for the Catholic service?—Nothing whatever with regard to the articles referred to. 500. Did the chaplain tell you that these were essentials to the performance of his religious service?—I think very likely the word “essential” was made use of in his list. 501. And your answer is, that the visiting justices, as the superintending body over the Roman Catholic prisoners, have nothing to say with reference to these essentials?—Nothing whatever. 502. And those prisoners might provide themselves with them if they thought fit, or not?—The prisoners could not provide them for themselves. 503. Who is to provide them?—The priest might do so, as he does now (p. 18).

It would appear also that this resolute disregard as to the “essentials” of Catholic worship extends from the higher to the lower officials. Mrs. Susan Billiter, matron of Tothill Fields, answers as follows—

870. I asked Mr. White about the accessories of the chapel that he bought and left there; are they now under your care in the Roman Catholic chapel?—They are in the Roman Catholic chapel, I believe; but I have nothing to do with them. 871. If they were lost, I suppose you would be accountable for them?—No; I am responsible for county property, but not for individual property (p. 35).

948. Now, with respect to the essentials of the Catholic service, you stated that you considered them private property, and were not responsible for their safe keeping?—Certainly; I have nothing to do with the Roman Catholic chapel. 949. They are not in the custody of any responsible authority?—I have nothing to do with them. I go up to see that the room appointed by the magistrates is in a proper state of cleanliness, and that there are a sufficiency of benches. There is an altar which I know the authorities provided; but beyond that I have nothing to do with the chapel. I do not know anything of the decorations of the chapel, or anything beyond what I have stated. 950. Who is responsible for the fittings up, and the table, and the carpet?—I say that the altar table and the carpet round the altar are in my custody. 951. You are responsible for them?—I am responsible for them. 952. You do not consider yourself responsible for the other things?—Not for any vestments or articles of that sort which may have been there; they have never been given into my charge (p. 38).

Much the same story is told by Dr. Kirner as to Coldbath Fields Prison. The Visiting Justices, indeed, assert in a letter quoted by Mr. F. H. N. Glossop that they have "supplied everything which was considered necessary for the performance (!) of the Divine Service of the Roman Catholic prisoners," but it turns out that this "everything considered necessary" (q. 1440) consisted of a table. Dr. Kirner tells us—

1056. Without these there can be no service?—There can be no service without them. 1057. If you have not sufficient altar plate, you cannot have mass?—We cannot; it is essential to have all the requisites for the service. 1058. Have the visiting justices provided you with anything?—They have only provided a table; all the other essential things have been provided by the visiting priest (p. 42).

Now let us hear Mr. Pownall. This gentleman, be it observed, has been for forty years a magistrate, and for twenty-seven years Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions. He gives us a complete theory of how far English magistrates ought to go when they are *professedly* providing Catholic prisoners with what is necessary for "the performance" of their Divine Service—

1969. Are you in favour of payment for the essentials to Catholic service?—Certainly not. I would pay for everything in the Catholic chapel that we consider necessary in the Protestant chapel, but the other things I think the Roman Catholics ought to find for themselves, as I consider that it would be repugnant to Protestant feelings to buy some of those things which the Catholics think essential. 1970. Would it be repugnant to Protestant feelings to pay for wine?—No. 1971. Do you pay for wine for the Catholic chaplain?—No. 1972. Has it ever been applied for?—I am not aware that it has been, it would not be required for Roman Catholic prisoners. 1973. Suppose it was stated to this Committee that it had been applied for and refused, what would be your opinion?—My opinion would be that it ought not to be refused if required (p. 80).

1978. Suppose the Roman Catholic clergyman asked for a chalice, would his request be granted?—It would depend upon what sort of chalice he wanted. I apprehend that we should not object to give a simple cup, such as we have in our church. 1979. Supposing he asked for a chalice, and it was positively refused, would that refusal be right?—It would depend upon what sort of a chalice he asked for. If the Catholic chaplain asked, as I said, for a mere cup like that which we have in our service, I do not think it would be right to refuse it. 1980. The Protestant chaplain, I believe, uses some vestments, does he not?—He does. 1981. Supposing the Catholic chaplain asked for vestments and was refused, would you think that refusal correct?—It would depend upon what vestments the Catholic priest asked for.

1982. You would say, in point of fact, that if the Catholic chaplain asked for everything essential to Protestant worship it would be supplied?—Yes, if he confined himself to these things. 1983. But if he asked for anything essential for Catholic worship, and differing from what is required for the Protestant service, it would not be given?—I think not (p. 80).

There is no mistake at all as to Mr. Pownall's theory. A little further on that gentleman distinctly states, in answer to questions from Lord Enfield, that though it is a great burthen on the priest of a poor district to have to provide the essentials, things without which he cannot perform the rites of his own Church, for service in the prison—which brings him in no salary, and where his congregation, being prisoners, cannot possibly pay for them—still he must get the money "where he can;" Protestants ought not to pay it. When urged as to these things being essential, he says—"You know it is what one man thinks essential to his service, in opposition to what another man thinks; our differences are great upon that point." He says "decidedly" that, if there are certain sacred vestments without which a Roman Catholic clergyman cannot perform the rites of his own Church, the providing of them must be thrown on himself or on his community, "or not incurred." "*I think,*" says Mr. Pownall, "*that they are unnecessary.*" Mr. Pownall has a view of his own about Catholic services; vestments, according to him, are *unnecessary* to the celebration of Mass. It is not that the Mass is idolatrous, or that, as a matter of conscience, he will have nothing to do with paying for Popery, but *he* knows what Papists ought to require for their Mass better than they do—

2018. We are speaking merely of simple necessities?—I have already said that as far as relates to the necessities which in the Protestant church are considered essential I should have no objection to furnish them to the Roman Catholic priest. 2019. But you will admit that there are certain things to be provided, without which there can be no Catholic service?—Then I can only regret it, but I would not be a party to supplying them. 2020. But if you hear it stated, upon Catholic authority, that that is the fact, would you wish to alter your opinion?—I could not make any other statement; I consider the expense unnecessary (p. 81).

We have been at the pains of making these quotations, in which the mind of persons in authority in the metropolitan prisons is set forth in their own words, for a twofold reason. In the first place, these extracts will, we think, go far to justify, to any fair mind, the suspicion which might under other circum-

stances seem gratuitous — that a hostile and invidious spirit animates the whole dealings of the authorities in question with the Catholic priests, who, at their own expense, or at the expense of their congregation, have ministered to the spiritual wants of the prisoners under the charge of these authorities. It appears to us that the principle avowed by Mr. Pownall not only implies the absurd proposition that a Protestant magistrate is to settle for Catholics what is and what is not essential for Catholic worship, and to enforce his own interpretation in the administration of public money and in the discharge of public duty, but also involves the practical maxim that priests and Catholics are to be dealt with as intruders, enemies, and criminals, to whom the barest possible tolerance is to be accorded, and who are to be reminded at every turn that "this is a Protestant country," and that they ought to be very thankful indeed to be allowed to breathe English air, while to ask for more than permission for existence is intolerable presumption on their part. Do they ask for Mass, indeed! Well, they may have it, but a bare table is enough and even too good for them. The priests must get what they want "where they can;" they are to be allowed to make bricks for the advantage of the Middlesex prisoners, but they must get their own straw "where they can."

If lords and rulers thus behave,
What may we look for from the slave?

If Chairmen of Visiting Justices and of Quarter Sessions are thus intolerant, what wonder if Mrs. Billiter and other subordinates of her class should be somewhat readily suspected of a hostile animus when they exclude Catholics from this or that kind of work, which is preferred to other work by the prisoners, or when they so carefully inform those under their charge that although there is now a Catholic chapel, they are still at liberty to attend the Protestant service? It appears to us that there is every reason why the Catholic priest who visits these gaols and Houses of Correction should be on the look-out for hostile treatment, should feel himself under a ban, and should be ready to interpret even measures which might possibly be mere mistakes on the part of authorities as intentional slights or even proselytizing efforts.

And in the second place, the clear intelligible theory which underlies such statements as those which we have quoted from the evidence of Captain O'Brien and Mr. Pownall, is quite

enough to prove that the execution of the relief to Catholic prisoners contemplated by the Legislature in the Prison Ministers Acts cannot be left to the discretion of county or borough magistrates. The very partial extent to which the Acts have been carried into force would, indeed, prove this sufficiently. It would be also proved sufficiently if only half the cases of unfairness which Catholic priests have hitherto alleged be taken as indisputably proved. But the doctrine held by the gentlemen whom we have quoted proves the necessity of compulsory enactments without any reference to individual facts, as to which there may always be a dispute. We shall illustrate this doctrine a little more fully before we close our present paper.

It is not often that a Blue Book contains anything half so amusing as the evidence given before Mr. Maguire's Committee by Mr. Alderman Carter. We have not the slightest knowledge of this distinguished "person" except from the pages of the Report, and we shall speak of him simply as a character whom we have met with upon paper, as we might of Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Wackford Squeers, or Mr. Bumble. We can only regret that no Catholic Dickens exists, to combine the various traits of character which shine forth from the narrative of his examination into a highly-wrought picture, for the benefit of those to whom Protestant bigotry in petty power is an interesting phenomenon. We shall present our readers with a few extracts. It must be premised that, about two years ago, Mr. Keens, the visiting priest at Holloway Prison, wrote to ask for four things—

1st, Access to the Creed Register; 2nd, Power of giving evidence with regard to the religion of such prisoners as, being actually registered as Protestants, desire to be entered as Roman Catholics; 3rd, Power of assembling for Divine service in the morning and evening on Sundays and holidays; 4th, Free access to the cells of all those who are registered as Roman Catholics (p. 97, q. 2455).

Upon this we are told by a paper of the day—

"Alderman Carter seconded the motion with great pleasure. If they once gave this man free ingress to the prison, the next thing would be that he would come before the court and not only ask, but through his friends demand, a salary, and there would be a repetition of what was now taking place in the county. The priest had already every opportunity of seeing the unfortunate people who were in the prison, and he could see them as they pleased, and minister to them as they pleased; and forsooth, they must find a room for him in which to decorate an altar! Presently he (Mr. Alderman Carter) should ask himself whether he was in France, Spain, or England. He was afraid the time must

soon come when these gentlemen must be taught that they could not come before the court with such assurance, nay, impertinence, as was shown in this letter." 2459. First of all, you do not repudiate that report?—Not a word of it. 2460. You are quite proud of them, perhaps?—I am not proud of them, but I am prepared to justify them (p. 97).

The applications were, of course, refused. As to that for having Catholic service on Sunday, Mr. Alderman Carter is asked—

2477. As a matter of fact, one class of Her Majesty's subjects are treated differently in prison than others?—I do not see that they are; they have their religious instructor, Mr. Keens. 2478. But on Sundays they have not?—I think not on Sundays. 2479. Is not Sunday the most solemn day of all, and the day upon which they should offer up prayer and thanks to God for his assistance?—No doubt. 2480. If there be any day of the week out of the seven when Christians ought to kneel in a church, it is on that day?—It is so. 2481. Are the Catholics allowed that privilege in Holloway Prison?—I think not. 2482. In fact, you know not?—I think they are not. 2483. Is it not the fact that, owing to the monotony and irksomeness of the tenancy of the cell, the Catholic prisoners being otherwise compelled to remain in the gaol, are very glad to go to the Protestant worship on the Sunday?—Some of them do, but in a very small ratio. 2484. The inducement to do so is very strong, is it not?—You put it in this way, if I understand you rightly, that they would go to the chapel merely to afford a little relief to the monotony of their imprisonment. I consider that, as their priest sees them on the Monday and sees them again on the Tuesday, that ought to be sufficient. 2485. The Protestant chaplain sees the Protestant prisoners every day in the week, does he not?—Yes; but you will, of course, remember, we are a Protestant country, and we do not ask the Catholics to come here; and if they will get into our prisons, they should, in my opinion, receive punishment (p. 98).

Mr. Synan pressed the worthy Alderman rather hard—

2586. You have professed yourself to be a friend to what you call religious liberty. I think you stated that all people should keep their creed to themselves?—What I meant by that observation was simply this, that I do not choose to have any creed contrary to my own forced upon me. 2587. Do you think it right that any creed should be forced by you upon another contrary to the creed he professes?—Certainly not; neither would I permit it. 2588. Do you think that the refusal of you, and your brother Aldermen, who are the governors of this gaol, to give religious liberty in that institution to the Catholic prisoners is a forcing of your creed upon them?—Certainly not. 2589. You do not think it is forcing your creed upon them?—We do not attempt it; we do not proselytize at all. 2590. Supposing, under similar circumstances, a Catholic governor refused to Protestant prisoners a service upon the Sunday, and on that account some of those Protestant prisoners went to the Catholic worship in the prison, would you think that a forcing of

the Catholic creed upon the Protestant prisoners?—But that is hypothetical altogether. 2591. Cannot you answer it?—It answers itself. 2592. Would you condemn it?—I would not allow any creed to be forced upon the Roman Catholics, neither would I force the Roman Catholic creed upon Protestants. 2593. In the hypothetical case which I have put, would you condemn the act of the Catholic governor?—But we have no Catholic governors. 2594. I am putting a hypothetical case; I am supposing a Catholic country?—But we are not in a Catholic country, we are Protestants. 2595. Is Protestantism less favourable to religious liberty than Catholicity?—No; I think more so. 2596. Then if Protestantism refuses liberty in a prison——?—We do not refuse it. 2597. Do you refuse religious liberty upon the Sunday?—I do not know that the priest attends there on the Sunday; but if the prisoners wished it, I have no doubt he might attend there upon the Sunday. 2598. This is a clause in the letter of the priest, “Power of assembling for Divine service in the morning and evening on Sundays and holidays,” did you refuse that application?—I did, and should do so again. 2599. Did you call it an impertinent application?—I daresay I did. 2600. Suppose that in a Catholic prison?—But it is no use supposing that; we have no Catholic prisons here. 2601. Are there Catholic prisons anywhere?—I have no doubt there are Catholic prisons in Ireland or in Rome. 2602. Supposing a Catholic alderman in Ireland, a member of the gaol committee, had refused an application of that kind from the Protestant ministers in the Irish gaol, what would be your opinion of that?—I do not think it very likely to occur. 2603. What would be your opinion of it if it did occur?—I say again it is not likely to occur. 2604. I must repeat my question: what would be your opinion of it if it did occur?—I consider that I am not bound to answer that question (p. 102).

We are very sorry to have to make the remark upon an Alderman of the City of London—one who has “passed the civic chair,” and is a member of more than one scientific society—but we must confess that his evidence impresses us as a strong proof of the old saying that bullies are also cowards. Alderman Carter is very great in the Court of Aldermen, and lets other people see that he is great. A Catholic priest, a man of education, a man probably in intelligence and cultivation—not to speak of other more external gifts—greatly superior to Mr. Alderman Carter, is spoken of by him as “a person of the name of Keens, I think,” and, as our readers have already seen, his application for leave to discharge freely his sacred duties in Holloway Gaol is characterized by the same dignitary as “impertinence.” But all the Alderman’s swagger and bluster evaporate under the close examination to which he is subjected by a few members of the House of Commons. He has not the courage to answer a plain question. He must probably have administered the law, and sat on the judicial bench as her

Majesty's representative in dealing with the crimes, real or supposed, of many of her subjects; he must have heard witnesses examined and cross-examined, and must know what it is for a witness to shirk a question and to be afraid to avow an obvious conclusion. We venture to think that his Protestantism would not have been less sound if it had been a little more courageous; if, as he has the courage to refuse, as far as in him lies, the common rights of Christian worship to the unfortunate Catholics who fall into his hands as prisoners, so he had also been fearless enough to say openly that he thinks there should be one law for the Protestant and another for the Catholic, that the Irish system—which secures every possible freedom for the Protestant minority—is a system which Protestant magistrates ought never to think of imitating in respect of a Catholic minority in England, and that if the law tells them to do it they ought to evade the law in every way in their power. As it is, Mr. Carter's courage only rises to the height of avoiding a plain question. Mr. Downing presses him with the question as to whether he would, under any circumstances at all, wish to have a Catholic chaplain. "I will take the case of Swaffham, in Norfolk," says Mr. Downing. "Swaffham," replies the Alderman, "is not the City of London. I am speaking with regard to Holloway Gaol, which I am called to give evidence upon" (p. 108). Mr. Downing continues—

2782. Will you give me the result of your consideration. I put to you a case: supposing there were a great disproportion between the number of Roman Catholics and Protestants in a gaol, the Roman Catholics being in a large majority?—I consider that I am not bound to answer a hypothetical case. 2783. In fact, you have a conscientious objection to seeing a Roman Catholic clergyman a paid officer attending to the wants of a prison?—Most unquestionably I have. 2784. And you would not have the ratepayers of the district taxed for his payment?—I think I have answered that question before. 2785. Allow me to ask you if the Roman Catholic parishioners of a district, and resident in it, pay taxes?—Yes, I presume they do; I have been asked that before. 2786. Have you ever been in Ireland?—I have. 2787. I suppose you know that Ireland is a Roman Catholic country as compared with other creeds?—Yes. 2788. And I suppose you are aware that upon boards of guardians and other places the great majority are Roman Catholics?—I do not know; I have merely visited that property which the City of London has some control over. 2789. Supposing that is the fact; will you allow that Roman Catholics have conscientious opinions also as well as Protestants?—Yes. 2790. And you might believe that a Roman Catholic is of opinion that you are in error, just as you are of opinion as regards the

Roman Catholic that he is in error?—Yes; every man has his own belief. 2791. Would you be surprised to hear that, in Ireland, Protestant clergymen are nominated to gaols and poorhouses where there are only two or three Protestants, and sometimes only one, by the Roman Catholic guardians?—It may be so. 2792. Are you surprised to hear that?—I am not surprised at anything that happens in Ireland. 2793. Do you think that you might adopt that practice with great advantage?—I should be very sorry to copy them at all; I should not be disposed to copy their example in any way (p. 108).

We must be allowed to express our regret at having to place by the side of Mr. Alderman Carter, in reference to the question before us, a young Conservative nobleman whose career has hitherto been one of very considerable promise. Lord Carnarvon may not have in him the making of a great statesman, but he is certain to be always one of the foremost members of his party, and, whenever it returns to power, he will probably be again a member of any Cabinet that may be formed out of its ranks. But perhaps nothing could be more pertinent to the conclusion which we have to enforce than the fact that Lord Carnarvon, in his capacity of Chairman of the Visiting Justices at Winchester, has taken a line with regard to the religious rights of Catholic prisoners which is in its results identical with that pursued by so far less moderate a man as Alderman Carter. The average number of Catholic prisoners in Winchester Gaol is between forty and fifty, but as to the question of allowing them an opportunity of meeting on Sundays for the worship of God, his lordship tells the Committee—"We came to the conclusion that, to put it very shortly, it really was a question of numbers, of expense, and of prison management; that the number of Roman Catholic prisoners was not sufficient, in our opinion, to justify us in pressing upon the Court the expense which would have been required." And again—

4313. Do you think it is fair that Catholics should be debarred from attending their church or their Divine worship on Sunday, while Protestants are allowed to attend their Divine worship?—I am afraid I can only say that the minority must submit to the inconveniences of being a minority. I should readily accept the view that in a large prison such as Liverpool, where you have an equal number of both denominations, or something like an equal number, it would be most expedient that every facility that can be given should be given to the Roman Catholics; but where their number is a fraction, an eighth, or a ninth of the whole, they must, in common with other denominations, submit to what is, on the whole, best for the general working of the system and of the prison (p. 165).

The instances which we have given are surely enough to make the conclusion of the Committee, which has recommended the Legislature to settle the question for ever by making the appointment and the payment of Catholic chaplains compulsory, appear inevitable to every fair mind. At the same time, it may be worth our while to consider what of practical moment to ourselves is involved in this. It is a part of the system under which England is governed—a system which elicits from men of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, a more active and hearty cooperation, often at the cost of much time and labour, in the common interests of order and justice than is to be found in any other country—to leave the management of local and municipal affairs very much in the hands of local and municipal authorities. We are naturally proud and jealous of our system, and we shrink with instinctive dread from any approach to that governmental centralization which has eaten out the healthy life of nations wherever it has taken root. When the Legislature left the question of Catholic chaplaincies in gaols to the option of local authorities, it practically did homage to the free English system of which we speak. It tried the experiment, how far the men under whose management so many important civil and social interests are left would rise to the fairness, the tolerance, the large and wide views as to the importance of religious instruction and consolation for the reformation of criminals, which were required in order that those members of an unpopular and long-reviled Church who might happen to fall into that unhappy class might enjoy the full benefits which all enlightened statesmen, as well as all true Christians, desired them to enjoy as a matter of strict conscientious right. A few years have sufficed to show that the antipathy to Catholicism still shows itself in the least respectable forms of tyranny and bigotry in a large number of influential persons, while those who are disposed to give fair play to religious influences for the purposes of reformation form a comparative minority, at least when the religious influences in question are those of the Catholic Church.

We may compare this conclusion with another of similar import, which has been forced upon us by the experience of a longer period than that which has elapsed since the first legislation in favour of Catholic prisoners. One of the most vaunted portions of our English system is undoubtedly trial by jury. Without going into the history of this institution,

or denying its many advantages, we may at least remark that a long experience has painfully convinced us that trial by jury, which ought to be the defence of the weak against the strong, and the guardian of liberty against tyranny, has become a weapon of tyranny in the hands of the enemies of Catholicism. From the Achilli trial and the actions against the Cardinal, down to the Oscott case and the Saurin case, we have had a chain of verdicts which have made it almost a foregone conclusion that somehow or other, whatever may be the character or the merits or the justice of the two sides in a lawsuit, the verdict of twelve British jurors—sometimes, unfortunately, not altogether unaided by the counsels of some “truly British” Judge—is pretty sure to be against Catholic interests or Catholic institutions. This is a great hardship, and a great injustice. We have to submit, as Lord Carnarvon quietly puts it, to the “inconveniences of a minority”—and we are not allowed even the poor resource of the foreigner, who is privileged, if he so choose, to have the jury which tries him, composed in part of his own countrymen.

Nothing is without its value that throws light upon our position with reference to the great mass of our fellow-countrymen. Visiting Justices, even in the county of Middlesex and in the city of London, are fair enough specimens of the average Englishman, and a British special jurymen is not likely to be more bigoted—especially when bound by an oath to do justice impartially—than most of those who vote at elections, and who form the classes which ultimately determine the action of the country. We learn from such examples what we may expect at any moment, if some sudden political convulsion were to rouse the passions of the people, or if some chance foreign or domestic complication were to make the name of Catholic prominent as well as odious. Many a poor servant-girl and Catholic labourer have known to their cost how some Fenian outrage, some public scandal, such as the Saurin case, or, again, some much-abused act of the Church, such as the meeting of the Vatican Council, is visited upon the heads of the most defenceless of those who bear the Catholic name. We conceive that it is not for us to shrink from any trouble or suffering that may come to us on such an account; but we should be foolish if we did not rightly measure the circumstances under which we are, if we neglected any precaution, or were too indolent for any exertion, which may be

needed to make us stronger and more secure. The Catholic body can do much for itself, and it can even dispel to a great extent the prejudices which now appear to weigh so heavily upon it, if it be not only unobtrusive but resolute, not only inoffensive to others but united and fearless in the vindication of its just rights. The subject on which we have been speaking is one of a number on which every member of the community should exert himself to the utmost of his power in his legitimate field of action. The rights which belong to Catholics as subjects of the British crown, on an equality with all other such subjects, are the natural care of the educated and influential laity, even more directly than of the hierarchy itself. The Catholic laity, in Ireland and in England, have in reality a nobler part to play in the social discussions of our time than any other similar body of men in the British empire. They have to insist, in the face of a hostile majority, on the full and just application of the principles of liberty and justice solemnly avowed at the time of Emancipation, in which are involved not only political rights, but the very highest spiritual interests of thousands of their fellow-creatures.

The Theology of the Parables.

FEW things are more definitely marked off by the sacred historians of the life of our Blessed Lord than the beginning of His teaching by means of parables. It was something which the Apostles did not expect, and as to which they questioned Him at the time. He gave them a distinct and precise answer as to His reason for adopting a new practice in His teaching, which answer has been recorded for our guidance. From this answer, and from an examination of the parables themselves, we may expect to obtain a clue as to any particular characteristics of the teaching in question which furnished the motive for the change of method adopted by our Lord. And we may, at the same time, be able to settle the question which naturally arises concerning the parables—the question, namely, whether they form a distinct body of teaching with reference to a particular subject, or whether the difference between them and the rest of our Lord's instructions was simply one of form.

With regard to this last question, it is pertinent to observe that the parabolic form of teaching was not now used by our Blessed Lord for the first time, unless we are disposed to insist very strictly upon characteristics which may seem almost technical, such as some direct declaration of our Lord that He taught by comparison. When our Blessed Lord said to Simon the Pharisee, as St. Mary Magdalene was kneeling at His feet, "A certain man had two debtors; one owed him five hundred pence and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay he forgave them both,"* it can hardly be questioned that He spoke a parable in the common sense of the word, as much as when He said to the priests and scribes at Jerusalem—"What think

* St. Luke vii. 40, seq.; *Vita Vita*, § 55. The substance of this Essay has been taken from a Commentary on the author's *Vita Vita Nostræ Meditantibus Proposita* (London: Burns and Oates, 1869), and the references which are of any service as to questions of Harmony and the order of the events of our Lord's life have therefore been retained. For the same reason the order followed in that work has been assumed without question throughout.

you? A certain man had two sons, and going to the first he said, Son, go to-day and work in my vineyard. And he answered, I will not, and afterwards repented and went. And going to the other he said likewise. And he answered, I go, sir, and went not."* The two passages are almost exactly parallel, each terminating in a question put by our Lord to the person or persons whom He wished to instruct. But the first case took place before the teaching by parables began, and the last case occurred at the very end of our Lord's ministry. In the earlier teaching of our Lord, we find from the very beginning that use of images and similitudes which is the foundation of the parabolic system. There are certain passages which we may almost speak of as formal parables, such as the words about the land already white unto harvest, the sower and reaper being different and yet rejoicing together, addressed to the disciples after our Lord's conversation with the woman at the well of Samaria,† and more than one part of the Sermons on the Mount and in the Plain, such as the address to the disciples on the salt of the earth and the light of the world, the images of the father giving his children bread and fish rather than stones or serpents, of the wolves in sheep's clothing, of the beam and mote in the eye, of the blind leading the blind, of the trees known by their fruit, and the almost direct parable at the end of each of these two sermons of the man who built his house on the rock and the other man who built his house upon the sand.‡

Passing on a little further in the Gospels, we have the image of the house divided against itself, and of the strong man armed whose goods are made spoil of by a stronger than he.§ All these passages are placed at an earlier stage of our Lord's ministry than the formal commencement of His teaching by parables, and they make it appear improbable that the great difference between our Lord's teaching as addressed to the people before and after that commencement is to be found simply, or even principally, in the form which it assumed in the several stages respectively. If a modern teacher, who had up to a certain time been accustomed to direct dogmatic or moral instruction,

* St. Matt. xxi. 28—32; *Vita Vita*, § 135.

† St. John iv. 35.

‡ St. Matt. v., vi., vii., and vii. 24—27; St. Luke vi. 20—49; *Vita Vita*, § 31—36, 47—49.

§ St. Matt. xii.; St. Mark iii.; *Vita Vita*, § 56.

were suddenly to change his method of procedure and teach only by fable or allegory what he had before taught in another way, the difference would be described as consisting mainly in the form. If a teacher, who had before very frequently used familiar images and similitudes, or even anecdotes, to inculcate moral truths, were to abandon any other method and throw his similitudes more strictly into the form of parables, such a change might perhaps arrest attention and cause inquiry, but it would hardly claim the great importance which appears to be attached to the change made by our Lord in the present instance.

We are thus prepared for a further inquiry into the answers given by our Blessed Lord to the questions of the Apostles, and into the parables themselves, as far as these may shed light upon the precise nature of this new phase in our Lord's teaching. Our Lord's answer to the question, "Why dost Thou speak unto them in parables?" is placed by St. Matthew immediately after the first parable, that of the Sower and the Seed.* It contains much that is repeated by St. Mark (iv. 10) when he gives the explanation of that first parable, in answer to a question as to its meaning which must not be confounded with the more general question as to the reasons for the parabolic teaching as such. Leaving aside the apparent difficulties of interpretation, with which it is not at present our business to deal, we may state the answer much in this way—"To those to whom I thus speak it is not given, as it is given to you, to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God. For he that hath, to him shall be given, and he shall abound; but he that hath not, from him shall be taken away that which he hath." The mystery of the Kingdom of God, therefore, is the subject of the parables, and it is in some sense an advance upon and an addition to the knowledge already possessed by the Apostles. "I speak to them in parables," our Blessed Lord continues, "because seeing they do not see, and hearing they do not hear, neither do they understand. And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, who saith: With the hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand, and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive. For the heart of this people is grown gross, and with their ears they have been dull of hearing, and their eyes they have shut, lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should

* St. Matt. xiii. 10, seq.; *Vita Vitæ*, § 59.

heal them." This is the reason given by our Lord for His speaking to the multitude in parables. Their hearts are too hard for the mystery of God's Kingdom. He is acting on His own precept, given in the Sermon on the Mount, about not casting pearls before swine, "lest perhaps they trample them under their feet, and turning upon you they tear you."*

But, on the other hand, the parables contained, to those who could understand them, something exceedingly precious. They were, to use the heathen poet's words, full of speech to those who could understand them, and the doctrine which they contained was enshrined in them in that particular form, in order that "to them that hath" more "might be given." Thus our Lord continues to His Apostles—"Blessed are your eyes, because they see, and your ears, because they hear. For, amen, I say to you, many prophets and just men have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them." And we find Him showing a kind of tender anxiety for them, lest they should not profit sufficiently by this teaching of "the mystery of the Kingdom of God." Thus, before expounding the parable of the Seed, He says, "Are you ignorant of this parable? and how shall you know all parables?"† as if they were to contain a body of instruction given in a definite number of comparisons. And again, after the explanation, "Take heed what you hear. In what measure you shall mete it shall be measured unto you again, and more shall be given you. For he that hath to him shall be given, and he that hath not that also which he hath shall be taken away from him."‡ All these passages seem to prepare us for the conclusion that the parables do not differ merely in form from other instructions of our Lord to the people, such as the Sermon on the Mount, and, in part, the Sermon on the Plain, but that there may be some general subject more particularly set forth in them, to be instructed concerning which was a great and high privilege, of which careless persons were not worthy, and of which the full revelation had hitherto been reserved by God's providence. It might seem, also, that this knowledge was especially required for those who, like the Apostles, were not only to be the subjects of the new kingdom, but also its ministers and propagators. After the first series of parables, He turned to them and asked, "Have ye understood all these things? They say to Him, Yes. He said unto them,

* St. Matt. vii. 6.

† St. Mark iv. 13.

‡ St. Mark iv. 24—25.

Therefore every scribe instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven is like to a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old."*

What, then, is this head or subject of divine teaching and knowledge which is set forth so specially in the parables, if we are to consider them as differing from former teaching of our Lord not only in form, but, to a certain extent, in subject and scope? If we consider the moral or practical truths which are undoubtedly conveyed in the parables, we may well be disposed to class them under different heads, and to find a great variety of subjects treated of in them. A recent author, whose work,† though cast in a very simple and popular form, shows much study and thoughtfulness, has thus classed the parables under four heads: 1. Parables concerning the Church. 2. Parables concerning God's dealings with us. 3. Parables concerning our conduct to God. 4. Parables concerning our conduct to other men. Such divisions are of much practical use: but they are to a great extent arbitrary. In the work to which we allude, for instance, the parables of the Friend at Midnight and the Unjust Judge fall under the third head—parables concerning our conduct to God; and that of the Good Samaritan under the head of our conduct to other men. But the two former are most certainly meant to encourage us to prayer by setting forth God's way of yielding to it under two images of successful importunity, and that of the Good Samaritan must with equal certainty be assigned to the class of those which set forth God's dealings with us in the work of our redemption after the Fall, and this charity of God to us is made the pattern of our charity to others. We need not discuss other methods of division which may have been suggested, and which have very often much practical usefulness to recommend them. A very interesting arrangement of the parables will be found in the last chapter (ch. xlii.) of Salmeron's volume of Commentary on them—the seventh volume of his great work. In this arrangement the parables are adapted to the Gospels for the several days of Lent, in order, from Ash Wednesday up to Easter Tuesday, and the adaptation will be found to suggest many striking reflections. It is, however, as an adaptation, not as a systematic arrangement, that we mention it here.

We believe that it will be found easier to grasp the main

* St. Matt. xiii. 51, 52.

† *The New Testament Narrative*, &c. Burns and Oates, 1868.

idea of the parables as a whole, if we consider that they are meant to illustrate one great head of doctrine which is most naturally fitted for promulgation under this particular form. The parables differ, of course, from the other teaching of our Lord in their descriptive character, the lesson being left to be gathered from the truths involved in the description. And that which is the subject of description, that one great head to which the parables refer, is that which forms only one of the heads in the division lately mentioned—that is, God in His dealings with His creatures, and especially man. Before proceeding to the actual proof of this, with reference to the parables, we may say a few words on the degree to which, if we may be allowed the expression, the thought of the government of the world by God seems to have drawn to itself the tenderest devotion and most constant attention of the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate Son.

It is said of Him in the very outset of the Gospel history, "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Moses gave a rule of action, Jesus Christ brought grace to enable men to keep the law of God; but He brought not only grace, but truth, knowledge which had not been before given concerning His Father—"God no man hath ever seen, the only-begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."* The English word "declare," in its present sense, is but a poor substitute for the full meaning of the Greek, or of the Latin word by which the Vulgate has rendered the latter. St. John seems to mean a full and perfect revelation, as far as such revelation is possible to our capacities. At the very end of His last most intimate discourse to His Apostles, our Lord spoke of the same subject as the great matter of His instruction. "The hour cometh, when I shall no longer speak to you in proverbs, but shall tell you openly of the Father."† It is well known that St. John throughout uses the word which is rendered "proverbs" in the same sense as the "parables" of the other Evangelists. From the first recorded words of our Lord down to the last, from the speech to our Blessed Lady in the Temple, "How is it that ye sought Me, did ye not know that I must be about My Father's business?" to the cry on the Cross in which He breathed out His Soul, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit," we can find very few utterances of our Lord which do not directly or indirectly refer to His

* St. John i. 18. The Greek word is *ἐξηγήσατο*. The Latin is *enarravit*.

† St. John xvi. 25.

Father. The particular subject of which we are speaking—that is, the providential dealings of God with men and with His creatures—is characteristically prominent in the earlier teaching of our Lord. To some extent it was less directly mentioned as time went on and as opposition grew.

We may illustrate what we mean by a comparison of the two great discourses, the Sermon on the Mount and the Sermon on the Plain. They were delivered, perhaps, at no very great interval of time. The choice of the twelve Apostles, which was immediately followed by the delivery of the second sermon, may probably have taken place about the Pentecost after the second Passover of our Lord's ministry, and the Sermon on the Mount, the first of the two, may have been delivered late in the first year. But between the two had sprung up the first formal and organized opposition to our Lord on the part of the Jewish authorities, first at Jerusalem, and afterwards in Galilee, on account of what they deemed His laxity about the Sabbath-day, on which day He had healed the impotent man at the Pool, and defended the disciples for plucking the ears of corn. It was after this that our Lord began to withdraw Himself from His enemies, in a manner which St. Matthew has specially mentioned as one of the chain of fulfilments of prophecy to which he draws attention all through his Gospel.* We need not draw out the similarity or the differences which mark the two Sermons further than is useful for our present purpose, but there is in the latter a marked absence of that free loving mention of God as our Father which characterizes the Sermon on the Mount. Most of the beatitudes are wanting in the latter discourse; as also the injunction to "let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." The very words "your Father" occur only once in the Sermon on the Plain, and then in a passage parallel to a part of the Sermon on the Mount, in which the reference to God's dealings is expanded by a twofold and beautiful illustration. In St. Luke it is only, "Love ye your enemies, do good, and lend, hoping for nothing thereby, and your reward shall be great, and you shall be the sons of the Highest, for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."† In the Sermon on the Mount the image is far more definite. "I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and

* St. Matt. xi. 17—19.

† St. Luke vi. 35.

calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father Who is in heaven, Who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust."* In the part of the Sermon on the Mount which follows, the mention of "your Father in heaven" meets us in almost every verse. Almsgiving is to be done in secret, that our Father Who seeth in secret may repay it. Prayer is to be made in secret, for the same reason. The "Our Father" is given in full, but it is omitted in the Sermon on the Plain, and the petition about forgiveness is explained by reference to the rules by which our Father will be guided in dealing with us. Then follow precepts about fasting, the motive of which is the same reference to the Father. Then there are passages about not serving two masters, about absolute confidence in our Father, Who knoweth all our needs, Who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, and about expecting an answer to prayer, because our Father will certainly give good things to those who ask Him more readily than any earthly father to his own children. In fact, in mentioning the passages of this kind which are to be found in the first Sermon, and which are omitted in the second, we have gone a good way towards a perfect enumeration of the differences between the two discourses.† We are far from saying that no other reason than that which is here suggested occasioned these differences, for the audience to which the Sermon on the Plain was addressed seems to have been made up of a mixed crowd, among whom there may even have been some heathen, and the Sermon on the Mount was delivered to those who were more nearly followers of our Lord. But we think that there is good reason for maintaining that the progress of opposition had much to do with the more reserved character of our Lord's teaching at the later period of the two.

But after the Sermon on the Plain had been delivered, a

* St. Matt. v. 44, 45.

† We may add another illustration, which may at first sight seem to refer to a merely accidental difference. On the first occasion when our Lord cast the buyers and sellers out of the Temple, St. John tells us that He said to them who sold wares, "Take these things away, and make not *the house of my Father* a house of traffic" (St. John ii. 16). On the second occasion, after Palm Sunday, and therefore at the end of His teaching, He is described by the other three Evangelists as saying more formally, "It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves" (St. Matt. xxi. 13; St. Luke xix. 46). St. Mark's words are slightly different (xi. 17).

further development of the malignant opposition to our Lord had taken place, very different in character from the captious objection made against Him from the letter of the law about the Sabbath-day. His enemies now took the line of attributing His miracles to a compact with Beelzebub, thus making themselves guilty of the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and imputing to Satan that very providential agency of love and mercy which was designed by God to be the remedy for mankind through the Incarnation. We know our Lord's indignation at this charge, and the very strong language He used concerning it. It is from this time that we have to date His denunciations of that evil generation, of which the latter state was to be made worse than the first. And it is from this time also that we are to date the beginning to teach by parables.

There is certainly abundant ground for considering that our Blessed Lord, to speak of Him after a human manner, felt Himself full of knowledge concerning God and His ways with His creatures, which He burned to impart to those to whom He was sent, but which they were not fit to receive. At the outset of His history we have an account of His conversation with Nicodemus,* to whom He spoke about the necessity of a new birth in Baptism with a plainness and openness which are surprising to us when we compare them with many parts of His subsequent teaching. There is the same directness of instruction to be remarked in the conversation which follows, in St. John, between our Lord and the woman of Samaria. When He said to her about the Messias, "I Who speak unto thee am He,"† He made a direct assertion which He made at no other time, except when adjured by Caiaphas to declare whether He were the Christ, the Son of the Blessed. But to Nicodemus He used words of complaint, as if He were surprised at the dulness of his perception of spiritual truth—"Amen, amen I say to thee, that we speak what we know and we testify what we have seen, and you receive not our testimony. I have spoken unto you earthly things, and you believe not, how will you believe if I shall speak unto you heavenly things?"‡ We need not draw out here the whole that might be said concerning this difficulty, which our Lord experienced almost universally and to the very end of His ministry, in meeting with hearts and minds capable of receiving His divine doctrine. But these considerations prepare us to find that when the time had come for Him to teach the people more

* St. John iii. 1, seq. † St. John iv. 26. ‡ St. John iii. 11, 12.

fully about God, and especially about that great revelation of Himself which is contained in His providence and in the arrangement of His kingdom, in the widest sense of that word, He found Himself constrained to adopt this particular mode of teaching more exclusively, by means of which the mystery of the kingdom might be enshrined in the most familiar form, a form which can hardly escape the memory after that faculty has once taken it in, and yet be so enshrined therein as not to be thrust upon the notice of those incapable of understanding it, while at the same time it invited the thoughtful pondering of those whose hearts were already to some extent enlightened concerning it. If we might be so bold as to compare what passed in our Lord's Sacred Heart with what is noblest and best in the workings and productions of the most gifted of men—

Those whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy—

we may venture to say that He was fain to pour forth, in some form analogous to the highest song, the thoughts which the possession of all the knowledge concerning God with which the Sacred Humanity was endowed filled Him. The knowledge thus given to Him, like the other graces and treasures which He received at the time of the Hypostatic Union, were given, not for Himself alone, but for us—for the children of the Church throughout all ages; and we may consider those instructions of His, which the providence of His Father had determined to come down to us in the Gospel narratives, as having been framed for us as well as for those to whom they were immediately addressed. The revelation of the Father, which it was His commission to make to mankind, was thus made independent of the unworthiness and dulness and hardness of heart of those by whom He happened to be immediately surrounded during so large a portion of His teaching. If we are to apply to the Sacred Heart the rule which our Lord Himself gave, and say that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, so that we may judge of His habitual thoughts by the subjects that are always upon His lips, we must certainly say that the character and perfections of the Father were ever His darling subjects of contemplation. When the heart that was most near and most like unto His own, the heart of His Blessed Mother, poured itself out in her holy canticle of thanksgiving, it was a strain that spoke of one wonderful perfection of God after

another—His Lordship, His providence in Redemption, His condescension to the humble, His Power, His Sanctity, His Mercy, His Faithfulness in His promises, and that law of His Kingdom, whereby the proud are confounded, the lowly exalted, the hungry filled, and the rich sent empty away. We cannot, then, be far wrong if we venture to approach the parables of our Lord with this thought in our minds—that they contain more, perhaps, than any other part of His teaching, His description of His Father in His dealings with those who belong to Him. Let us allow ourselves to suppose that to these applies, at least as fully as to any other of His discourses, the text already quoted from St. John—"The only-begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

We shall perhaps find that this view of the parables will bring their signification more into a harmonious whole than any other, and that, on the other hand, we hardly require a more complete system of teaching as to God and His providence than that which is here contained. No doubt, a number of them refer immediately to the Church; but the Church is one great manifestation or fruit of God's Fatherly Love, and the laws on which He has acted in respect to the Church have not been confined in their operation to what immediately concerns her. No doubt the far greater number of them, again, are meant to convey some distinct moral or practical lesson, such as the necessity of vigilance, or of Christian prudence, or the law of charity or of mutual forgiveness of injuries; but these lessons are pointed, in the parables, by distinct reference to something in God's character or ways of dealing with us, which is the more immediate subject of the picture. And perhaps it may also be found—and this is the last argument for which there is room in the present paper—that this particular view of the general scope of the teaching by parables may explain some features in them which are otherwise the occasion of difficulties more or less serious. Nor would it materially interfere with this view as to the general purport of the teaching by parables, if we find that our Lord now and then used the same form with another object, such as we can hardly help seeing, for instance, in the parable of the Two Sons,* which He Himself explained as applying to the conduct of the priests and scribes on the one hand, and of the publicans and harlots on the other, with respect to the baptism

* St. Matt. xxi, 26—32.

of St. John. Nor, again, must it be urged against us that some of the parables, as that of the Labourers in the Vineyard, and the Unmerciful Servant, are undoubtedly addressed to the most intimate followers of our Lord. All these parables speak of great laws of God's kingdom—and this is the main point on which we insist.

When we consider Who God is, and how infinitely His attributes and nature are above our comprehension, it must be obvious at once that His government of the universe must be, as a whole and in its parts, very far above the ken of our mental faculties, though at the same time it is equally true that in nature and in providence, as well as in the supernatural order, He distinctly reveals Himself and intends us to learn about Him from His works and ways. He is the one great object of the study and contemplation of all created intelligent beings, and at the same time He must, as it were, break the knowledge of Himself to us tenderly, He must raise us on high and add fresh power to our eyes before we can gaze on Him. If we could understand Him and His ways, He would not be our God. The very first thing that we know about them is a mystery to us, in the common sense of the word. For the first great mystery in the providence of God—in which we may include the creation as well as the government of the world—is that permission and tolerance of evil which follows as a necessary consequence from the planting of free creatures in a state of probation. Let us never underrate this. It has its answer, but not all can see it. Those familiar with the difficulties which practically beset and bewilder no inconsiderable number even of Christian and Catholic souls to whom the world is a puzzle and a riddle, will hardly question the importance of this difficulty, which pushes itself, if we may so say, in so many different directions, making men at one time question the justice of the decree which has loaded them with the responsibility of a choice whose issue is eternal, at another time doubt of the love which can create beings whom it foreknows shall be everlastingly miserable, or again, at another, rise up against the sentence which visits the rebellion of a weak and sorely tempted creature with a punishment so great as that which awaits the wicked in the next world. Or again, the difficulty takes the form, as we see in some of the Psalms, to quote no other example, of an inability to understand the prosperity of vice, the apparent impunity in this life of the enemies of God, and the afflictions and calamities

which befall the just. Or, again, the thing which is unintelligible seems to be that God's work is so much marred and fettered in the world, that there is so little result for so great an expenditure of love, labour, and sacrifice, and that mischief is allowed to flourish even in the very home of good, and to corrupt those who would otherwise serve God in innocence and faithfulness. All these difficulties have, then, their answer in the knowledge of God and of His character, His attributes, and His ways with men, and most of them are touched by the remark of St. Augustine, that God chooses rather to bring good out of evil than not to permit evil. Others again are met as St. Paul usually, in the first instance, met difficulties about providence and predestination, by a consideration of the absolute lordship and dominion of God over His creatures, whom He may place under whatever conditions He will, consistently, as whatever He wills must be consistent, with His justice and His holiness. And after this consideration of the absolute authority and ownership—so to speak—of a Creator over His creatures, there naturally follow others which are required also for difficulties of another kind, as well as for those of which we have spoken—considerations of God's immense and boundless goodness, His tender care over His own, His mercy and long-suffering and indulgence to those who oppose themselves to Him, His ever-ready grace, His fatherly attention to prayer, and the like. Another great head of what we may call in general the mystery of God's government contains the whole chain of His dealings with man in respect of his fall and redemption, the arrangements made for his recovery, the manner in which it is brought about, and the special laws of the new kingdom which is its organ, and through which its blessings are administered. All these things are what they are in detail on account of something which may be known and reflected on concerning God, and they cannot be understood and valued unless with respect to Him, and as reflecting His goodness or holiness, or mercifulness, or justice.

This is a very imperfect as well as a very general description of the sort of truths which may be conceived as forming the more substantial points in the teaching by parables—the points to which other things are subordinated, and with reference to which these other things are best to be understood. The first of all the formal parables, which is also one of those few parables which our Lord Himself has explained in detail, seems at first

sight to be a description of the different ways in which the word of God—in whatever form and under whatever dispensation—is received by man. But it is commonly called the parable of the Sower,* from its first words and from its principal figure, God, Who sows His seed broadcast and with so much profusion, and seems, as has so often been remarked as to both His material and spiritual creation, to waste so many beginnings which do not come to maturity, for the sake, if we may so speak, of the rich and multiplied beauty and fruitfulness of a few. This law, which runs through the whole of God's kingdom, as far as we know it, suggests many truths concerning Him—His magnificence and liberality, the manner in which even imperfect works, as they seem to us, manifest His glory, the dignity which His grace gives to those who cooperate with it, and the like; while it has a clearer significance when seen working on creations of free beings, who can cooperate with that grace or not, and furnishes a silent commentary on that failure of our Lord's own particular mission of which He had lately been so mournfully complaining. The next parable, known as that of the Tares or Cockle,† tells us still more about the mystery of the kingdom, for in this not only is the good seed wasted, but bad seed is actually sown and springs up by the side of the good that is not wasted. How many of the difficulties as to God's providence may not be solved by the simple words, "Suffer both to grow until the harvest?" and, when we consider that in the spiritual kingdom of God that is possible which is contrary to the laws of the natural kingdom—that the cockle or tare may become the wheat and the wheat may degenerate into the cockle—we have a fresh revelation of God's tender, and, to use the Scriptural expression, reverential way of dealing with us in the words, "Lest perhaps gathering up the cockle, ye root up the wheat also together with it."

The six parables which follow those of the Sower and of the Tares may be considered as completing, each by the addition of some special feature, the picture drawn by our Lord in His general dealings in His kingdom. God addresses Himself to His creatures, and allows them to refuse or accept Him. He tolerates His enemies until the harvest, for their sake and for the sake of those among whom they live. We have now to see certain characteristics of the work which He carries on in those who receive Him. The parable (given by St. Mark‡ alone) of the

* St. Matt. xiii.; St. Mark iv.; St. Luke viii. † St. Matt. xiii. 24—30, 36—53.

‡ St. Mark iv. 26—34; *Vita Pike*, § 60.

seed that grows gradually, seems to picture that progress from one virtue to another which is the mark of those who belong to Him, and which accounts for the abundant thirty-fold, sixty-fold, and one hundred-fold, of which mention has been made before. But God works in a double way, by His external word and outward means of grace, and again by the inherent fertility which He imparts to good souls, and by the secret influence of His own perpetual action upon each soul in particular. The earth seems to bring forth of itself after the seed has once been implanted, and the result is partly the fruit of the seed, partly that of the earth. The image of the grain of mustard-seed* seems to represent the outward development and magnificent growth of the work of God in the world, while that of the leaven† explains the law of its growth, which is from within, by the silent spread of the influence of grace, and the assimilation of those natural elements in the mass in which it works which are congenial to it. It need not be questioned that these parables, like many others, are historical and prophetic. But they come true in history because they represent the principles on which God works, and these principles are ultimately the echoes and reflection of His character, His wisdom, His patience, His winning ways with His creatures—that sweetness with which He disposeth everything of which the Scripture speaks.

The parables of the Treasure hid in a Field, and of the Pearl of Great Price,‡ which comes next in order, are frequently interpreted as if the principal reference were not to God but to those who seek or who find Him and His grace. This interpretation might seem at first sight to be at variance with the view which is set forth in this paper, that the dealings of God with man form the direct subject of the teaching by parables, rather than the dealings of man with God. It must be remembered, however, that no one can truly find or truly seek God without Himself, and that as in the reality figured by the parables which have just been mentioned it is God Who gives to the earth or to the seed its fruitfulness, God Who gives to the spiritual leaven its power of spreading and assimilating and penetrating that which it leavens, it is God Who gives to the mustard-seed the power to grow into a great tree, God Who assists in all these cases the development and the exercise of the powers which He has originally created and bestowed—so here in the parables of

* St. Matt. xiii. 31, 32; St. Mark iv. 30—32. † St. Matt. xiii. 33.

‡ St. Matt. xiii. 44—46.

the pearl and of the treasure the holy instinct which seeks the pearl comes from Him, and the seeming accident of finding the treasure comes from Him, as well as the grace by which he that finds either pearl or treasure understands its value, and has the courage and prudence to sell all that he has and give it for what he has found. This is a sufficient answer to the objection. But, in truth, there is another interpretation of these two parables, quite as ancient and quite as authoritative as that which has now been explained, and this interpretation applies them directly to God, Who seeks or finds human nature, the human soul, the Church, the great body of His elect, and gives Himself and all that He has in the Incarnation to make the treasure or the pearl His own. This interpretation, we may venture to say, is certainly more in keeping with the Patristic methods of understanding Scripture than the former, though it is far less in harmony with modern ideas, especially among the best Protestants, to whom the moral and more practical interpretation is apparently the only valuable interpretation. We are very far from saying that the one commentary excludes the other. The one may be founded on the other. The primary meaning of the parables may be to represent the action of God in seeking us, the one great ineffable inexplicable outpouring of love of which Creation is the first fruit, Preservation, Providence, Redemption, Sanctification, and Glorification in the possession of God by the Beatific Vision for ever, the final crown, and the sense which speaks to us of the return of the tide of love from our small and miserable hearts towards God, a return set in motion and guided and maintained by Himself, may be not only true, though secondary, but absolutely involved and founded on and a part of the first.

There remains but one of the first glorious constellation of parables, so to speak: that in which the kingdom of God is compared to a net cast into the sea, which gathers fish of every kind, good and bad.* This is commonly understood of the Church, and the argument drawn from it against the maintainers of an invisible Church composed only of good people is irresistible. But, in the view which is now being discussed, the parable has a still wider meaning, and it comes in at the end of the first series of parables as answering to and in a certain sense balancing the parable of the Sower, which stands in the first place. For in that first parable we have the image of God

* St. Matt. xiii. 47—50.

scattering His seed at random, as it appears, and submitting to the loss of a great part of it for the sake of the return brought in by that which takes root in good soil. In the parable of the drawn-net we see that God acts thus for His own purposes, and brings both good and bad within the range of His action, in order that in the end He may select His own and reject those who are not to be His. When men cast a net into the sea, take into it whatever fish it chances to envelope, and then choose what they will have, and cast the rest away, they exercise that absolute dominion over the lower creatures which God has given them. They may be guilty of cruelty or of some other fault in their conduct to these lower creatures, but they are not guilty of injustice to them, for the lower creatures have no rights in the presence of man. So in God's dealings with us, He must always act according to the ineffable holiness of His own nature, but He is our absolute Master and Lord, as St. Paul more than once argues. We know that He is just to all, and that good and bad fishes in His draw-net are good or bad by virtue of their own will, according to the measure of their cooperation with His grace or their resistance to it. But the whole series of His dealings is for His own sake, that He may have at the end those who are His elect, and discard the rest. And it is to be observed, that when our Lord gives this parable He adds an explanation of this part of it unasked, and that explanation reaches much further than the words in the parable itself: "So shall it be at the end of the world. The angels shall go out, and shall separate the wicked from among the just, *and shall cast them into the furnace of fire*; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."* The selection to be made at the end of all things, the reward of the just and the punishment of the wicked, seems to be the point of the parable on which He particularly insists.

After the grand series of parables on which we have been commenting, we find no more of the same kind of teaching for a very considerable interval in the Gospel history. But St. Mark adds at the end of his account of these, that "with many such parables he spoke to them the word, according as they were able to hear, but without parables He did not speak unto them, but apart He explained all things to His disciples" (iv. 33, 34). The next formal parable, which, as we have said already, is subsequent to these by a long interval, is addressed to His own

* St. Matt. xiii. 49, 50.

disciples, in answer to St. Peter's question about forgiving his brother seven times or more.* It comes immediately after His answer to the question who was greater in the kingdom of heaven, which was also, therefore, a subject of private teaching to His immediate disciples. The moral of the parable of the Unmerciful Servant is of course obvious enough; but it should be particularly remembered that here again it is the character and way of dealing of God that is the chief and direct subject. The reason why St. Peter, in his suggestion that seven times might be enough to forgive a brother, fell so far short of the mind of our Lord is to be found in forgetfulness of our position towards God as servants who have to give an account to our Master, Who deals with us as we deal with others, Who has promised to forgive us as we forgive others, and Who has even taught us to pray that our own mercifulness towards others may be the measure of His mercifulness towards us. We are inclined to stand on our own rights, and measure the offence against justice which has been committed by those who injure us: but the thought of God and of our debts to Him, and of His dealings towards us in respect of our faults, raises the question into a higher sphere altogether. And here, again, our Lord goes beyond the immediate necessity of the question in His answer, which, moreover, He enforces at the end in words which show the central truth of the parable in His mind is the law of God's action towards us—the most absolute mercifulness and the most severe reprobation of want of mercy.

After this new feature, as we may say, added to our knowledge of God by the parable of the Unmerciful Servant, we pass on to a number of parables spoken by our Lord in that late period of His ministry which was mainly spent in Judæa, after His leaving Galilee in the last of His three years. A great number of incidents and discourses in this part of His life, which is chronicled for us almost exclusively by St. Luke, and which fills up a large portion of the third Gospel, are repetitions more or less close of what had been said or done at an earlier period of His teaching—when He had confined Himself in the main to Galilee. We need not pause at present to point out how natural this is, nor how it solves completely a great number of the difficulties which have sometimes perplexed harmonists, sometimes been made use of by those who would deny the literal accuracy of the various Gospel narratives. This cycle of

* St. Matt. xviii. 21—35; *Vita Vitæ*, § 88.

parables, so to call it, contains a large proportion of the most famous and well-known of all of them. It is immediately preceded by the discourse recorded by St. John in his tenth chapter as having been delivered at Jerusalem itself after the miracle on the man who had been born blind. In this discourse, although not exactly in form a parable, our Lord sets Himself before us as the Good Shepherd Who giveth His life for the Sheep. The series of parables of which we are now speaking begins with that of the Good Samaritan (St. Luke x.), and it embraces that of the Friend roused at midnight (ch. xi.), the Rich Fool (ch. xii.), the discourse about vigilance, in which the figures of the watchful and negligent servants are introduced (*ib.*), the parable again of the Unfruitful Fig-tree (ch. xiii.), the repetition of the parable of the Grain of Mustard-seed (*ib.*), that of the Narrow Gate (*ib.*), that of the guest taking the lowest place (ch. xiv.), of the Great Supper (*ib.*)—which is here given without the addition of the guest without the wedding garment—of the Lost Sheep, the lost piece of money, the Prodigal Son (ch. xv.), the Unjust Steward, the Rich Man and Lazarus (ch. xvi.), the Unjust Judge, and the Publican and the Pharisee (ch. xviii.).

We must place by itself another very remarkable and significant parable, related by St. Matthew in that part of his Gospel which seems to contain what have been called the special laws of the evangelical kingdom, such as the counsels of chastity, poverty, and obedience, humility, childlike temper, perfect forgiveness of injuries, and the precept of fraternal correction. The parable of which we speak is that of the Labourers in the Vineyard—one which has given more difficulty to commentators who have not understood its occasion and purport than perhaps any other. And this leads us on to the last group of parabolic instructions, which were delivered either to the Jews in the Temple during the early days of Holy Week, or to the Apostles on Mount Olivet, at the time when the last great prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world had just been given. They are introduced by the parable of the Lord and his Servants (St. Luke xix.), delivered as our Lord was drawing nigh to Jerusalem, "because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately be manifested." The parables delivered to the Jews are those, first, of the Two Sons (St. Matt. xxi.), already alluded to, which was specially directed to the Chief Priests and Scribes, the Wicked Husbandmen (St. Matt. xxi., St. Mark xii., St. Luke xx.), and the Marriage Supper

(St. Matt. xxii.), where the incident of the wedding garment is introduced. Those delivered to the disciples are the parables of the Virgins (St. Matt. xxv.), the Talents (*ib.*), and—if that is indeed to be considered a parable, and not rather a simple prophecy—that of the Sentence of the Judge on the merciful and the unmerciful (*ib.*).

The length of this rapid enumeration of the various parts of this glorious and wonderful mass of doctrine is enough to excuse us from the attempt of speaking in detail on each of the parables of which it is composed, but we may find room in our present paper to justify in regard of them the general view which we have taken of the subject of the parabolic teaching. The parable of the Good Samaritan, as we commonly call it, was spoken in answer to the famous question, "Who is my neighbour?" Touchingly beautiful as it is as a simple history, the interpretation which would be satisfied with supposing that an act of extraordinary charity on the part of a human wayfarer is here set forth as our example cannot content us, as it has never contented the Fathers of the Church. No; the Person Whom we are called upon to imitate is our own great Father, God, in the Incarnation; the "man who fell among thieves," is a perfect theological picture of man wounded as he is by the Fall. We are thus taught that as our forgiveness to others is to be measured on the model of the forgiveness of God to us, so our charity to others is to be as close as possible an imitation of the great work of charity—the Incarnation. Thus the mind at once rises to the same great subject of God's dealings with us. So accurate is the picture, that the theologians of the Church, in their teaching about the effects of the Fall, are often accustomed to draw arguments rather than mere illustrations from the details of this parable. The work of mercy which God has committed to us is a continuation of the work of mercy begun by Him, and the whole range of objects on which our mercy is to shed itself forth for their relief is figured in the parable, because the miseries of the wounded man represent accurately the physical and moral miseries which have been introduced into the world in consequence of the Fall, which miseries it was the purpose of the Incarnation to relieve, either directly or indirectly.

Again, God in His dealings with earnest prayer, which He often refrains from granting for awhile, and then yields to importunity, is the subject of the parable of the Friend roused up at midnight. God, in His dealings with those who take to

themselves His gifts as their own property and set their heart upon riches, is the chief figure in the parable of the Rich Fool, for it is in the forgetfulness of His Mastership, and the suddenness with which He calls men to account for their soul, which constitutes the folly which is so soon brought to nought. God's ways of dealing with His servants, the suddenness of His coming, as if to try their fidelity, the immense rewards which He is ready to bestow on the vigilant—"He will gird Himself, and make them sit down to meat, and passing by will minister unto them," and "Verily, I say to you, He will set him over all that He possesseth;" and, on the other hand, the severe but carefully measured justice with which He will punish negligence—these are the features added to our theology by the parable about the servants. God's providential patience with communities and single persons, especially, of course, His patience with the Jewish people, is the subject of the parable of the Fig-tree. In that of the Narrow Gate (St. Luke xiii.), which is not, however, formally a parable, the same image is to a certain extent supplemented by the description, which occupies almost the whole passage, of the rejection of those who are not able to enter.* This is in reality a prophecy. The parable, as it is called, about those invited to supper, who are exhorted to take the lowest place, is at first sight a puzzle on two accounts. The truth that is set forth appears to be set forth without any image at all, and the motive suggested for taking the lowest place is not the noblest motive. But this, again, is in reality a parable which sets forth the dealings and the character of God, Who always exalts those who humble themselves and humbles those who exalt themselves. The same truth lies behind the parable (which also may be a simple anecdote, and no figure) of the Pharisee and the Publican (St. Luke xviii.), as in that also which immediately precedes it, that of the Unjust Judge, we have another repetition of the truth that God is pleased to allow Himself to be done violence to by importunate prayer. There is no real comparison, of course, between the unjust judge and

* "But when the Master of the House shall be gone in and shall shut the door, you shall begin to stand without and knock at the door, saying, Lord, open to us. And He answering shall say to you, I know you not whence you are. Then you shall begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets. And He shall say to you, I know you not whence you are, depart from Me all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when you shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrown out" (St. Luke xiii. 25-28).

God, but our Lord argues *à fortiori*—"And will not God revenge His elect, who cry to Him day and night?"* We need hardly draw out the teaching concerning God contained in such parables as that of the Great Supper, of which it is surely not an adequate account to say that it is meant to illustrate the truth that men refuse the offers of God on account of their love for earthly goods. The manner in which the supper is supplied with guests, and the stern rejection of those who have once refused, "I say unto you that not one of those men that were invited shall taste of My Supper," is a picture of the characteristic of God celebrated by our Blessed Lady, *Esurientes implevit bonis, et divites dimisit inanes*, of the principle which prevailed in His kingdom when the angels fell and men were called to fill their places.

Of this cycle of parables which we have mentioned as delivered chiefly in Judæa not long before our Lord's last approach to Jerusalem, there remain a few of the more celebrated to be illustrated by what we suppose to be the general view and aim of our Lord in His teaching of this kind. There are the three great parables in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, the combined meaning of which is too obviously to our purpose to need more than simple mention—the parable of the Lost Sheep, of the lost piece of silver, and of the Prodigal Son. The unity of purpose in this wonderful chain of parables, is manifest from the ending of the last, if from nothing else, for at the beginning of the parable of the Lost Sheep we are told of the murmuring of the Scribes and Pharisees at our Lord's condescension to sinners, and at the end of the parable of the Prodigal we have the picture of the elder brother, so exactly answering to the conduct of those whose murmuring gave occasion to the whole discourse. It is useful to have so certain an instance of unity of purpose in different parables, because we learn from this that it is a characteristic of this mode of teaching that various truths concerning the same subject are more naturally told in different parables than in one, while at the

* It should, however, be noted that there is something special in the teaching here, which distinguishes it from such parables, for instance, as that of the importunate friend at midnight. The prayer here is distinctly for vengeance, and the passage should be compared to that about the cry of the "souls under the altar of those that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held" (Apoc. vi. 9—11). This part of St. Luke's Gospel is probably drawn from materials collected by him while St. Paul was in prison at Cæsarea for two years (Acts xxiv.)—at a time when the Christians were groaning under persecution. This may help to explain v. 8.

same time a parable may be made to grow, as it were, into a second part, the subject of which is to illustrate a new truth. The three together give us a complete history of God's action towards sinners in tolerating them awhile, in not refusing them many good things to which they have, in an improper sense, a natural right, in letting the will of His creatures go its own way, in anxiously seeking them whether in His own Home, the Church, or outside the fold, in welcoming them back and making His angels rejoice with Him over their recovery. It shows, if we may so say, how full our Lord's loving Heart was of the dealings of God to man, that He should have been at the pains to draw out so elaborately the full picture of them on the occasion of a simple murmuring against His own condescension, and it is remarkable how the strain of condescension is carried on even to the end, where the elder son is only rebuked in the gentlest way by the remonstrance and almost the apology of his father.

The two parables that follow—those, namely, of the Unjust Steward, in the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke, and of the Rich Glutton and Lazarus, in the same chapter—are of that secondary class in point of form, of which we have already noticed some instances. There is no actual representation of one thing by another, nor is there any declaration that the kingdom of heaven is like this or that. Both of them might be true stories. But they are commonly reckoned among the parables, and belong to the same class of teaching with the rest, and here too we might contend that the principal object throughout is to set forth the dealings of God with man, instead of man's own way of acting. At this time of His teaching our Lord was particularly occupied in denouncing avarice and an undue love of earthly riches. The first parable, that of the Steward, teaches the true use of these riches: but the lesson is enforced by two truths which stand out from the narrative, the one that God will exact a strict account of the stewardship of every one, the other that riches rightly used in alms-deeds are taken in satisfaction for sin, and purchase pardon. The same reference to the laws of God's kingdom concludes the story of the Rich Man and Lazarus, in which the veil that hides the unseen world is lifted up, and two great principles of the providential order are put forward in the words, first, "Remember that thou didst receive good things in thy lifetime, and likewise Lazarus evil things," and then, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they

believe if one rise again from the dead" — which are full, moreover, of actual prophetic meaning.

The great parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard would require a long essay to itself to draw all its significance. We may, however, remark that its difficulties will vanish to a great extent if it is considered in the light of the context, and especially in the view which is here maintained that the laws of the divine government of the world, and especially in the Church, form the main subject of the parabolic teaching. It was just after the memorable case of the rich young man who had come to our Lord to ask what he must do to gain eternal life, and had been offered the highest and noblest of vocations, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow Me."* Just before, too, our Lord had set forth another counsel of perfection, that of absolute chastity, and had said pointedly, "All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given. He that can take, let him take it." And then St. Peter had asked his famous question, "Behold, we have left all things and followed Thee, what therefore shall we have?" Our Lord first promised to them the special reward of the Apostolical office, and then added the hundred-fold and life everlasting for all those who left what they had to leave for Him. "And many that are first shall be last, and the last first." The parable which follows is evidently a commentary on these last words, which are repeated at its close, after the answer of the householder to the labourers who had entered first, and who had complained of the reward given to the others. "Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will? Is thy eye evil, because I am good? So shall the first be last, and the last first. For many are called, but few chosen."

These simple considerations go far towards explaining the main drift of this parable. Our Lord's teaching at this time, mainly addressed to His disciples only, turned upon the difference of vocations in the kingdom of God. There are some to whom counsels of perfection are addressed, some who cannot "take" them. There are some who are not called to leave all and follow Christ in the closest way, and some who are called to that. St. Peter's question had elicited from our Lord a declaration of the surpassing reward which awaits those who have high vocations and follow them faithfully. It may be said

* St. Matt. xix. 16, seq.

that the whole system of formal states of perfection in the Church is founded upon the doctrine here laid down. That doctrine implies that God, Who is just and bountiful to all, yet chooses whom He will for the higher callings in His kingdom. He is the Father of all, the Lover of all souls, but there are those whom He calls to higher privileges and more glorious states in this world and in the next than others. But yet the masterful freedom of God in His choice and in the distribution of His gifts goes still further yet. The rewards of the next world do not necessarily correspond to the outward callings in this. There are first who are last, there are last who are first. Those who are called to states of perfection, or, again, to conspicuous positions in the visible Church, or to Apostolical labours and duties, are not of necessity either the only chosen ones of God or His dearest souls. Notwithstanding the pre-eminence of such states, the really highest places in heaven are for the saints, those who are truly nearest to God in this world and in the next; and the saints are to be found in all vocations and states of life—married or single, secular or religious, princes, warriors, as well as priests, rich as well as poor, young as well as old, not according to the quality of their outward state but according to the intensity and richness of their inward grace and the faithfulness of their cooperation with it. God may put the highest graces in the lowest vocations, He may raise to consummate perfection in a few weeks or months as in a long course of years. This free munificence and absolute choice of God is the main lesson concerning Him in the parable before us. It is a law of His action, as truly as the law of exalting the humble and resisting the proud. To all He can say, "I do thee no wrong;" I give thee what thou hast deserved and far more. "I will give unto this last even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will?" Surely we may venture to say that without this lesson the doctrine as to counsels and states of perfection would have been even incomplete. And the law of God's free choice in the disposal of His gifts is the same, in whatever of its operations we seek the more particular interpretation of the details of the parable. We find no fault with those who understand the callings at the several hours of the historical dealings of God with the Jews or Gentiles, for it is important to bear in mind the truth that He acts towards nations and communities as wholes, and in great measure on the same principle as with single persons. In any case, the divine law on which the

parable turns is that expressed in the words already quoted, "Is it not lawful for Me to do what I like?" Glory and reward always correspond to grace and virtue; but grace and virtue are gifts of God, and they are not distributed by Him in any servile obedience to the state or condition in which His providence has placed us. Nor do we find fault with another usual interpretation, according to which the envious selfishness of the murmurers is the vice against which we are warned. Rather it is clear from all history—from the history of the conduct of the Chief Priests and Pharisees to our Lord down to the most recent experiences—that no temptation is more dangerous to those who are favoured by high vocations in God's external kingdom, as ecclesiastics, or dignitaries, or workers in His vineyard, than the temptation to jealousy or envy—the peculiar temptation of those whose states secure them from grosser falls. Such faults are often obvious to all but those who fall under them, as the envious motives of our Lord's enemies were obvious to the Roman Governor. "For He knew that for envy they had delivered Him."*

Another great doctrine about God is contained in the parable of the Lord and His servants, which may have been meant to steady the excited expectations of our Lord's followers as to some immediate external triumph, without serious long-continued conscientious work for their Master. It is another manifestation of the mastery and dominion of God that is contained both in the parable generally, and especially in the treatment of the negligent over-cautious servant, who thinks he does enough for his lord when he brings him back what he has received from him—"Lord, behold here is thy pound, which I have laid up in a napkin." Yes, there is a sense in which it is true of God—"Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up what I laid not down, and reaping that which I did not sow;" that is, He requires work and fruitfulness, the sweat of the brow and the toil of the brain, and the multiplied pounds—"His own 'with usury.'" But then it is He that gives the power as well as the occasion to work; it is He that guides the labouring hand and gives life and energy to the teeming brain. The multiplication of the pounds is His work, the success of the labour is His, and the reward of the labour is ours. "A necessity lieth upon me," says St. Paul,† "for woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" And our Lord had already insisted upon

* St. Matt. xxvii. 18.

† 1 Cor. ix. 15.

this truth to the Apostles, when He had told them in one of those parables of the secondary kind, of which we have omitted special notice,* how men behave to their servants, even after they have laboured all the day, making them when they return home first bring their masters' dinner and wait upon them, and not till after that take their own refreshment. "Doth he thank that servant for doing those things which he commanded him? I think not. So you also, when you shall have done all those things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which we ought to do." So frequently does our Lord insist upon that entire dominion of God over us, which it is so easy and so pernicious to forget.

We thus come to the parables of the Holy Week. That of the Two Sons has already been spoken of.† That of the Vineyard and Husbandmen, which immediately follows, is applied by our Lord Himself to the fearful rejection and chastisement of the Jews for their continued abuse of God's graces, and it contains, moreover, the doctrine of God's long-continued patience and of the public vengeance with which He at last visits those who have persecuted His messengers—the guilt of which persecution, in the case of the Jews, was to be so awfully enhanced by their murder of His Son. And we must observe the force with which our Lord‡ insists on the Scriptural principle, "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner"—quoting words which were afterwards used by St. Peter and St. Paul. In the same way the parable which stands next in order, the last which our Lord addressed to any but His own disciples—that of the Marriage Feast, is a picture of the law of divine action towards men. It repeats in a more pointed manner the lesson as to God's dealings contained in the former parable of the Great Supper, but it varies the details in a manner that gives it a prophetic reference to the same subject as the last. Here it is not merely, "I pray thee hold me excused," but they "laid hands on His servants, and having treated them contumeliously, put them to death. And when the King heard of it, He was angry, and sending His armies, He destroyed those murderers, and burnt their city."§ Then, again, another parable is made to attach itself to the latter part of the original, that of

* St. Luke xvii. 7.

† St. Matt. xxi. 28—32.

‡ St. Matt. xxi. 42; St. Mark xii. 10, 11; St. Luke xx. 17, 18; *Vita Vita*, § 136.

§ St. Matt. xxii. 6, 7.

the guest without a wedding garment. And here again we have another feature in the image of God as He reveals Himself in His dealings to us—His severe purity that will not allow anything unclean or common in His sight, and that jealous punishment of presumption which is as characteristic of Him as His immense mercifulness, condescension, and bounty.

Again, deeply significant as are the last of all the parables, those of the Ten Virgins, the Talents, and—if that be one—the image of the Last Judgment, with which the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew concludes, the doctrine which they teach us about God is so unmistakeable as to make it unnecessary for us here to dwell upon them at any length. It is the suddenness with which He will call us to account, or the severity with which He will visit simple negligence, or again the reward of those who are found ready, and the abundant recompence of those who have laboured faithfully, or the peculiar love with which He regards works of mercy, which seem to be, in a sense, more dear to Him than the acts of other virtues for a particular reason connected with the great subject on which we have been all along engaged—that of His providential government of the world. For, let it be asked, as it often is asked, with misgivings and doubts which, under the present state of society, have taken deep hold of many a heart that would willingly find no difficulty in the doctrine of Providence—let it be asked how has God—Who feeds the ravens who call upon Him, clothes the lilies of the field, and lets not a sparrow fall to the ground without His knowledge and permission—how has He provided for the numberless wants of those who are of more value than many sparrows, the hungry, the naked, the poor, orphans, widows, the sick, the afflicted of every class? The answer is surely this, that apart from special interpositions of His power, He has provided for them by the Christian charity of their brethren. He has left them to us, and He has made us the ministers charged with the execution of His behests of mercy to them, as He has charged earth and air and dew and rain and sea, the teeming ground, the fostering ray, the genial shower, fruits and trees and herbs and flowers, and all the resources of nature, to provide for the wants of His lower creatures. The machinery of nature does not fail—well would it be if our charity and mercy to our fellow-men failed as little!

Mercy, then, is the provision which God, the Author and

Ruler of society, and especially of Christian society, has made for human miseries, manifold as they are; and this great scene of the Judgment Day thus answers in a remarkable manner to the parable of the Good Samaritan. Thus also it appropriately closes the long series of the parables. We can see how it is that in this great unfolding of the ways of God to mankind in His providence, the closing scene of the whole history should be made by our Blessed Lord to turn upon the judgment of men as to this point—how they have fulfilled their duty as to the administration of that service of mercy which is their peculiar part, a part which God has so much at heart, in the great order of His kingdom. Doubtless He repairs in a thousand ways the effects of their coldness and negligence; doubtless He crowns a thousand virtues, and punishes a thousand faults, beside the virtue of mercy and the fault of unmercifulness. But it is a law of His kingdom, a law set forth in the Old Testament as well as in the New, that "He gave to every one commandment concerning his neighbour,"* and the first sin committed against human society was that of him who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"† No wonder, then, that the last of our Lord's revelations concerning His Father in publicly judging the world through Him, should be that which tells us how strictly this law will be vindicated, how much will depend on our practical remembrance or practical forgetfulness of His own most tender words—"Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, ye did it unto Me"—to Me, your Brother and your Redeemer, the Beginning and Author of your regenerate supernatural life; to Me, your God, your Governor, your Provider and Preserver, Who have committed to you so large a share of the Providence on which your brethren depend.

We may add a single word as to the general principle of the interpretation of the details of the parables, as distinct from the purpose which we may assign to each of setting forth some great law of God's action in the government of His kingdom. The examples which we possess of the interpretation of parables by our Blessed Lord Himself, in the case of the parable of the Sower and that of the Tares or Cockle, certainly seem to favour the belief that almost every feature of the comparisons by which divine truths are thus represented has its counterpart

* Eccclus. xvii. 12.

† Gen. iv. 19.

in reality. At the same time this principle might probably be urged too far. In the second of these two great parables, for instance, one portion is left by our Lord unapplied, for there is nothing in His explanation which corresponds to the servants who go to the Master of the Field and ask Him how it comes that there is a mixture of bad seed with good, to whom He gives the significant answer, "Let both grow until the harvest." We need only observe, that we have been occupied for the present with the more important point of ascertaining some general principle which may enable us to look at once to the great truths which are the main subject of the parabolic teaching, and that when that is once established, if it can be established with any accuracy, it must of necessity furnish a most valuable key to unlock the difficulties of the details of the picture in each case, instead of in any way excluding the idea of their deep and varied significance.

H. J. C.

"Vidimus Stellam Ejus."

HUSHED is the starry night,
Orion rests in might,
Lo! where he beckons with his jewelled hand;
The world doth hold her breath,
Above, around, beneath,
To see this wondrous three glide through the land.

All crowned and robed they move,
Their large eyes fixed in love,
In love which seeks in heaven the mystic sign;
They tarry not for food,
Reck nought of rock or flood,
And seek, unknowing, David's kingly line.

O royal-hearted men,
Was it within your ken,
To watch the far-strayed peoples' gathering tide;
Gathering from sin and death
To light of your clear faith,
And flowing through the heavenly gate set wide?

"Vidimus Stellam Ejus."

Was yours the opened ear,
 New litanies to hear
 Of martyrs and apostles, virgins white ;
 Of innocents, gem-dyed,
 Their Lord's escape to hide,
 And all the bands who bless the Living Light ?

To your prophetic eye,
 Was Christ's great kingdom nigh,
 Unrolling myriad years in one brief day ;
 Through all this wintry world,
 The Bridegroom's Flag unfurled,
 While nations rage and swell, and pass away ?

That faith we scarce may scan,
 True faith which sight outran,
 And drew them o'er the lonely, starlit wild ;
 We see them kneeling low,
 And while they worship, know
 The Mother and the Son—her God and Child.

They feel no sad amaze,
 The glamour of earth's ways
 Betrays them not to fail and shrink in scorn.
 Safe in their heart abides
 That truth the world derides ;
 Their God is hid in flesh, in flesh is born.

O star-crowned Kings ! behold,
 The world in waxing old
 Waxed foolish, scorning Mary and her Child ;
 O help us then to rise,
 With swift feet and glad eyes
 To seek th' Incarnate God in life's grey wild !

How "History" is written.

IT is much to be desired, in the interests of truth and justice, that an exact estimate of the nature and quality of history were universally prevalent. Especially is it important that in these days, when this thing called history is more constantly perhaps than at any former time used as a controversial weapon against Catholics, that these at least should learn to know its precise value, so as neither timidly to accept, nor unreasonably to reject, its assertions and its judgments. By the nature of history we mean that which it must necessarily be, taken at its best; by its quality, that which in general it actually is; something, namely, very far from its best. With a view, then, of directing attention to the subject, which is one of daily practical interest, it is proposed here to recall some of the difficulties inherent in the task of writing history, and to give some examples of the manner in which those difficulties have been treated by historical writers of the greatest name and popularity.

History is, by its nature, to a great extent uncertain. It must be so, depending as it does upon human testimony. This uncertainty, of course, varies very much in degree; and it is very much diminished with regard to the affairs of the last three centuries. But in respect to all previous ages the testimony upon which history must be founded is scanty in amount, preserved by chance, incomplete, and often entirely one-sided. Often nothing is known of the character of the witnesses; and no means exist of testing the relative authenticity of contradictory documents. All the vices and some of the virtues combine to obscure the truth. Hatred, prejudice, and all uncharitableness, vanity, jealousy, misapprehension, credulity, partiality, and personal affection, each lends its aid to confuse and mislead. So that sagacity, experience, caution, a keen sympathy with and faculty for discerning virtue, and even the spirit of charity, are required, in addition to wide and accurate learning, in order to deal with such material properly.

Then, as to its quality, history, as it has been provided for the world, is for the most part very little worthy of trust. "Do not read history to me," said Sir Robert Walpole to his son Horace, "for that must be false."* "My experience in affairs," said the first Lord Melville to Sir James Mackintosh, "has taught me to have very little faith in historians."† An eminent Catholic went so far as to *say*, "History has been for the last three hundred years a conspiracy against the truth." So far, indeed, as the Church was concerned, there was for more than two centuries but one spot in the world where her whole case could have been stated without danger. To have told all the truth in Protestant countries during those centuries was of course to incur the penalties for treason, or, at least, sedition; and even within the present century Dr. Lingard was threatened by the then Dean of Peterborough with a prosecution for the latter offence because he had ventured to call the Anglican Establishment "the modern Church of England." Nor, as regarded history, was the case much better in Catholic countries, where the jealous vigilance of Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Signories, Parliaments, and National Churches, put obstacles in the way of undiluted truth; so that, even so lately as the year 1817, Joseph de Maistre, when about to set forth the case of the Popes, felt himself bound to express his sense of the danger he ran, "of wounding some divinity" in the process.‡ With difficulties, therefore, of all kinds to encounter, it is no wonder if even the most honest investigators fell short of the required standard of excellence.

But, it will be said, this is the description of a former and extinct race of historians. Things have changed. Freedom everywhere prevails. New methods and a new spirit are now employed in history. This is true, to a considerable extent. The spirit of research and more accurate methods have of necessity brought the facts of former ages more to light; the candour of historians is displayed in eloquent passages which attract attention. Yet the candour is too often intermittent; the old spirit remains, and is all the more dangerous because the ordinary reader has been thrown off his guard. Thus the author of the celebrated Essay on Ranke's *Popes* undesignedly,

* Archdeacon Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole*, i., p. 762, on the authority of Horace himself.

† *Life of Mackintosh*, i., p. 170.

‡ *Du Pape*, Discours préliminaire, sec. i.

but most effectually, prepared victims for the future historian of England.

Again, it may be asserted, that the results obtained in history by scientific methods are certain. This assertion, however, cannot be accepted. The truth contained in it amounts only to this: that scientific method, honestly, wisely, and justly applied, will get the truest result possible out of the existing evidence for any alleged fact; but the vital question may still remain—whether the existing evidence is sufficient to reveal the truth. It is in fact very probable that the evidence is insufficient with respect to a large portion of the events treated of in history, and that the true version of such events is not contained in any of the records which have come down to us. If in a civil or criminal trial, the witnesses for the prosecution and defence were collected almost at hap-hazard, if they could make only a simple statement on either side, without the aid of leading questions, the power of explanation, or the risk of cross-examination, the most learned and well-trained judge would find it difficult, if not impossible, to come to any decided opinion upon the merits of the case. But though the historian is nearly always in the position of such a judge, how rarely he hesitates to narrate or to pass sentence as if no doubt existed! We have, indeed, seen learning and science, when employed in the service of a foregone conclusion, arrive at results quite as wide of the truth as those ever attained by the most shallow and uncritical partisanship. The apparatus and pretension of scientific history have in such cases made it only the more deadly and successful enemy of the truth.

What then, it may be asked, is your conclusion? Do you mean to imply that there is no such thing as history? that nothing can really be known? that we are to doubt or disbelieve everything we read? None of these things. We firmly hold, on the contrary, that the Divine Providence has taken care that everything necessary for man to know can be known by him with sufficient certainty, provided only that the right means are employed. All that we here contend for is, that a considerable proportion of the events which are said to have occurred in the world from the first to, at least, the sixteenth century of our era are involved in more or less of obscurity; that such events cannot be known with any certainty; that, consequently, the history of them requires to be written with extreme caution; and that the narrative, even then, being but a conjectural arrangement of presumed facts, ought not to be

received entirely without reserve. And if such caution is needed with respect to facts, to actions, still more is it necessary with respect to motives. Yet what is more common to the generality of historians than a confident flow of narration, and an unhesitating ascription of motives and secret designs, such as the personages implicated would hardly have confessed even to themselves? This was noted with displeasure by Henry Grattan. "Historians," said he to the poet Rogers, "are not content with telling us what was done, but they pretend to enter into the secret motives of men."* It may be safely taken as a rule, always to distrust a historian who never doubts. "I wish," said Lord Melbourne, "that I were as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything;" and in so saying Lord Melbourne showed that he possessed at least one important qualification for making a good historian.

Having thus briefly and generally indicated some of the difficulties inseparable from the writing of history, and having touched upon the faults and deficiencies too common amongst those who have undertaken the task, we now proceed to give some examples illustrating each of these fruitful causes of error. Avoiding the great and well-known subjects of historical controversy, which would require too much space for their proper discussion, we shall confine ourselves to minor incidents which, while more manageable within a limited compass, will serve equally well to point the moral which we wish to enforce.

First, as to the difficulties which beset the historian. It would be imagined that when a witness of high personal character had by good fortune been secured, the historian might with safety implicitly rely upon his testimony. Unhappily, this is by no means the case. The witness may intend to be perfectly truthful; and yet, from some cause or another, entirely mislead him. The following instances will, we believe, suffice to prove this point.

The late Marquis of Londonderry was a man of chivalrous honour, incapable of falsehood, and, though fond of fame, so modest, that, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, he omits all mention of himself on more than one occasion when he gained high personal distinction. Not a word, for instance, will be found in his account of the battle at Fuentes de Honor to indicate that Major-General Charles Stewart, as he was then, took prisoner in single combat a French colonel of cavalry. In

* *Recollections of Samuel Rogers*, p. 93.

his narrative, however, of the war in Germany and France, 1813—14, we find the following passage—

I likewise was the individual who, on a former occasion, delivered to my commander the insignia of the Order of the Garter, as the letter in the appendix will show (p. 328).

And in the place named, is a letter from Garter King at Arms, dated March 10, 1813, directing Sir Charles Stewart how to proceed in the matter. Here, then, we have a distinct statement by a man of honour that he did a certain thing; this assertion is supported by an official document of the time; finally, the statement is published during the lifetime of the commander alluded to, and it is not contradicted. And yet, notwithstanding all this, Sir Charles was not the person who delivered the insignia to Lord Wellington. He was appointed to that office, indeed, but before he had set out his destination was changed, and he was sent on a mission to the allied armies in Germany. This might be suspected from the dates given in his own book; but the main point is proved by a letter from Lord Wellington to Garter, which says—

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas Graham, K.B., delivered to me your letter and the insignia of the Order, at Freneda in Portugal, on Thursday, May 6th.*

We do not impeach the veracity of Lord Londonderry in the least degree. His memory may have played him false: his secretary or amanuensis, seeing Garter's letter, may have taken upon himself to add the misleading passage without calling attention to it. But the incident shows that honourable witnesses are not always to be depended upon. In this case no harm is done to character: but it might have been otherwise.

Our next example is even more remarkable. Mr. Gleig, in his *Life of Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, describing the operations previous to the battle of Talavera, relates as follows—

Anticipating the approach of the enemy, and desirous of observing the order of their march, Sir Arthur proceeded on the 27th to the Casa (de Salinas). . . . It was not long before the French made their appearance, advancing in magnificent array, and by-and-bye the heads of columns began to disappear among the woods. But the woods being filled with Spanish soldiers, no danger was apprehended; especially as not a single musket-shot spoke of a collision between them and the enemy. The whole was a delusion. The Spaniards, demoralized by their defeat a few days previously, fled at the first appearance of the enemy, and Sir Arthur and his staff suddenly beheld with astonishment clouds of French skirmishers hastening round the château. . . . "It was

* *Despatches*, vi., p. 479.

an awkward predicament enough," the Duke used to say, "but we had but one way out of it. We did not pick our steps, you may depend upon it, in running downstairs. . . . We were soon in the saddle, and then there was a general dash through the gateway, and high time it was. If the French had been cool, they might have taken us all; but the apparition of a body of horsemen in their rear seemed to frighten them; they opened out to the right and left, and we dashed through. Before they recovered their senses we were safe enough, though not, as you may suppose, in the best humour with the Valorosos, who had played us so shabby a trick."*

Here we have a story highly discreditable to the military character of the Spaniards, such a story as would have delighted the heart of the late Mr. Ford, and, had he seen it, would doubtless have figured in the next edition of his *Handbook for Spain*, accompanied by pungent comments tending to exalt the exceptional excellence and prowess of Britons. The story is told by a writer of unblemished character, and told on the authority of the Duke himself, whose veracity was one of his strongest attributes. To question any material point resting on such testimony, would seem a rash and hopeless undertaking. It is, nevertheless, the fact that the Spaniards had nothing whatever to do with the risk which our great Captain ran upon the occasion described. No Spanish troops were even near the spot. Fortunately, in this case we are not, as so often happens, for instance, in matters where the character of a mediæval Pope is concerned, reduced to the necessity of relying upon the testimony of one or two obscure writers. Several actors in the scene have described the campaign of 1809, and among them the truth comes plainly out. Our first witness is the distinguished historian of the Peninsular war, a man strongly prejudiced against the Spaniards, but incapable of misrepresentation; and he says†—

About three o'clock Lapisse and Ruffin's divisions came so suddenly on, that *the British outposts were surprised*, and Sir Arthur, who was in the Casa, hardly escaped capture.

We shall not, however, be content with even this weighty testimony; and our second witness is the Commander-in-chief of the attacking force, Marshal Jourdan, who wrote to Berthier as follows‡—

M. le Duc de Bellune fit attaquer les bois où était l'avant-garde de l'armée Anglaise. Cette avant-garde se défendit vivement, mais elle fut culbutée.

* People's edition, p. 100.

† Napier, *War in the Peninsula*, ii., p. 167.

‡ In the *Wellington Despatches*, iii., p. 826.

But we have even better authority still ; for our third witness was on the head-quarter staff of the British army, and was actually with Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Casa de Salinas when the French made their attack. The late Earl of Munster, after mentioning "an old ruined house" (the Casa), says *—"The two brigades of the 5th division lay upon their arms in front of this ruin." And after describing how Sir Arthur scrambled up the broken building, he goes on—

Though ever as gallant, we were by no means such good soldiers in those days as succeeding campaigns made us, and sufficient precautions had not been taken to ascertain what was passing within the wood, &c. But the enemy had crossed, under cover of the smoke from the burning huts, a very large force of infantry, and gradually advancing, opened a fire so suddenly on our troops lying on the ground, that several men were killed without rising from it. This unexpected attack threatened the greatest confusion, little short of dismay, but the steadiness of the troops, particularly the 45th, prevented disorder, and gave time for Sir Arthur and his staff to withdraw from the house and mount their horses. Sir Arthur's escape may, however, have been considered most providential.

Thus we find that while the personal part of the incident may be most accurately related, the wood filled with Spaniards, their panic, and the consequent ill-humour of the British General with the "Valorosos," are all creations due entirely to the failing memory of either the Duke or his biographer ; and that the blame to be awarded on this occasion was really deserved by certain officers of the gallant 5th division of the British army.

Such examples—which might be greatly multiplied—will show how easily the most impartial and truth-seeking historian may be misled, even by men of scrupulous honour, if by chance there does not exist some other evidence whereby to test and correct their statements. Let us now consider the difficulty which he often has to encounter from the conflict of honourable testimony. Here is one case, which has recently attracted some attention. It will be remembered that in the year 1807 a fleet and army were sent from England in time of peace to demand the surrender, on deposit, of the Danish navy : that the Danes refused ; that Copenhagen was bombarded ; and the ships in question brought away. The English Ministry gave no reason for this violent act ; but their supposed justification was a knowledge of some secret agreement between Napoleon and Alexander I. at Tilsit, by which the Danish fleet was to be placed at

* Account of the Campaign of 1809, in *Memoirs of the late War*, ii., p. 210.

the service of France, of course for use against this country. Mr. Ross, who was private secretary to Mr. Canning, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, told Lord Malmesbury, in a letter written at the time, that "No secret articles have been communicated;" that Mr. Canning "seems to think" there might be none; but that a general understanding, hostile to England, had been arrived at between France and Russia. Here then is evidence, almost if not quite, from the very source; and it appears to decide the question unfavourably for our Ministry. According to it, they acted not upon certain information, but vague conjecture. Mr. Canning, however, in after years had another private secretary, who became the biographer* of his chief, and who asserts that the Foreign Secretary had received secret information of the most detailed and positive kind from a person who was present at the interview between the two Emperors. It is, perhaps, difficult to decide which of the two witnesses is the more likely to be right; but for ourselves we are of opinion that the expression, "*seems to think*," in Mr. Ross' letter is of material importance; and that, leaving Mr. Stapleton entirely out of the question, those who should think the admissions of his predecessor insufficient to condemn the English Ministry, would be not only more charitable, but also more just than those who should take the opposite view. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a desire to secure the safety of their informant—probably a Russian of very high rank—may have dictated the extreme reserve of Mr. Canning and his colleagues at the time.

We have hitherto assumed that the historian is bent above all things upon discovering and proclaiming the truth, and we have shown that the task is far from easy. We will now suppose that he is not quite so single-minded; that he is, unconsciously, perhaps, governed by strong prejudices; and that he does not possess that perfect impartiality upon which perchance he prides himself. There is one institution, indeed, with respect to which men, otherwise just and generous, seem almost invariably to take leave of those qualities, and to become that which assuredly they would not wittingly be. When the Catholic Church is in question, her opponents seem utterly to contemn and disregard those canons of criticism, those rules of evidence, and those laws, which they rigorously require in every other case. This complaint is not made lightly, nor shall it be made without proof. Before,

* *George Canning and his times.* By A. G. Stapleton.

however, we proceed to give our instances, which shall be real examples, taken almost at hazard, and not rare exceptions picked out with care from the writings of distinguished opponents, we desire to state emphatically that, save in a very few cases, which shall be distinctly indicated, no charge of dishonesty or conscious unfairness is intended to be brought against any of the authors hereafter referred to. But we certainly do intend and hope conclusively to prove that, where the Catholic Church is concerned, it is by no means safe to rely upon what these learned and distinguished men have told us.

To begin near the beginning, we shall take a specimen from Gibbon, which is only too characteristic, and which belongs to the exceptional class of cases above alluded to. At the end of the notorious chapter in which the historian crowds with consummate art every possible insinuation against the divine origin of Christianity, he gives a final stab in the following fashion. Alluding to the darkness at the time of the Crucifixion, he says—

Each of these philosophers (Seneca and Pliny) has recorded in a laborious work all the great phenomena of nature, earthquakes, meteors, comets, and eclipses, which his indefatigable curiosity could collect. Both the one and the other have omitted to mention the greatest phenomenon to which the mortal eye had been witness since the creation of the globe. A distinct chapter of Pliny is designed for eclipses of an extraordinary nature and unusual duration; but he contents himself with describing the singular defect of light which followed the murder of Cæsar.*

The phraseology of this passage is most skilful, and admirably calculated to deceive. But if any one should turn to the "laborious works" referred to, they would find that Seneca (whatever his "indefatigable curiosity") does not even pretend to enumerate the great eclipses, and that the "distinct chapter" of Pliny consists of exactly eighteen words. And this example will show how far it is safe to trust in the good faith of Mr. Gibbon.

It is not wonderful that one who took upon himself the task of editing Gibbon should, when he came to write the *History of Latin Christianity*, have caught up something of the tone and spirit of his predecessor. Dr. Milman was, however, quite incapable of such a deception as that which we have just pointed out. His strong prejudices, nevertheless,

* *Decline and Fall*, ii., ch. xv.

made him (however unconsciously) quite as unfit an historian of the mediæval Church as Gibbon had been of the same Church in earlier ages. Let us take an example which instantly presents itself on the opening of a volume, and which truly represents the spirit of every page. Speaking of St. Louis, Dr. Milman says—

But neither would Louis be the absolute slave of the intolerance of the hierarchy. The whole prelacy of France (writes Joinville) met to rebuke the tardy zeal of the King in enforcing the excommunications of the Church. "Sire," said Guy of Auxerre, "Christianity is falling to ruin in your hands." "How so?" said the King, making the sign of the Cross. "Sire, men regard not excommunication; they care not if they die excommunicate and without absolution. The Bishops admonish you that you give orders to all the royal officers to compel persons excommunicate to obtain absolution by the forfeiture of their lands and goods." And the holy man (the King) said that he would willingly do so to all who had done wrong to the Church. "It belongs not to you," said the Bishop, "to judge of such cases." And the King answered "He would not do otherwise; it were to sin against God and against reason to force those to seek absolution to whom the clergy had done wrong."^{*}

This little story has a great air, and almost parade, of completeness: yet it is not complete. Turning to Joinville, we find (1.) that this intolerant hierarchy did not ask the King to interfere until after "a whole year and a day;" (2.) that Louis' chief reason for declining was, because the Pope might on appeal reverse the sentence of the local Church; and (3.) that the French Prelates were satisfied with the answer given by the King. Surely these points are material. We do not dwell upon Dr. Milman's use of the word "intolerance," or upon his omission to state that the Bishops probably only requested the King to put in execution an ordinance of his own, dated 1228,[†] for that is not mentioned by Joinville; but we must deny that the historian has truly represented the incident which he undertook to describe, and we must affirm that wherever his work is put to the test, the same characteristics will be found to prevail. Not even that exquisite book, the *Imitation of Christ*, can escape his depreciation; and of a work the object of which is to make all persons under vows close imitators of their Divine Master, he bitterly complains that it does not teach them their duty towards their neighbour! This is even worse than the

^{*} *Hist. Latin Christianity*, vi., p. 319. Third edition

[†] This, of course, was in his minority.

ill-treatment of St. Eligius at the hands of another English historian; and a competent judge had the most ample reason for saying: "M. Guizot, Protestant as he is, is a fairer and kinder judge of the cloister literature than Mr. Hallam or Dean Milman."* But literature, of course, is a minor point.

It is not without reluctance that we produce our next example; for in doing so we select for censure a man whose works and character we greatly admire; but it is his very character which makes the instance all the more striking. Catholics are under many obligations to Sir Walter Scott, who did much to dispel the darkness which before his time enveloped most things belonging to the middle ages. Amongst other services, they are indebted to him for the following just appreciation of the labours of the mediæval monks.

It is to be considered that the monks were the only preservers of the little learning of the time; that they were exclusively possessed of the knowledge of literature, the arts of staining glass, gardening, and mechanics; that they taught religion to all, and some touch of useful learning to the children of the nobility. These things kept in view, it will not seem strange that a patriot King should desire to multiply the number of communities so much calculated to aid civilization. Let it be remembered also that the monks were agriculturists; that their vassals and bondmen were proverbially said to live well under the crozier; that though these ecclesiastics are generally supposed to have chosen the best of the land, its present superiority is often owing to their own better skill of cultivation. The convents, besides, afforded travellers the only means of refuge and support which were to be found in the country, and constituted the sole fund for the maintenance of the poor and infirm. Lastly, as the sacred territory gifted to the Church escaped on common occasions the ravages of war, there seems much reason for excusing a liberality which placed so much fertile land, with its produce, beyond the reach of military devastation. It was, perhaps, with this view that King David endowed so many convents upon the borders so peculiarly exposed to suffer by war.†

So wrote Scott, the man thoroughly acquainted with his subject, large and fair in his views, and thinking only of the truth. In his second volume, however, is to be found a passage written on the same topic; but in so different a spirit that it is difficult to imagine how it came from the same individual—

No less than half the land in the kingdom of Scotland, and that by far the most valuable, had, one way or other, been engrossed by the Popish clergy, &c.‡

* *Atlantis*, iii., p. 31. † *Hist. of Scotland*, i., p. 32. ‡ *Ibid.*, ii., p. 70.

So wrote Scott, however, when he remembered that the Reformation had to be justified, and when the literature of the Reformers had clouded his perception, and for the moment obscured his knowledge of the facts. Pity that such a man should be so misled, and that he then should so mislead.

Let us now turn to Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, and see how he will stand the test at any point where he has thought fit to direct a blow against the Catholic Church. In his fourth volume we find a passage, accusing King James the Second of plotting without scruple the assassination of William the Third; and the historian continues thus—

If any such scruple had arisen in his mind, there was no want under his roof of casuists willing and competent to soothe his conscience with sophisms such as had corrupted the far nobler natures of Anthony Babington and Everard Digby.*

It were to be wished that Lord Macaulay had explained how he came to be sure that not one only, but several royal chaplains were "willing" to sanction King James in plotting a murder. A grain of real evidence would be worth much confident assertion on such a point. The alleged opinions and acts of a few casuists and of two Popes a century before, is no evidence at all against the spiritual advisers of James the Second in 1695. Ballard, a priest, may indeed have told Babington that he might kill Queen Elizabeth; but Ballard had been a spy in the pay of that Queen's Minister, the respectable Walsingham; he was not a typical priest; and, above all, he was not a Jesuit, as Lord Macaulay would insinuate. No Jesuit was even accused of being concerned with Babington. So far was Digby from having been induced by casuists or any ecclesiastical authority to engage in the Gunpowder Plot, that he affirmed: "As I did not know directly that it was approved by such, so did I hold it in my conscience the best not to know any more if I might." Far from being plied with sophisms by any priest, he carefully avoided consulting one. The fact is, that, to use the admirable expression of Burke—"to make room for the vices of Papists," Lord Macaulay "clears the house of all the vices of men." At least as many Protestants as Catholics were engaged in the plot against William, whatever it may have been. Two of these Protestants—Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins—

* *Hist. England*, iv., p. 566.

were executed for it. Yet, according to this most partisan of historians, it was only the Catholics whose consciences had to be perverted by the doctrine of their religious teachers.

We will now turn from Lord Macaulay to Earl Russell, and see if Catholic ecclesiastics fare any better at his hands. This noble writer is here cited because, apart from his high name and position, he is supposed to possess a somewhat cold and precise turn of mind, so far well adapted for drawing right conclusions from those historical studies of which he is so fond. We open his biography of Charles James Fox (for the biography of a statesman is history), and we find the following description of the position taken up by Burke in his celebrated *Reflections on the Revolution in France*—

The flagrant immorality of the French nobility, the notorious infidelity of the French clergy, the levity and culpable frivolity of the Queen of France, found in him not a lenient and equitable judge, but a passionate advocate.*

Now, there is no part of this amazing sentence that is in any sense true; but our business here is only with the charge against the clergy. What is really notorious about the French clergy is this: that they, almost *en masse*, suffered deprivation sooner than violate their consciences by taking the "constitutional oath;" and that the proportion of infidel and vicious priests, who nearly to a man took the side of the Revolution, was relatively very small. To accuse Burke—who makes it a special charge against the "constitutional" system, that it appears to allow the clergy "to practise or preach any mode of religion or irreligion that they please"—to accuse him of being the "passionate advocate" of a notoriously infidel clergy is bad enough, but what shall be said of the wholesale charge against the "French clergy?" Burke had told Lord Russell, in the very work under discussion, that when he was in France "the clergy, under all their forms, had engaged a considerable part of his curiosity;" that he had examined into their character; that he personally knew some of the higher clergy, and had, concerning the rest of that class, "a very good means of information." It will not do, therefore, to say that Burke was ignorant on this subject. And what was the result of his "examination?" "I found," he says, "the clergy in general persons of moderate minds and decorous manners. I include the seculars and the regulars of both sexes. I had not the good

* *Life of Fox*, vol. iii., p. 123.

fortune to know a great many of the parochial clergy, but in general I received a perfectly good account of their morals, and of their attention to their duties." Then, of those he knew he says—"They seemed to me . . . a set of men among whom you would not be surprised to find a Fenelon." And yet, in the face of this positive testimony, we find Lord Russell placidly asserting that "the French clergy" were notoriously infidels.

Mr. Carlyle is another historical writer who would not knowingly offend against "the veracities;" and his earnestness, his hatred of shams, and his evident painstaking, are characteristics likely to excite a confidence in him, which, where the Church is any way concerned, would almost certainly be misplaced. One striking example of his spirit in this matter is to be seen in his treatment of St. Ignatius and Oliver Cromwell under similar circumstances. When St. Ignatius acknowledges that he had been a sinner and a great sinner, Mr. Carlyle at once credits him with having lived the life of a "human pig," and declares that he ought to have retired into silence, and hid his head for ever afterwards.* When Cromwell confesses that he had been "a sinner and a chief of sinners," Mr. Carlyle will not believe a word of it, and calls another biographer of the Protector, who thinks that these admissions confirm certain royalist charges, "an irreverent Reverend Dead Sea ape!"†

Again: when the Protestant Vaudois are expelled from their valleys, Mr. Carlyle is all pity and emotion. When the Catholic Irish are driven wholesale out of their homes into the desert, the historian has no word of blame for the act. But evidently, as Burke said, "All is well, provided Popery is crushed."

There is another mode of misrepresentation which is adopted by certain writers, we doubt not with perfect good faith. When they have to treat of any Catholic personage whose splendour of character cannot be concealed, because it is notorious, and generally acknowledged, they somehow convince themselves that he is an exception among his co-religionists, or a semi-Protestant. One of the most curious instances of this propensity is to be found in the *Life of King Alfred*, by Dr. Pauli, well known as the continuator of Lappenberg's *History of England*. This learned and, we are convinced, thoroughly conscientious historian, is so dominated by his

* *Latter Day Pamphlets*: "Jesuitism," pp. 11, 12.

† *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*.

Protestantism, that he actually discovers in our great West Saxon monarch an incipient heretic. He says—

Alfred's spirit of independence could not submit unconditionally to the bonds by which liberal opinions were fettered, and this trait in his character was not viewed with a favourable eye at Rome. In spite of all his partiality for the Church, Alfred's train of feeling and thought was more Teutonic than Roman Catholic, and in him do we perceive some of the principal features of the spirit of Protestantism.*

Possessed, however, as he is with this idea, Dr. Pauli is so honest that he gives the facts which refute his theory; and the most exacting "Ultramontane" will not find in the pages of this *Life* any saying or doing of Alfred to shock his sense of orthodoxy, or the slightest evidence to prove the existence of an "unfavourable eye" at Rome. Perhaps one short extract more will be sufficient. "It was in the first place," says our historian, "Alfred's zealous endeavour to bind his country still closer to Rome, whence all vitality issued," &c.† Is it necessary to say more?

The great Las Casas is another who has been stigmatized by this kind of praise; and here we find Mr. Prescott a leading offender. Las Casas, it appears, was an exception—

He was one of those to whose gifted minds are revealed those glorious moral truths which, like the lights of heaven, are fixed and the same for ever, but which, though now familiar, were hidden from all but a few penetrating intellects by the general darkness of the age in which he lived. He was a reformer, and had the virtues and errors of a reformer.‡

It is quite true that by his immense energy, his great abilities, and his dauntless perseverance during an unusually long life, Las Casas towers above all the other "protectors of the Indians;" but, considering that he was not the first to take up their cause, that he always found numbers of zealous fellow-labourers in it, that he never lacked supporters in high ecclesiastical places, and finally, that he had the Popes on his side, it is surely a little too much to speak of him as an exception. This was a fact which he himself little suspected; and his writings abound with expressions of admiration for other monks and religious people. Mr. Prescott means to be fair; but though he is enthusiastic about Las Casas, he does not even mention the Popes; so that the whole truth certainly cannot be gained from his pages.

* Wright's translation, p. 384.

† *Ibid.*, p. 243.

‡ *Conquest of Mexico*, i., p. 347.

Our next specimen shall be from Mr. Froude, who, it will be seen, has been led into error by putting too much faith in a witness of highly respectable character. The historian says—

It seems clear also that as the Reformation drew nearer, while the clergy were sinking lower and lower, a marked change for the better became perceptible in a portion at least of the laity. . . . The high accomplishments of More and Sir T. Elliott, of Wyatt and Cromwell, were but the extreme expression of a temper which was rapidly spreading, and which gave occasion among other things to the following reflection in Erasmus—"Oh, strange vicissitudes of human things," exclaims he. "Heretofore the heart of learning was among such as professed religion. Now, while they for the most part give themselves up *ventri luxui pecuniæque*, the love of learning is gone from them to secular Princes, the Court, and the nobility."^{*}

No doubt the testimony of Erasmus ought to carry weight, and it is here very positive. Still we should hesitate to accept it. For, putting aside the fact that he was speaking of the age of Leo the Tenth and of Ximenes, let us consider what a very rapid examination has shown to have been the conduct of the leading clergy in England with respect to education during the forty years previous to the revolt of Henry the Eighth. Dean Néel had founded two schools in Jersey. An Abbot of Reading had founded a grammar-school in that town. Archbishop Savage, when he died, was about to found a College at Macclesfield, as his predecessor had done at Rotherham; Bishop Fox had built a free grammar-school at Grantham, and was joint founder of Corpus Christi College; Bishop Oldham had built a free school at Manchester, and was the other founder of Corpus Christi; Bishop Smyth (aided by Sir Richard Sutton) had founded Brasenose; Bishop Fitz James was "a munificent benefactor" to Merton College; Bishop Ruthal had founded a free grammar-school at Cirencester; Bishop Alcock had founded a free grammar-school at Hull, and also Jesus College at Cambridge; Bishop Stanley had given to Jesus College, and had helped to found St. John's; Bishop West had been a benefactor to King's; Bishop Fisher had procured the foundation of St. John's; Bishop Vesey had founded a grammar-school at Sutton Coldfield; Archbishop Warham was the liberal patron of all learned men; and Wolsey had founded the Colleges of Ipswich and Christchurch. Again: we have never heard that any layman, except Sutton, was the rival of any of these Prelates. Lastly, we rely upon another assertion of the same Erasmus, who, writing (not this time to

^{*} *Hist. of England*, i., pp. 37, 38.

a courtier), said—"Learning triumphs in England. The King, the Queen, the two Cardinals, and almost all the Bishops, heartily protect, cherish, support, and adorn it."*

We now come to historical writing of another class. Most people would expect to find in the editors selected by the Master of the Rolls to superintend the publication of the national Records, men of exact learning and all possible impartiality; and in this expectation they would generally be to a considerable extent justified. Lord Romilly has no doubt done his part conscientiously; yet he has not been in every case fortunate in his choice. For example, the gentleman intrusted with the care of the correspondence during the reign of Henry the Third has allowed his prejudices to blind his judgment on some points in the most curious and unaccountable manner. We had noted in his introduction several instances of the strangest perversion of facts; but one or two examples must here suffice.

"The surrender of John," says Mr. Shirley, "was held by Honorius (the Third) to imply that the Pope was the sole guardian of the royal minor; a claim of vague import, and most perilous precedent."† This is pure imagination. Honorius did not hold anything of the kind. He made no "claim." He simply accepted a trust. The surrender of John was one thing: the will of John was another. Honorius acted as guardian of the royal minor, because John had by his will distinctly appointed him guardian, and had implored him to take upon himself the office. Mr. Shirley had no excuse; for, in a letter printed by him at page 528, the Pope describes the effect of the will.

But to proceed. The representative of Honorius the Third in England, and the acting guardian of the young King, was Gualo, Cardinal of St. Martin's, a personage of whom Mr. Shirley has not formed a favourable opinion. The Legate, he thinks, was "a feeble, avaricious man," who "held only a secondary, if a secondary, place in the councils of the King."‡ It is not probable that Pope Innocent the Third, who appointed Gualo Legate to England at a most difficult crisis, imagined him to be a "feeble" man; and it is certain that the King, in whose councils we are now told he held a secondary, if a secondary, place, declared that

* To the Card. Archbishop of Mayence, May 20, 1519. *Epistolæ*, No. 419, t. i., col. 441. Ed. 1706.

† *Royal and other Historical Letters during the reign of Henry the Third*, i., Introd., p. xviii. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Shirley.

‡ Dean Milman, on the other hand, says that Gualo conducted the King's affairs "with singal address and moderation" (vi., p. 81). Thus do historians differ.

he owed the crown to him. Leaving, however, these matters of opinion, we pass to a definite charge which Mr. Shirley brings against Gualo. "He seems," says that gentleman, "amongst other things, to have attempted to undermine the power of the Regent" (William, Earl of Pembroke), "by giving him the Earl of Chester, one of the most factious and unprincipled nobles of the day as a colleague. Honorius, however, was sufficiently well advised to discourage the scheme."* To justify this statement the editor refers to a subsequent page, where there is a letter from the Pope to Gualo.

Incredible as it may appear, the Pope's letter directly contradicts Mr. Shirley. It is manifest from the words and conduct of Honorius, that the suggestion about the Earl of Chester had not come from Gualo. After stating the proposal, the Pope expresses his doubt whether the Regent would like it, and therefore leaves the decision to the Legate, "who best can know the truth on this matter;" promising to approve whatever he determines. The alleged intriguer then, being thus invested with full power to do as he pleased, maintained the Regent in undivided authority till the day of his death, two years later. Thus we see how dangerous it sometimes may be to trust a learned man, even when he seems to rely upon a Papal document.

Having been led to mention Pope Honorius the Third, we will now, for the sake of his memory, give an example of M. de Sismondi's manner of treating history. In the sixth volume of that writer's *Histoire des Français*, the following passage occurs—

Honorius the Third . . . would also have greatly desired to re-establish him (Henry the Third) in the full exercise of absolute power, and to abolish the Great Charter; nevertheless, when he perceived that the nation held strongly by its rights, and prepared itself to defend them, he wrote to Henry to engage him to observe his oaths until he should find a more favourable occasion for violating them. "We would suggest in particular to your Highness," wrote he, "and we would advise you in good faith, not to enforce the rights of the throne at this moment, and not to offend your subjects concerning the restitution of your revenues, but prudently to defer to a more opportune period both this pretension and the others which may cause offence." Nevertheless, Henry the Third did not follow this advice which the Pope boasted that he gave *in such good faith*. He entered upon a controversy with the Earl of Chester and the majority of his barons; he attacked Foulques de Breauté and his brother in their castles; and he hanged the defenders of several fortresses.†

* *Royal and other Historical Letters during the reign of Henry the Third*, p. xix.

† *Histoire des Français*, vi., pp. 555, 556.

And in the chronological and analytical table are these words—

The Pope advises Henry the Third to await a more opportune moment for violating his oaths taken to his people, and the Great Charter.

Now, notwithstanding the words quoted from a letter of Honorius, which, although they do not mention either any oaths or the Charter, have, taken by themselves, a somewhat suspicious character, the passage which we have just translated from M. de Sismondi is nothing but a tissue of misrepresentations. The case was this. During the civil war, first between King John, and afterwards between his son and the barons, all the royal castles and domains had been delivered for safe custody into the hands of the principal men of the royal party, who had continued to hold them ever since. When Henry was declared of age, he demanded back his castles and estates, but this demand excited much discontent among those who had hitherto been his staunchest supporters. They pretended that they were bound to hold his property for him until he had attained his real majority; and the feeling was so strongly exhibited, that the Pope, who had at first on the request of the English Ministry ordered the Prelates and nobles to surrender their wardships, thought it best to recommend Henry to postpone his claims, which included not only the restoration of the domains but a settlement of accounts. So that, not only was there no question of violating the Great Charter, or of any oaths, but the subjects aggrieved were the chiefs of the royalist party, the very men who had stood by the two Kings throughout the contest. The Earl of Chester and Foulques de Breauté appear unmistakeably in the pages of M. de Sismondi's authorities as amongst the most prominent of this party; and yet he leads his readers to suppose that they were partisans of the Charter. Nor is it true that Henry "entered upon a controversy with the majority of his barons." The truth is, Archbishop Langton, the author of the Charter, was at this time a chief adviser of the King; the Parliament was sitting when the quarrel with De Breauté began, and marched in a body to attack that baron, who was excommunicated by the Primate, and whose brother and other followers were hanged, somewhat to the displeasure of the Pope, who thought Langton ought to have acted more as a mediator than as a partisan. Thus M. de Sismondi, we fear knowingly, totally misrepresented and calumniated Honorius the Third.

The practice of telling only part of a story, however innocently indulged, is certainly, as we have seen, calculated to mislead. Here is an instance from Hume; for Hume is even yet an authority with many people—

The most remarkable incident of the war was the taking prisoner in battle the Bishop of Beauvais, a martial Prelate who was of the family of Dreux, and a near relation of the French Kings. Richard, who hated that Bishop, threw him into prison, and loaded him with irons; and when the Pope demanded his liberty, and claimed him as his son, the King sent to His Holiness the coat of mail which the Prelate had worn in battle and which was all besmeared with blood. And he replied to him in the terms employed by Jacob's sons to that patriarch, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."^{*}

Here Hume stops, with a reference to Matthew Paris; having duly exhibited a Bishop fighting, a Pope demanding (Popes always do "demand," in this kind of history), and a King jibing at Pope and Bishop. But the very next sentence from Matthew Paris would have quite spoiled the desired effect. It is this—"To which the Pope replied, 'He is no son of mine nor of the Church; let him be ransomed at the King's pleasure, for he is a soldier of Mars rather than of Christ.'" Nor had Celestine the Third originally "demanded" anything on his behalf: for although, as it happened, the Bishop had lost his liberty in defending his flock from an incursion of Richard's Brabançons, the Pope had from the first declined to require his release, but promised on a fitting occasion to solicit it.

The pages of Augustin Thierry are, where the Church is concerned, crowded with this kind of misrepresentation, notwithstanding his apparent exactness and copious citation in foot-notes. Here is one example, from his *Norman Conquest of England*—

The foreign priests, therefore, with Archbishop Lanfranc at their head, lost no time in proclaiming that the Saxon saints were not true saints, nor the Saxon martyrs true martyrs. Guerin de Lire attacked St. Aldhelm; while Lanfranc undertook to degrade Elfeg, by ridiculing his patriotic death and his courageous refusal to satisfy the avarice of the Danes. "It would be easy to be a martyr," said the Lombard Prelate, "if, to be constituted such, it were sufficient for a man to have been slain by pagans for refusing to pay a ransom."[†]

And, in another place, M. Thierry says that "when Lanfranc, seeking to destroy the reputation of the English saints, so bitterly attacked the reputation of Archbishop Elfeg," Anselm

^{*} *History of England*, Richard the First, ii., p. 32.

[†] *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans* (English translation), p. 138.

gave it as his opinion that the Saxon was a true martyr;* and there the historian stops, as if that were all. But the sentence next following from John of Salisbury, whom he was there quoting, would have exploded his fable. Thus—"Lanfranc acquiesced; and ordered a history of the martyr to be written and read, and instituted an annual festival to be solemnly held in his honour." John of Salisbury somewhat condenses Eadmer, the friend of St. Anselm, whose narrative is to the following effect. Lanfranc, in conversation one day with the saint, remarked that, amongst those whom the English venerated as saints, there were some concerning whose degree of sanctity he could not free his mind from doubt. One of these was his predecessor Elfeg, "a good man, indeed," but one whom the English counted not only among the saints but among the martyrs, though they admitted that he was put to death, not for confessing the name of Christ, but because he would not ransom himself with money to the distress of his tenants. "I should be glad to know," continued Lanfranc, "what your Fraternity thinks on this point." Now Anselm (who was also "a foreign priest," and, what is more, almost an Italian) answered as follows—"It is plain that he who does not hesitate to die sooner than commit a venial offence would much more readily lay down his life rather than anger God by any grave sin. And, truly, it would be a greater sin to deny Christ than for a superior to take the money of his vassals in order to redeem his life. But Elfeg would not commit the lesser sin; much less, therefore, would he have denied Christ. Then again; those who die for justice have rightly been considered martyrs. St. John the Baptist died because he would not conceal the truth, not because he refused to deny Christ: and St. Elfeg died for the sake of justice, as St. John died for the sake of truth." Reasoning in this way, Anselm convinced Lanfranc, who declared on the spot that he trusted thenceforth to venerate the Blessed Elfeg as indeed a great and glorious martyr. Which, says Eadmer, he afterwards devoutly did. Nor was he content with private devotion. To make the saint better known, he ordered that the life and passion of Blessed Elfeg should be written; and afterwards had a version set to music by Osborne, "of pleasant memory," for use in his cathedral church. "And he made the name of the martyr not a little glorious in those parts." It is scarcely necessary to add, that the names of

* *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans* (English translation), p. 101.

St. Elfeg and St. Aldhelm still adorn the English Calendar. Our readers can judge whether Lanfranc "proclaimed" or "undertook" anything at all, and whether he "ridiculed" or "bitterly attacked" any one whatever. They can also judge whether it is safe to put faith in any statement of this brilliant French historian, where the Church is concerned.

One instance more from him, which is rather amusing. There lived in Normandy a holy monk named Guimond, who severely rebuked the Conqueror and his followers for their rapacity, and refused a high preferment in England which the King offered him. Such sentiments gave offence among the Normans, so that the courageous monk was virtually driven out of his native country. "Guimond repaired to Rome," says M. Thierry, "and from thence into Apulia, to one of the towns conquered and possessed by the Normans."* But the reason why Guimond "repaired" to one of the towns in Apulia was that the Pope (Gregory the Seventh) had made him Bishop of it, having previously (according to Orderic, who is M. Thierry's only authority) created him Cardinal.† As, however, M. Thierry, like many modern writers, did not approve of Gregory the Seventh, he refrained from mentioning these facts.

Here we must stop; but not for lack of materials. We have under our hand examples from Robertson, Blackstone, Hallam, Mackintosh, Brougham, Macfarlane, and others, which would be found not inferior in instruction to those which have been produced. Enough, however, as we believe, has been given to prove our point. This has not been in any way to maintain or suggest that nothing can be said with truth against the authorities of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, we could believe without difficulty every one of the charges made in the extracts which we have given—only for one thing. Experience has taught us that though ugly and often very plausible stories have been circulated in all ages against ecclesiastics, and especially against the Popes, yet the cases in which really good evidence—such as their adversaries would demand in every other matter—is forthcoming are comparatively very rare: and hence we feel it a duty to exhort the inexperienced to cultivate with regard to all such stories, not an unreasonable and total incredulity, but a certain amount of perfectly justifiable distrust.

D.

* *Conquest of England*, pp. 101, 102.

† *Orderic Vitalis*, l. iv., cap. viii.

The Eclipse Expedition.

AT the time when we are writing, men of science are gathering from the Old and New World along the shores of the Mediterranean, to witness an event which must necessarily be of so short a duration—if indeed it be seen at all—that it is not surprising if many ask with some incredulity, what can be its importance when compared with the labour spent upon the least chance of deriving any result at all from it. Already for several weeks a considerable party, consisting of the most celebrated scientific professors and astronomical observers from the Universities of America, have been in Europe actively employed in preparation of instruments, and choosing the fittest positions for the purposes of their enterprize, while men-of-war are placed at the disposition of our English *savants* to convey them at the expense of the nation to selected spots on the shores of Spain and Sicily: and all this although two short minutes contain all the chances of success or failure of so great preparations. Truly a total solar eclipse must import much more than is imagined by the casual observer who, with smoked glass in hand, has watched with interest the slowly-wearing crescent of a partial eclipse.

The fact that the moon's shadow so persistently refuses to fall on our shores is the occasion that few of our countrymen who are not able to command considerable resources ever have the opportunity of witnessing this phenomenon, and may render some explanation of the importance attached to it, of interest to our readers. It is far from our object to describe the grand effects which are visible in external nature during the short moments of a total eclipse; but these are so remarkable that we may be allowed to dwell for a short while upon them before proceeding to the proper subject of our remarks.

We have before us the observations of the only three total eclipses which have been visible in Europe during this century, and it is fortunate that all three were witnessed by an authority so excellent as the present Astronomer Royal of England, and several other astronomers of eminence.

All concur in describing the effect of a total eclipse as something in magnificence and awfulness apart from all other scenes that they had ever witnessed. Such is the power of the direct light of the sun, however scanty the rays that reach us, that no comparison can be made between the effect of a partial eclipse, however great, and one in which the entire sun is concealed from view. The sudden transition from the full blaze of day to an almost total darkness, knowing as we do that it is not night—the sight of the black shadow hurrying along the earth with a frightful rapidity, with a hard defined outline which suggests the fear, in spite of all scientific knowledge, that it must carry calamity with it—the frightful lowering of the clouds, which are described as of a pitchy blackness and of truly terrible import—the glare of the last red rays upon distant mountains, and the consequent unearthly hues of green and ghastly yellow which disfigure surrounding objects, all combine to make a total eclipse of the sun an event which in impressiveness has no parallel in nature, and we can easily understand how ignorant and savage nations have at all times looked on this phenomenon as a portent of calamity.

Mr. Piazzi Smyth, in his account of the eclipse of 1851, as seen from the island of Bue on the coast of Norway, says, "The effects on the minds of men are so overpowering, that if they have never had the opportunity of witnessing the same scene before, they forget the task of observation appointed to them, and *will* look around them during the few seconds of total obscuration. . . . The temptation is so great that no man of ordinary feelings and human heart and soul can withstand it. . . . As the cold and darkness increase," he tells us, "there is something peculiarly awful and terribly convincing in the two different senses so entirely coinciding in their indication of an unprecedented fact being in course of accomplishment." We are even told that one gentleman brought his instruments from across the Atlantic, and was obliged to confess that it was too much for him, and that he could only hope to succeed better next time. The Astronomer Royal, in his account of the same eclipse, speaks of the wonderful and appalling obscurity; Mr. Lassell, of the awful grandeur of the spectacle; while Mr. Hind, who also witnessed it, describes it as the most appalling and astonishing phenomenon that it is possible to imagine.

In former times, eclipses were looked forward to as favour-

able occasions for testing the accuracy of the calculations of the position of the sun and moon. Thus in the year 1820, when the Baron de Zach and the late Admiral Smyth together observed the annular eclipse in the University of Bologna, the only instruments considered of importance were a telescope to observe the contact and a chronometer to enable them to record the time, and it was after they had in turn pressed each other to accept the post of honour that the baron acknowledged himself conquered with an excuse which is truly charming, "*Comment ne céder pas à l'argument d'un homme qui a fait deux fois le tour du monde?*" In the present state of astronomy, such observations form no part of the object of an eclipse expedition. They are indeed of use for increasing the accuracy of the tables, but the calculations are too well tested to make that necessary, and though the precise circumstances of the coming eclipse have been now published some three or four years, not the slightest apprehension is felt as to the exact fulfilment of the prediction.

It is only during the last few years that astronomers have been aware of the extreme importance of a total solar eclipse for the purpose of studying the physical constitution of our luminary. Attention was first attracted to this subject by the observations of Mr. Baily on the annular eclipse of May 15, 1836, observed by him at Jedburgh, in Scotland. It appeared to him that on the formation of the annulus, the limb of the moon was drawn out into lines, as it were, of treacle, which were subsequently broken up into little detached dark specks of the appearance of beads. An observation of so great an astronomer as the founder of the Royal Astronomical Society, naturally acquired great celebrity, and was considered of great importance as offering a prospect of a solution of the vexed question of the lunar atmosphere, and "Baily's beads" have hence become a designation of which no astronomer is ignorant. Mr. Airy has, however, since conclusively proved by experiments with a variety of telescopes that this celebrated phenomenon was really attributable to telescopic peculiarities, or as he expressed it in a lecture to the Astronomical Society, "to local circumstances of the narrowest description."

In the total eclipse of July, 1842, which Mr. Baily observed from the University of Pavia, the principal object he had in view was to verify his observations of 1836. "I first looked out very narrowly," he says, "for the black lines which were seen in the annular eclipse of 1836. . . . These lines, however, did not

make their appearance; or at least were not seen by me. But the beads were distinctly visible." All attention, however, to the beads was quickly diverted to a sight as magnificent as it was unexpected. We think we cannot do better than let Mr. Bailly himself relate his own experience. "I was in the act of counting the seconds," he says, "in order to ascertain the time of their duration, when I was astounded by a tremendous burst of applause from the streets below, and *at the same moment* was electrified at the sight of one of the most brilliant and splendid phenomena that can well be imagined. For at that instant, the dark body of the moon was suddenly *surrounded* with a corona of bright *glory*, similar in shape and relative magnitude to that which painters draw round the heads of saints. . . . Pavia contains many thousand inhabitants, the major part of whom were at this early hour walking about the streets and squares, or looking out of windows to witness this long-talked-of phenomenon; and when the total obscuration took place, which was *instantaneous*, there was an universal shout from every observer which 'made the welkin ring.' I had, indeed, anticipated the appearance of a luminous circle round the moon during the time of total obscurity, but I did not expect, from any accounts of preceding eclipses, to witness so magnificent an exhibition as that which took place." Mr. Bailly forgot his beads, and no wonder; but there was something yet more surprising to be witnessed. A little further on, he says, "But the most remarkable circumstance attending this phenomenon, at least, that which most engaged my attention . . . was the appearance of *three large protuberances*, apparently emanating from the circumference of the moon, but evidently forming a portion of the corona. They had the appearance of mountains of prodigious elevation; their colour was red, tinged with blue or purple—perhaps the colour of the peach blossom would more nearly represent it. They somewhat resembled the snowy tops of the Alpine mountains when coloured by the rising or setting sun." These protuberances, or red flames as they have been called, were seen also by Mr. Airy, who witnessed this eclipse from the Convent of the Superga, near Turin, and he tells us that his companion saw them with the naked eye.

This was really not the first occasion on which those remarkable objects had been seen. The total eclipse of the year 1706 was observed by Captain Stanyan at Berne, who says of the sun, "that his getting out of the eclipse was preceded by blood-red

streaks of light from the left limb, which continued not longer than six or seven seconds of time." Flamstead, commenting on this description in a letter to the Royal Society, remarks that the captain is the first he had heard of who took notice of a red streak of light preceding the emersion of the sun's body from a total eclipse, and he adds—"I take notice of it to you because it infers that the moon has an atmosphere." In the total eclipse of April, 1715, Mr. Charles Hayes observed a streak of "dusky but strong red light" preceding the sun's reappearance;* and in 1733, Vassenius, a Swedish astronomer, observed "certain reddish spots outside the lunar disc, and in the atmosphere of the moon."† Obscure as these descriptions are, there can be little doubt that the red protuberances or prominences had been seen on three different occasions more than a century before they were observed by Mr. Baily and the Astronomer Royal in the eclipse of 1842.

But science was not yet ready to turn to profit the revelations of the telescope. Even after 1842, when two such eminent astronomers had the good fortune to witness them, great uncertainty remained as to their nature, it being even doubtful whether they were to be attributed to the sun or the moon, and the state of physical science did not afford means to unravel the mystery. Still, a great deal had been accomplished. Astronomers were made aware what great scientific results might be gained from a minute scrutiny of those phenomena, which, having lost their importance as tests of theory, had appeared to be no longer of interest except to the lovers of the rare and the wonderful. It was with great interest, therefore, that the scientific world looked forward to the eclipse of 1851, the next which was to occur within the range of European observers. The year 1851 and the 28th of July at length arrived, and a goodly array of astronomers repaired to the coasts of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark to witness the eclipse. Mr. Baily was no more, but England was on this occasion represented by such competent observers as Mr. Airy, Mr. Hind, Mr. Lassell, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Carrington, Dr. Robinson, Professor Piazzi Smyth, Mr. Donkin, and others. The expedition was completely successful, the weather was generally fine, and the eclipse seen in all its details. The prominences were beheld by all the observers, who unite in expressing the astonishment and admiration they felt at the first view of such wonderful objects. "The effect upon my

* Smyth's *Cyclo.*, p. 133.

† *Speculum Hartwellianum.*

own mind of the awful grandeur of the spectacle," says Mr. Lassell, "I feel I cannot fully communicate." They are described generally as having the appearance of mountains of flame. One observer described them as flames bursting from the roof of a house, suggesting the idea of being borne by the wind, but without visible change of outline. A remarkable prominence is described by Mr. Airy as of the shape of a boomerang, and by Mr. Dawes as like a Turkish scimeter; and other flames seemed suspended in the air like clouds, while a long irregular line or sierra showed itself on the western side immediately before the reappearance of the sun. The colour of these protuberances was variously described as pink, in parts of a full red, as rose colour of not very deep shade with a tendency to white at the extremities, &c. Mr. Lassell described them as of a most brilliant lake—a splendid pink, quite defined and hard. They seemed to him not quite quiescent. The great result gained from this eclipse was the establishment of the fact that the prominences belong entirely to the sun, and are in no way lunar phenomena. Both Mr. Airy and Mr. Lassell recognized this important truth in the gradual covering over of the prominences on the eastern side and the unfoldings of those on the western as the eclipse advanced.

It will easily be understood that the confirmation of the discovery of 1842 by so many eminent observers, and the extraordinary magnitude which evidently was to be attributed to these mysterious appendages to the sun, projecting as they did from its limb to the extent of from 2' to 3' of arc, excited in the minds of astronomers a longing for a further insight into their nature, and, in proportion, the time seemed long which must elapse before another total eclipse could offer even to those willing to take a considerable journey another, even though transient, glimpse of these wonderful phenomena. The next total eclipse visible in Europe took place on the 18th of July, 1860. The line of totality passed over the northern portion of Spain. Thither, therefore, the astronomers flocked, anxious each to contribute his share to the unravelling of this interesting problem. The Admiralty put Her Majesty's ship *Himalaya* at the service of the astronomical party, and we again find Mr. Airy in the front, contributing his own experience and the resources of the Royal Observatory towards the end so much desired. But it is to photography that the chief glory of this expedition is due.

The success with which Mr. De La Rue had cultivated,

to the accomplishment of this end, celestial photography, gave every hope that he would be able to apply it to the producing of pictures of the eclipsed sun, and thus give us representations of the prominences drawn by the hand of nature herself, which we might study at our leisure. These hopes were not disappointed. After every preparation that foresight and science could devise, Mr. De La Rue's party arrived at Rivabellosa, about two miles from Miranda, with the Kew photoheliograph and all the appurtenances of a complete photographic studio. After a morning so cloudy as to preclude almost any hope of seeing the eclipse at all, their perseverance was rewarded by the entire disappearance of the clouds some time previous to its commencement. Nothing could be more auspicious. We can imagine the fervid anxiety with which he confesses he looked forward to the approaching moments, which were to determine whether so much pains, so much labour and personal sacrifice, were to be lost without hope of return, or were to gain a prize for science which, but a few years ago, was so far beyond the fondest hopes of its votaries. The moment at length arrived, and as soon as the assistant was able to develop the plate Mr. De La Rue learned, as he tells us, with a thrill, that his success was complete. The prominences were perfectly depicted, and astronomers as well as the curious could henceforth study at their leisure, with all the reality of stereoscopic effect, those marvellous witnesses of the mighty forces at work in our great luminary. Not only were several photographs successfully taken, but time was allowed to scrutinize them with the eye, so as to give us another independent testimony of their appearance in a telescope, and even to sketch their form. The colour and general aspect was the same as has been before described, and the successive development of the prominences on the western side as the moon pursued her course left it beyond a shadow of a doubt that they belonged to the sun only.

The photographs are in the hands of the public, and we are quite sure that very few of those who, by their means, study the phenomena of a total eclipse with a leisure which no astronomer ever before enjoyed, can form a notion, unless they themselves have gone through it, of the amount of painful labour which had to be expended before these results could be produced, of the array of chemicals which enter into the production of a single picture, or of the amount of skill and scientific combination, as

well as rare foresight and organization, necessary in order that the precious moments of total obscurity should not be wasted, and the returning sun defy all attempts to recover the opportunity that was lost.

In addition to these exquisite pictures, Mr. De La Rue has given us some most interesting information relative to the brilliancy of the prominences. Using what is called the instantaneous process, in which a slide containing a narrow slit is made to pass with great rapidity across the telescope, with the full aperture of the heliometer $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, a good image of a partial phase of the eclipse would be obtained in $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a second. A fair image of the most luminous prominence was obtained in twelve seconds, which gives the light of the photosphere as 696 times more brilliant than that of the prominence. On a former occasion, Mr. De La Rue had been unable to obtain more than an *extremely* faint image of the full moon in three minutes with the full aperture of the same instrument, and using the most sensible chemicals it was possible to procure. Arguing from the pictures taken during the totality, an image of the same degree of distinctness of a prominence could have been obtained in a second, which would give the luminous power of the prominences for equal areas as 180 times that of the moon. Following this calculation, and assuming the light of the sun to be 200,000 times that of the moon, Mr. De La Rue arrives at another value of the relative brilliancy of the prominences and the sun, from which he deduces for them a mean of $\frac{1}{906}$ of that of the sun. One remark of great interest must yet be made. One prominence, which Mr. De La Rue describes as of the shape of a boomerang, was distinctly depicted in the photographs, and yet was never visible to the eye, showing a remarkable difference between the actinic and luminous power of the rays. The largest prominence which was seen with the eye extended $1' 10''$ from the sun's limb, but the boomerang attained the wonderful elevation of $2' 40''$, which, assuming $15' 44''$ as the radius of the sun's disc, gives us fully $\frac{1}{6}$ of the sun's radius, or 73,000 miles for its elevation. A flame of such prodigious magnitude passes the imagination, and it is no wonder if the revelations already made whetted the appetite for further knowledge of the nature of such mysterious objects. Mr. De La Rue was not without hope that he might be able to picture them on the sun's disc with a stereoscopic effect, as he had already done with the faculæ, which he has shown in the

stereoscope, sailing across the dark abysses of a solar spot, but the development of another branch of science was to crown the work.

No one is ignorant that the great German philosopher, Fraunhofer, about the year 1814, discovered in the solar spectrum certain dark lines, which owing to the celebrity of the discovery have ever since borne the name of Fraunhofer's lines. The explanation of these lines was still involved in great obscurity; but the fact was notorious. Any one who has ever looked into a spectroscope of considerable power, into which the light of the sun is allowed to enter only by a narrow slit, must have been astonished at the number of these lines which are seen. In some parts of the coloured band they are positively crowded together, sharp and fine, like the spider lines of a macrometer, from which an uninitiated eye might easily not distinguish them. When the spectroscope was turned to the Drummond light, or to any other flame produced by the combustion of solid or liquid substances, these lines did not appear, but a continuous spectrum without interruption was observed. On the other hand, it was noticed that the spectrum of incandescent gas consisted of only a few bright lines. It did not escape him that one remarkable double line, which he designated by the letter D, was in exactly the same part of the spectrum as the bright lines which were seen in the spectrum of glowing sodium vapour. He believed that the dark lines were produced by absorption of rays of certain refrangibility, but the subject had to be developed before the singular coincidence of the dark lines D with the bright sodium lines could be explained. Professor Roscoe tells us that the conclusion was suspected by Professor Stokes and Sir William Thomson, but it was reserved to Professor Kirchhoff to fit the key and to open the lock which has given a new department to astronomy, and to chemical analysis a new test, by the side of which all others disappear in the comparison, and which is as applicable to the finest operation of the laboratory, as it is to works on so great a scale as the manufacture of Bessemer steel.

Kirchhoff was making experiments with a moderate amount of sunlight to satisfy himself of the coincidence of the bright sodium lines with the lines D of the solar spectrum, and placed a strong sodium flame in front of the slit of the spectroscope, when the dark lines D at once changed into bright ones; he then allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium

flame, and found to his astonishment that the lines D were blacker than ever. He substituted the Drummond light, which has no lines in its spectrum, for the solar light, and saw the same dark lines D. Other flames having continuous spectra were used, and the result was the same. The fact was, when the brighter continuous spectrum was passed through the sodium flame, the very rays which the sodium flame emitted were now absorbed; and as all other rays of the continuous spectrum passed through the flame without interruption, the contrast produced a shadow in the very place where the bright lines had been. Further experiments led him to the law which he thus enunciated—*glowing vapours absorb rays of the same degree of refrangibility as they emit*. He then compared the bright lines in the spectrum of iron with the dark lines in the solar spectrum, and wonderful to relate, though as many as four hundred and sixty lines have been counted in the spectrum of iron, for every bright line which it exhibited he found an exactly coincident dark line in the spectrum of the sun. It was impossible not to accept the consequence. Those dark lines were produced by the absorption of rays by vapour of iron in the atmosphere of the sun, and it was possible to detect the presence of a vapour in that atmosphere provided we know the degree of refrangibility of the rays which it emits.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of this result, and it was not long before it was turned to account, not only to the extent of cataloguing the vapours which have been detected in the sun's atmosphere, but even of analyzing the constituents of the fixed stars and solving the great problem of the constitution of the nebulae. The papers presented by Messrs. Huggins and Miller to the Royal Society in 1862—1864, opened a new era in astronomy, and the announcement by them that some at least of the nebulae showed only bright lines, proved what no telescope could reveal, that there existed now in space masses of as yet unformed gaseous matter, thus wonderfully confirming the great hypothesis of La Place.

Any one who has read the account of the discoveries spoken of above will have no difficulty in conceiving their application to the phenomena of solar eclipses. Indeed, what remains of the story of a total eclipse is soon told, full as it is of interest. The spectroscope was the instrument which was to solve the great question as to the nature of the luminous prominences. And we

had not to wait long for an opportunity of practically asserting the value of the new discoveries. A total eclipse was to take place in India on August 18th, 1868, under such favourable circumstances with respect to duration, that, great as was the distance, it was thought worth while applying to the Government for assistance to undertake the expedition. The Imperial and Indian Governments came generously forward, and the consequence was that England sent out two well-equipped parties, one in the name of the Royal Society under Lieutenant Herschel, and the other, under the patronage of the Royal Astronomical Society, under the management of Major Tennant. So general was the interest taken in the revelations of this eclipse, that not only did the Academy of Sciences send out a party under the able direction of M. Janssen, but several other observing parties from Germany and other countries were ranged along the line of central shadow from Aden to the eastern coast of India. Everywhere we find the spectroscope. The weather enjoyed by our English observers was less favourable than had been hoped. M. Janssen was more fortunate; but as far as regarded the main object of the expedition all were completely successful. No sooner was the spectroscope directed to the prominences than in every case two or three bright lines burst into view. This was enough; it was proved as conclusively as any chemical test can prove the presence of an element in a compound, that the prominences were mighty masses of glowing vapour, and by the position of one of the lines, which alone could be accurately measured, it was moreover shown that hydrogen was their principal constituent.

Vainly may these energetic men, who had traversed one-third of the circumference of the globe, and thought themselves well repaid by this fleeting vision, have wished that the eclipse, which already verged on the extremest possible duration—that of little more than six minutes—could yet have been prolonged, and that some power would hold our satellite in its course, and give leisure for the accurate measurement and identification of the lines now for the first time seen.

If this wish was not to be granted in so many terms, the object of it was nevertheless attained in a very unexpected way. Mr. Lockyer had for the period of two years suspected that it might be possible with improved optical assistance to see the lines of the prominences in the spectroscope even when the disc of the sun is not obscured, although their light is too faint to

allow them to be seen with the eye. Unfortunately the delay in procuring the optical power needed prevented him till the autumn of 1868 from verifying his hopes. On October 20, 1868, he wrote to the Secretary of the Royal Society as follows—"Sir, I beg to anticipate a more detailed communication by informing you that after a number of failures, which made the attempt seem hopeless, I have this morning perfectly succeeded in obtaining and observing part of the spectrum of a solar prominence. . . . As a result, I have established the existence of three bright lines in the following positions—(1.) absolutely coincident with C; (2.) nearly coincident with F; (3.) near D." Wonderful to relate, only six days after a letter from M. Janssen in India was communicated to the Academie des Sciences, in which he states that while observing the prominences during the totality, a method occurred to him by which they might possibly be observed independently of an eclipse, and adds, "*Dès le lendemain de l'éclipse la méthode fut appliquée avec succès et j'ai pu assister aux phénomènes présentés par une nouvelle éclipse qui a duré toute la journée.*"

Nothing can give a better notion of the amount of talent and industry which is bestowed upon astronomical research than this third recurrence within our own memory of an important discovery made independently in different countries. The eighth satellite of Saturn was discovered independently by Mr. Bond in Massachusetts, and Mr. Lassell at Liverpool; and the coincidence of the two independent calculations of the position of the planet Neptune, will ever be memorable in the annals of astronomical science. But we must hasten to a conclusion.

Mr. Lockyer's discovery just alluded to was immediately followed by two others of scarcely less importance, one by Mr. Lockyer himself, to the effect that the luminous prominences observed in an eclipse are merely local accumulations of a gaseous envelope which surrounds the whole sun, and is situated between the photosphere and the absorbing atmosphere; the other by Mr. Huggins in a communication to the Royal Society in 1869, in which he says that he has at length discovered a means of observing the form of the prominences without an eclipse; so that we may now consider that the finishing stroke has been put to the subject of their investigation.

There is yet one point among the phenomena of a total eclipse, of which we have said little. This is the glorious corona which so

filled Mr. Baily with admiration, and which seems to have been in some measure disregarded in presence of the more surprising phenomena of the prominences. This is in fact the principal object of the present eclipse expedition. It is to determine if possible what is the source of that wonderful crown of glory which is never seen until the face of the sun itself is obscured from view. Whether it is a self-luminous envelope, which in ordinary circumstances is concealed to our view, owing to the dazzling rays of the photosphere, or whether its light is due to reflection of the light of the sun from a non-luminous atmosphere, or whether, finally, it is only a phenomenon due to reflection from our own atmosphere, are all questions which it is hoped the coming eclipse will solve. The observers are instructed to distinguish carefully, if it be possible, between the chromosphere and the corona; to observe whether the corona is polarized in parts where it cannot be involved with the former; and this is to be done in such a manner as to eliminate atmospheric polarization. The spectroscopists are to observe above all other things what are the lines, if any, in the corona beyond about $6'$ from the limb of the sun, and particularly to notice if there are dark lines, which would indicate a surrounding absorbing medium. They are to determine the height of the chromosphere, to guard against any defect in the method discovered by Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer; to determine whether any cooler hydrogen exists beyond the incandescent prominences, and to determine what other gases are mixed up with the hydrogen, whose lines may not be strong enough to be seen while the sun is uneclipsed. The observations made in America during the eclipse of August, 1869, at which we have been able to take only a glance, record some bright lines in the corona. In this point they do not accord with those made in India in 1868. We have every confidence that the skill in observing, and optical excellence, which have been embarked in the present expedition, will remove all doubts regarding these interesting phenomena. Before these lines are in the hand of the reader the story will be told.

A. W.

Wafted Seeds.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SECRET AND A PROMISE.

JACK WILTON reached Shotcote that afternoon some two hours before dinner-time. No one was at home, at least in the house, for though Margaret and Barbara had returned before him, they had strolled out into the gardens and park, and were nowhere visible. Jack was considerably downcast, he hardly knew why, by his talk with Mr. Wychwood. He knew many of his own standing—young men who had had but little of what is called "Church teaching" in their boyhood and earlier youth, and had come up to Oxford after the decay of the High Church influence over the intellect of the place—who had taken kindly enough to the theory that there was nothing true enough in dogmas or in systems to make them worth attention, much more worth a sacrifice, and that the best plan was to try to lead a pure life and do good and tolerate other people, however strange their opinions might seem, as having quite as good a ground for them as any dogmatist could give them. The philosophy of the time helped on such views, because it taught that truth was relative and subjective, and that what might be false to one man and at one time might be true to another man and at another time. The men whom he had known to take this line had been some of the best and simplest he had ever met; some of them, indeed, had been remarkably attractive on account of that combination of deep thought, solid talent, and eminent natural goodness which seems to mark a few favoured souls in every generation. He knew that some of these men would give money largely to the poor, and would put themselves to much personal exertion and self-denial, to help on students, for instance, who had not the means of obtaining private tutors for themselves in their reading for honours. Jack had loved some of these men very much, men of the class of which Downing, already mentioned in these pages, was a specimen—now, I fear, rather a dry and anatomical specimen. But he had been repelled from their state of mind by an instinct of which he could not have given a very clear account, though he could have given reasons on certain points. They seemed in the first place to have no grasp at all of truths which he had believed ever since his childhood, such as baptismal regeneration, truths as to which he could only say that he believed them because God had taught them, not because he had reasoned them out for himself. Another thing which repelled him about this party, so to call it—for it was rather a loose collection of men, who disagreed nearly as much as they agreed among themselves, and who seemed to have no particular motive for combining for any practical purpose, except the negative purpose of resisting what they called dogmatism and

intolerance, whether in High Church or Low Church—was that he could not help seeing that the greater number of ordinary men who were affected by its opinions were none the better for them; they led self-indulgent lives, however respectable, and worked only for worldly ends. Some of the High Church young men were absurd and fantastic, but there was more seriousness and earnestness about them than about the others, on whom religion, as such, seemed to have little hold. The high set of minds, of which we have already spoken as so attractive, seemed, moreover, overpowered now and then by an intense sadness, as if they were not only seeking for something which they had not found, but felt, moreover, that they never should find it.

Mr. Wychwood's exposition of opinion seemed to him to fall in to some extent with this state of mind. Was nothing true? Was the Church

A poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song?

And were our duties to her, in consequence, imaginary and merely theoretical? His old friend seemed almost to say so. And yet, at the same time, he had almost encouraged Jack in his own views against Anglicanism. Was not all this contrary to the conclusion which Jack had put forth with so much sincerity when Father Miles had interrogated him about the Creed? Then he had assumed as indisputable that there was such a Church in the world as that described in the Creed. Now Mr. Wychwood seemed to suggest that the notes of the Church must be understood in some looser and more vague sense than the words at first sight seemed to signify.

Poor Jack! he was in sore perplexity and distress for the time. He sat looking dreamily out of the window of his bed-room, whence the landscape, especially the more distant downs, which rose some ten miles off to a considerable height, seemed clothed in a bright haze as the sun descended towards the west. Was it all false? Was it worth while to trouble himself about a hunt after the exact truth? Why should he be more particular than his neighbours? The Broad Church theory gave a kind of explanation for everything. It took in his Catholic friends, and the good Domdanielites, on whose leader he had been so severe in his talk with Mr. Wychwood. It took in Uncle John, one of the best men he ever knew, as well as Uncle Charles—Uncle Charles before his conversion as well as after. But then, why should he have been "reconciled"—what need was there of all that process? And why should he have been so happy at having done what he need not have done? And then some of the expressions of the prayers used by the side of that death-bed came back into Jack's mind, and the old words came up again and again which had taken so much hold of him—One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic.

Margaret was in a part of the garden from which the house could be seen, and she spied her Jack leaning over the window-sill. She slipped away from her companions, hurried up to the house, and was soon sitting by his side, her head leaning on his shoulder. She had something to tell him before he went away. She did not like his going away at all. She felt inclined to cry at the thought that she was to be alone for four or five days. They sat silent, looking upon the glorious afternoon landscape as it seemed to soften more and more under the growing tints of evening.

"You are tired, dearest," she said at last.

"More in mind than in body," he said, wearily.

"What is it, John?"

"Darling, nothing that you can understand. I have had a long talk with Mr. Wychwood and he has discouraged me, and yet I hardly know how to answer what he suggests. I don't know that he is sure of what he spoke about himself, but he has certainly damped me. How thankful you should be for your faith! You have always lived in its light, always believed the same thing, and felt sure about it. It is a blessed lot. If I could be a child again, and choose my own place, I would be born in your Church."

He had never talked in that way before. Besides, his words struck very near to the point of the little secret which Margaret had to tell him. But she let him run on.

"It's weary work, thinking and thinking, and having to plod one's way from this point to that. I'm inclined to give it up, Madge."

"Give up what?"

"Here's Mr. Wychwood, as I said, the best clergyman I ever knew, and he seems to think that it doesn't much matter what we are. Perhaps it's right. Perhaps we're all right—all the same under different names. I usen't to think it possible, but there's a good deal to be said for it, it seems."

Margaret could say nothing. But she prayed in her heart that he might be led right.

"Well, never mind, darling," he said. "I mustn't bother you with my troubles. Did Barbara show you the Manor House as you drove home?"

She told him they had driven along the road under the Manor and she had seen the outside. But Barbara had said that it would be better that no one but John himself should take her in. Then she paused and prayed again in her heart.

"John," she said, after a time, "you remember what we said when we were married?"

"What do you mean, my treasure?" He drew her to him. "I said that I took you, and you said that you took me, for better, for worse, and I'm not inclined to repent of the bargain. Just now," he added, sighing, "I'm rather for worse than for better."

"No; but you know, about the future. If we should have—if there were to come—you know, John," she said at last, nestling her head on his shoulder. "You said just now that if you were a child, and had to choose your own place, you would be brought up a Catholic"—and then she was silent again. "We said we would settle it between us, in case—— You know, John."

Under the circumstances of the marriage between John Wilton and Margaret Burke, and William Burke her uncle having the strongest confidence in John, it had been only stipulated that their children should be brought up as they should agree between themselves, or rather, the usual pledge to be exacted from him had been put in that form.

Jack understood her now. "Is it so?" he whispered. The little head that had rested on his shoulder pressed itself closely to his heart.

Jack sat silent for a few minutes, while a great number of thoughts chased one another through his mind. A moment ago all had seemed dreary and blank. Life was a riddle, which it might take a good deal of trouble to

solve and find out the true meaning of, and perhaps it was not worth while. Such, at least, was the conclusion at which his mind was looking, as at a picture, without adopting it. One thing was about as good as another, one opinion as true as another. Why should he fret? Why not do the good he could, and enjoy the blessings he had, where Providence had placed him? Now the thought shot into his heart like an arrow—an arrow it was, winged by the prayers of his little wife—that he was to be responsible, not only for his own soul but for the souls of others who were to spring from him and her. What could he wish for them? or rather, what was he bound to provide for them? The good priest who had married him to Margaret had said a few simple plain words to them about the end of marriage, and had dwelt on the duty of bringing up children in the law and love of God. Jack could not wish for them his own condition, certainly. He had tried honestly to serve God hitherto, but he had found himself, after all, confronted by a hard question, and enveloped in doubts and difficulties as to some of the most vital questions which belong to the great affair of salvation. Anglicanism had, after all, only landed him in doubt. Would he bring his little ones up, neither this thing nor that, or in that latitudinarian opinion of which he had lately been thinking over as possible truth? It was a dreary, blank prospect. He could not wish others to be in his present state of mind. Why, if he had always thought this, he would have lacked a great many of the motives which had helped him in times past to resist temptation, to attend to prayer, and to watch over his conscience. Others might get on well without much positive belief; he was certain that he could not. After all, when he thought what Mr. Wychwood had said to him about his Catholic leanings, he felt sure that he, at least, would never reproach him if he thought his children would be safer in their mother's religion than in his own.

Margaret's head still rested on his breast; but her eyes were fixed, now on the crucifix, now on the picture of the Madonna, over the *priedieu* by the window at which they were sitting. At last Jack spoke. "My treasure, it shall be as you wish. We wont speak about it to others yet, there is no need. But you shall have your way. If God give me a dear one like you, I shall bless Him for ever."

Her heart gave a great bound of joy. She was disappointed at his going away; she was sorry that she was to be left alone, and more so at the defeat of her little plan as to getting him to take her to Mass on the next Sunday. She was grieved to see him, as she had never seen him before, so much depressed. As far as she understood what he said about the thoughts that were in his mind, she was grieved and disappointed at those also. But she had one of her darling wishes safe, at all events, and her heart overflowed with thankfulness. Hope is twin-sister to thankfulness, and some how, gloomy as he seemed to be for the moment, she felt a more certain hope that some day or other she should see the accomplishment of her other great wish also.

CHAPTER XXX.

REGINALD AMYOT.

IT was settled that Jack should go to London by an afternoon train on the next day, and make preparations for Mary Burke and her uncle, who might arrive either in the morning or evening of the day after. They might choose the night boat from Kingston, or travel by day. Jack would give up his own room to William Burke, Mary was to be disposed of in the dressing-room, and Jack was to find a bed-room in another part of the house.

Margaret had him to herself nearly the whole of the morning before his departure, and hung about him as if he were going to the Antipodes. After luncheon Reginald Amyot volunteered to drive him to the station, and then Barbara and Grace took charge of Margaret. They wandered down into the village, routed out some two or three Irish families who had strayed into this remote part of England in the course of their migrations, and ended their afternoon by a long visit to the chapel.

Reginald Amyot, who was now Jack's companion in the dog-cart, has already been more than once mentioned in these pages. But I may as well say of him now, that when he was condemned so relentlessly, along with the rest of his family, as an utterly unlitrary and Bæotian sort of person by the Miss Norths in their conversation with Amy Wychwood and Aunt Bertha, the former ladies did him rather scant justice. He was shy, and not easily induced to talk; moreover, he was rather afraid of his connections at Shotterton. Although not devoted to literature, he was fairly read in English and foreign classics. He had been brought up at a good Catholic College, and had spent a year there after his school course was over as what is called "a philosopher." There he had made the acquaintance of several young Catholic gentlemen of his own age, and a good many foreigners who were sent to England to get some kind of training as well as a knowledge of the English language. Perhaps the set of that particular year was a little too unequal in point of attainments to make the studies very severe for those who had been the best trained beforehand, but it had been a very happy time for Reginald.

When he had returned home, Father Miles had assailed him with proposals that he should continue his studies under his own guidance. Mr. Amyot was hardly able to understand the great importance which the active-minded missionary attached to literary and mental culture. He had been brought up in times when Catholics were almost entirely debarred from any share in public life, as well as from the advantages of the immense educational endowments of the country. They had been driven in upon themselves, and had been only too happy to be left in peace and insignificance. As a body they had hardly existed. They had no learning, and so could urge no claims on the Legislature, could fill no place in the public eye, could not attempt to influence public opinion or the course of public affairs. After Emancipation, they were admitted at once to society and to public life. In the course of subsequent years, their body increased in two ways; first by the immigration of Irish into the great towns, especially in the north, and again by the progress of conversion among the more educated classes in England. With this increase came a necessity for public action, on account

of the many social wants of the Catholic population, as well as of the numerous questions which became the subjects of legislation concerning the poor. The men of Mr. Amyot's generation were unexpectedly called upon for a large amount of judicious and zealous energy. Perhaps few bodies of men under similar circumstances would have met the call better. Still, it was difficult to persuade him that Reggie and Walter must have a great deal more training and schooling and booking than he had himself been subject to.

Father Miles, however, carried his point, mainly on account of Reggie's own good sense. Reggie was a splendid cricketer, a very good shot, first in all athletic and manly sports—but he was not a mere athlete. He had a modesty, almost a shamefacedness, which made him seem quiet and dull to those who knew him no better than the Norths, but he was in reality thoughtful, a careful student, not afraid of intellectual exertion, and by no means deficient in solid ability. Father Miles took immense pains with him, and was proud of his pupil. They had gone through a great deal of history, modern history especially, and some of the best works on natural right and the more philosophical defences of Catholicism. Reginald knew a good deal of theology of this kind. Father Miles had a strong prejudice against *dilletanteism*, and had thus discouraged lighter literature to any great extent, but Reginald knew a good deal about the fine arts, and was fairly familiar with the best poetry in English and Italian. He had spent one winter in Rome, and passed some months in Germany and the Tyrol. But his practical-minded tutor insisted on his giving a great part of his time to the acquirement of knowledge which would enable him to take a position in the world as a leading member of the Catholic body, working for its benefit in the many different ways in which energetic and well-informed laymen can work. There had been rather a scene one day, when his father had come into his room and found Reggie actually reading a Blue Book about the condition of the labouring poor! But the good old gentleman had let him go on when he found that his studies did not interfere with his readiness at field-sports.

This was just about the time when there was a scarcity of such workers as Father Miles wanted. One of the best friends of the Catholic body, and particularly of the Catholic poor, a man of old family, high character, and saintly life, had just died, leaving behind him an immense regret on the part of those for whom he had laboured up to the very last months of a protracted old age, and as yet but few of the younger generation had come forward, or seemed likely to come forward, to supply his place. Father Miles looked to Reginald Amyot, and a few young men of his standing, to walk by-and-bye in the path which had been so nobly traced out for them by this bright example.

Jack Wilton confided to Reginald the little enterprize on which he was engaged for the relief of the Carroll boys. Reginald seemed to know a good deal more about such cases than Jack had expected. He gave him the names of one or two Catholic gentlemen who might be useful to him in the matter, and urged him, as soon as he could get the case put on paper in a convenient form, to apply at once to the Poor Law Office of the Government. He offered, if there were any occasion for his services, to come up to town himself and help Jack in his work.

Mary Burke and her uncle reached London on the morning after Jack's arrival. They drove, as they had been directed, straight to our friend's apartments, and found him up ready to receive them, even at the early hour of seven. They declined his offer of either immediate breakfast or bed for a few hours. The good priest washed and shaved, and after half an hour's quiet got Jack to show him the way to the chapel which Margaret frequented, where he said his Mass. Mary went with them, and they returned to breakfast at about Jack's usual time.

They declared that they had had a beautiful passage, and had slept enough on the boat and in the train. Mary, a very handsome girl, bursting, as it seemed, with health and spirits, was evidently ready to begin her acquaintance with the wonders of London at once.

Jack asked her where she would go first. The Exhibition was open, of course, and he could get an entrance to some of the finest private galleries in London; or would she go to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament? There was a great flower-show at the Horticultural; would she like that? A friend had brought over some very wonderful photographs taken from Michael Angelo's works at the Vatican—the Sistine Chapel, and the like; would that suit her? or the Egyptian Room in the British Museum? or the South Kensington Exhibition?

"Oh, John," said the young lady, "the wax-works, please, and the ghost, John, Mr. Pepper's ghost, and the Zoological Gardens, and the Crystal Palace, and the Thames Tunnel." All these wonderful names came out, as it were, in a breath. "And, John, I must go and see the Clerkenwell Prison before I leave."

"Clerkenwell Prison, Moreen! what on earth can you want to see that for?"

"Where the explosion was, John! where they blew the wall down to get the patriots out."

John laughed at her, kissed her, called her a little Fenian, and told her she must put herself under his guidance, and trust to him. The Thames Tunnel must wait for the present. He rather thought it was blocked up for the time, as it was to be made into a railway. The ghost had better be seen in the evening, he thought, and the wax-works too. So he took her to the top of St. Paul's, then down the river to Greenwich, and up again as far as Westminster. Then he showed her the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey, then they walked up through St. James' Park to Piccadilly, and looked in upon the pictures. William Burke determined on staying at home for an hour or two to rest, and then to go off to see an old friend who was "on the mission" at the west end of London.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. SHACKELRAMMER.

I HAVE already mentioned that Margaret Wilton had received a letter from Mrs. Shackelrammer, informing her of the disastrous state of things as to the Carroll boys. The busy little lady in question spied out Mary Burke at Mass on the morning of her arrival, for Jack had remained in the chapel

after he had taken her there. Mrs. Shackelrammer had meant to have introduced herself as soon as Mass was over, but she had to say a word to Father Wexford in the sacristy, and before the conversation which ensued was over, Jack and Mary had retired. Next morning, however, she was more fortunate. Jack did not know her, but that made little difference. She began by asking affectionately after Margaret, and then begged to be introduced to Miss Burke—she was sure it must be Miss Burke, she was so like her dear sister. Then she had a budget of news to communicate. She had gained a victory over the common enemy, and she related her exploit with modest self-satisfaction.

It had come about in this way. The day after she had written to Margaret, she had put two and two together, as she said, and determined in her own mind that the Carroll boys must be at one of two district schools near London, one of which was Hurst Gate. She had made a good hit, and thought of attacking Hurst Gate first. There lived not far from Hurst Gate a well-known philanthropic lady, famous for her charities and practical schemes for the benefit of the poor of all denominations. She was a great friend of Mrs. Shackelrammer's friend, Lady Joanna Pontifex, who had been duly informed of the Carroll business, of Margaret Wilton's interest in it, and of the manner in which Jack himself had been enlisted in the good cause. Lady Joanna ordered her carriage, and drove, with Mrs. Shackelrammer, to the great lady already mentioned. Miss Fitzargent was asked to get them a sight of the establishment at Hurst Gate. Nothing easier to her. She was too well known, and, indeed, too great a friend of the establishment, which she every now and then assisted by presents of fruit or playthings or warm comforts for the boys, to be refused admission. The manager was all smiles and bows, and took the ladies everywhere.

Then Mrs. Shackelrammer made her attempt. "Dear Miss Fitzargent," she said, "we were talking as we came down about the proportion of the Irish population to the rest of the poor in London. It would be a sort of test if we could know how many there are of Irish boys in a school like this."

Miss Fitzargent turned to the manager. "Can you answer that question, Mr. Crump?" she said.

"Well, ma'am, there are a good many now and then. I can't tell the exact number. We make no difference between them and the rest. All are treated alike, so it's difficult to distinguish them."

"Do they all go to the same Church service?" said Lady Joanna, addressing herself, like her friend, to Miss Fitzargent, who passed her question on to Mr. Crump by a look.

"Well, yes, my lady," said Mr. Crump. "They don't seem to mind it much. Now and then there's a little trouble."

"Could we see the list and count the Irish names?" said Mrs. Shackelrammer, rather too eagerly. Mr. Crump looked uncomfortable.

"I have no doubt you can," said Miss Fitzargent. "You may get a sort of rough guess that way, no doubt."

"You see," said Lady Joanna to Mr. Crump, with a very gracious smile, "my friend here is very fond of statistics. I am sure you will oblige her."

"So you see," said Mrs. Shackelrammer to Jack and Mary, "by being fond of statistics I found out the names of the boys on the list. I couldn't

see them, though. When I read their names there, I said I thought they must be two little orphans whose mother I had known, but Mr. Crump was inflexible, and Miss Fitzargent seemed rather bored. But there they are. Now, we've got to fish them out, you see. Dear Miss Burke, I'm so glad to make your acquaintance. I only wish your sister were here too. I should have known each to be the other's sister if I had never seen either of you before. Oh, Mr. Wilton, I've a great favour to ask. Would you bring Miss Burke to a little party of mine this evening? I am sure she would like to see what is going on among her countrywomen in this poor place. We're going to have a tea-party in our adult night-school in Blue Lane; just a few poor women we've got together and teach a little in the evenings—and we must give them a treat now and then, you know. I'm going to take a party there, and after that we shall return to a late tea at my apartments. There'll be Lady Joanna, perhaps, and Mrs. Fowler, and the two Miss Moonbys; hardly any one else."

"I think," said Jack, as Mary was standing rather confused at the prospect opened out before her, "I think I shall be rather *de trop* with so many ladies."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, Mr. Wilton. There'll perhaps be Father Wexford at the school, and certainly Count Cosavuole, a great friend of his, from Malta. A very nice man, the Count. He's a younger branch of the Dukes of Nientedimeno; a Sicilian nobleman, an exile on account of his loyalty to the Bourbons—a most interesting man, a widower with five children, whom he's left in Malta. He's come to England for three months—on some very important personal business," said Mrs. Shackelrammer, checking herself, as she remembered that the Count's plans had been communicated to her in confidence.

So Jack and Mary had to accept the invitation. William Burke was to leave that afternoon, so he would be out of the way. "You'll have to give up the wax-works for another evening, Moreen," said Jack. "However, there'll probably be some good fun; but it will be rather stuffy, I fear. She's a character, certainly, that Mrs. Shackelrammer."

It was agreed that Jack should bring his sister-in-law to Mrs. Shackelrammer's lodgings a little before the time of the *réunion* in Blue Lane. In due time therefore, that is, about six o'clock in the evening, that lady led them to the so-called school-room. The interesting Sicilian Count was in attendance, and Mrs. Fowler, and the two Miss Moonbys. Lady Joanna was unable to come. The Miss Moonbys were recent converts, the daughters of an Anglican clergyman, deceased a few years since, who were ostracized by their family on account of their change of religion. Their mother lived with a married son, also a clergyman, and saw little of them. The rest of the family followed her example. They had a small income of about a hundred-and-twenty pounds a year between them, and were supposed to aim at employment as governesses, but they were girls of slight accomplishments and somewhat helpless, without the force of character or resolution necessary to face temporal difficulties or manage obstreperous children. There was a secret plan with regard to one of them in the mind of the good Mrs. Shackelrammer, of which we may have to speak by-and-bye.

The school-room in Blue Lane was certainly a queer place—a kind of

store-house or warehouse, like a granary, and a wooden staircase outside was the only access to it. When you were inside, you felt as if the ladder must be drawn up and the school sail away, like a Noah's ark, with all sorts of creatures within it. While our party were on the way to this place of learning or amusement, Mrs. Shackelrammer was giving an account of it to John Wilton, whose arm she had seized, which I may as well abridge. The Count had Mary Burke and one of the Miss Moonbys to escort.

The school had been started by our indefatigable little friend two years and more before the time of which I am speaking. It was an attempt to get hold of the grown-up girls and women in the neighbourhood by the attraction of learning, copiously supplemented by material gifts made from time to time. Mrs. Shackelrammer became quite eloquent as she poured her reminiscences into Jack's ears.

The first night brought two playbill-girls from Drury Lane, a flower-girl, two costermongers' wives, each with a baby, a crossing-sweeper, a cat's-meat seller, and an apple-woman. The flower-girl was very pretty, fair, and yellow-haired, with the reddest lips and the whitest teeth possible; and she was generally laughing. She and the brown, mischeivous-looking playbill sellers were, Mrs. Shackelrammer said, nearly the most innocent, unspoilt Irish girls she ever knew. They were wonderfully tickled at the idea of having slates and learning to make pot-hooks, and compared notes all the time upon the relative fatness of their round O's. The crossing-sweeper "ambitioned" arithmetic, and made the most extraordinary demonstrations of delight at adding up two lines of figures. The costermongresses declined literature altogether, and sat in a state of rapturous delight at doing nothing, except rocking their babies. The apple-woman helped everybody. Mrs. Shackelrammer lost sight of her afterwards for a year, and then found her again at her old post near — Square, selling apples and occupying herself with mental prayer. She had been to Ireland to help a lame sister to die well, in which art she was very proficient. There was not a question of a religious character that she was asked she could not answer, and all her remarks on religion were full of a certain traditional wisdom and the thoughtfulness which marks a prayerful solitude. She could narrate, too, with a rich flavour of faith, marvellous stories of holy wells, cures by "rounds"—*i.e.*, the prayers repeated in the pilgrimages to wells or shrines—exorcisms, and the results of "blasts" from a priest's curse on some ill turn done to a widow, an orphan, or an "innocent" (idiot). She was great too—but this had only just been discovered—at a "pattern" jig, which she could dance with a quaint fun and modesty seldom to be found in an Englishwoman of the same grade. That first night they had a little schooling, a little instruction, a little laughing, and the Angelus, which none of the party except the apple-woman, Norah M'Carthy, had ever heard.

After some months of an extraordinary exhibition of originalities, some ladies gave them a tea, and this had been so successful as to provoke the repetition at which Jack and Mary now assisted. There were now nineteen regular attendants of various sorts. This tea, however, was attended by "mothers" only; and the joy of those nineteen faces when they beheld the row of tea-pots, the goodly stores of bread and butter and cake, and the white sugar kindly provided by their beloved President, was worth going many miles to see. One of the costermongers' wives, a very hard-working,

simple, good creature, dropt her curtesy at the door, and said in a sort of ecstasy—"Well, now! Eh! then, sure heaven must be a little like this!" "And so 'tis, Mrs. Roonan," said the apple-woman, "for 'tis all love." After the seven tea-pots had done their duty—and surely never had tea-pots borne heavier responsibility—and after the plates had gone round like the courses of the stars, and the pocket-handkerchiefs had all been restored to their respective pockets, some voice was raised for Norah M'Carthy to dance her jig. The table was drawn aside, and there was a general call for Mrs. M'Carthy to come forward. She could not do so unless some one would "tune" for her; but this difficulty was at length got over, and she took her stand on the floor, when the jig was executed with wonderful agility and as wonderful decorum. There was great laughter and much clapping of hands after it was over, and then it was proposed to sing some Irish songs. One of the original costermongers' wives had had a celebrated voice, which was supposed to have come down through many generations, and certainly it was as sweet and tuneable a voice as ever ballad-singer rejoiced in. They sang a genuine Irish melody, detailing the full burthen of Ireland's wrongs, and making a good many mysterious hints about "the green" and the glorious day coming, in which harps and four-leaved shamrocks, with potatoes for next to nothing, seemed to be all woven together into a garland of inseparable glory. It was received with rapturous applause, mingled with nudges and nods and clapping of hands. It may have been that Norah M'Carthy thought the lauding of "the green" was a little ruffling to English feelings, but at all events she asked leave to return thanks in the name of "all present," for the tea and the kindness shown them, adding that the blessing of the poor would prosper their benefactors here with green grass under their feet, and that the heavens would be their bed hereafter.

Mary was delighted, and John Wilton very much touched at the simplicity of these poor people and their ready capacity of enjoyment. But the little school was, as John feared it would be, decidedly stuffy, and they were both glad to escape down the dangerous staircase into the street. The neighbourhood was full of people, lights were flaring over potatoe-barrows and other such repositories of eatables, men and women were reeling about here and there, children singing and dancing in the middle of the roadway, one or two of them, girls too, on stilts, and the air rang now and then with low songs or oaths or quarrelsome shouts. Jack felt as if he had brought Mary into a sort of Pandemonium. They did not stay long at Mrs. Shackelrammer's evening-party after the treat. The Count was rather attentive to Mary, though Mrs. Shackelrammer did her best to fasten him on the Miss Moonby to whom she had before consigned him, and whom she made sit at the piano and warble a vapid song or two for his especial benefit. But altogether the evening was amusing, and Mary told John that she would not have missed it for all the wax-works in the world.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GERALD AND AMY.

GERALD MERTON arrived on his visit to the Wychwoods at Shotterton Vicarage just a day after John Wilton had returned to London. Gerald had been at Oxford again after his short visit to his mother. He had found the term ended and the men dispersed, but some of the Fellows remained up for College business. The Head and his wife were not to go to Mazewick for a week or two. Cumberland had not yet fired his last shot about the living, and it was still expected that he would pass it on. There was to be a sort of audit at the College in a fortnight, at which most of the Fellows would manage to be present, and then it was expected that the final arrangement as to Shotterton would be made. So that when Gerald left for Shotcote he was still under the impression that his chances of succeeding Mr. Wychwood were very good indeed.

He thought much the same about his chances of succeeding with Mr. Wychwood's daughter. Amy had always almost belonged to him, and he could hardly remember her going against any serious wish which he had expressed. Besides, she was clearly very fond of him. He said to himself that Willie North would never please her, and as for that mysterious somebody at Shotcote, who was there but a Catholic? How could Amy ever think of marrying a Catholic? So he thought the field was clear enough for him, even if he were not to reckon, as he did reckon, on having himself a great hold upon her heart.

He was received, as he expected, with the greatest kindness and affection. The Wychwoods were preparing to leave in three or four weeks at the utmost, and such times are of course times of considerable disturbance and mournful excitement. Gerald's presence at the Vicarage seemed to give them all a special delight. It took their thoughts away from their preparations and brought back old and happy days. Mr. Wychwood loved to talk to him about the poor people, the sick, and the children—all the more as Gerald had told him that he thought it really likely that he was to be the new incumbent. This was told to Aunt Bertha and Amy as they sat in the garden in the cool evening of the first day of his visit, and both of them expressed the greatest happiness at the prospect.

"We shall hear all about our dear good people from you," said Amy. "What happiness! And you will take some little care of them for our sakes."

"And you'll be likely to keep the old house as it is, and not turn it inside out," said Aunt Bertha.

"We shall know that all that has been done in the church will be kept up," said Mr. Wychwood.

They were equally full of interest in all that he had to tell them about Emmy's prospects. Altogether, Gerald was treated by them as one of themselves—just as he had wished.

As for Amy, he could hardly wish her manner different to him. It had chanced to be convenient for Aunt Bertha and Amy to fetch him from the station, as they had been obliged that day to drive in that direction, but Gerald took it as a special mark of affection on Amy's part. She came into

his room for a minute when they went up to dress for dinner to show him a sketch of St. Anne d'Auray which she had made in the previous summer, and which she had had framed and hung up for his benefit. He could see at once that none but she had gathered and arranged the flowers that stood on his writing-table, and which were changed in some mysterious manner day by day. When he was at home, Emily and his other sisters ministered to his wants and comforts in this and other ways, and he said to himself, when he had been three days at Shotterton, that Emily could not have attended to him more faithfully than Amy. Once or twice he went down with her to the school, or on some visit to the sick poor. She seemed to rejoice in his companionship. She showed great delight when Mr. Wychwood made him accompany himself and her on one of their long strolls down the river bank; and she had the piano open and was ready to sing with him when they all turned in from the garden after their evening stroll. Life was certainly very happy as it was at Shotterton Vicarage during those few days. Gerald almost felt as if it were running a risk to endeavour to give a new and deeper colour to the perfect unconstrained intimacy which already subsisted between himself and Amy.

However, he had come on purpose to do it, and besides, he could not be happy without doing it. But he found it very difficult to approach the subject indirectly with Amy, to give little hints, and throw a new tenderness into his demeanour towards her.

She took it all with the most absolute simplicity, as her natural right, and as if Gerald were in reality her elder brother. Other people perceived it, but she did not. Once or twice some of the old women in the village whom she visited with food or little presents of clothing in her basket, asked her whether Mr. Merton was coming to live at the Vicarage, and said what a nice young man he was, and that he seemed quite at home with her. Mrs. Tuckett, who had formerly had her own wishes as to the disposal of "Missie" (of course in favour of our friend Jack Wilton), dropped little words as she moved about Amy's room, discharging her nominal duties as her maid, but in reality only watching over her dressing of herself. She too said Mr. Gerald was a very nice young gentleman, and she too remarked that he seemed quite at home.

"Well, Tuckie, they say he may have the living when we go away, so that he may well be at home. But he's always been like one of ourselves, you know."

"Oh, yes, Missie," said Mrs. Tuckett, "but he'll be wanting some one to take care of his house for him."

"Well, he'll get some one, I suppose, Tuckie. At present he's got his mother and three sisters, though they say Emmy is going to be married."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Tuckett, led away from her immediate subject by the attraction of news about a wedding. "Who's it to, Missie?" And then she had all that was to be told about the Captain, and the bell rang and Amy hurried downstairs to dinner, knocking at Gerald's door as she passed. "You'll be late, sir; finish tying your cravat at once."

At last Gerald determined to open his mind to Aunt Bertha or Mr. Wychwood, whichever gave him the first opportunity. And it so happened that on the afternoon of one of the later days of his visit, Aunt Bertha made a set at him of her own accord. Mr. Wychwood and Amy had had more

than their share of him, she said. She couldn't walk, but he should drive her over the downs as far as Danelych, as she wished to return some books which Mrs. Towan Moore had lent her. Papa and Amy must give him up for the afternoon. They could perfectly well have gone all together, but the other two saw that she wanted to have Gerald to herself, and suggested no modification of the plan. Gerald himself had arrived, or thought he had, at that particular state of affection when there is a great difference between a few hours spent with a certain person or without her. But he could make no resistance. They talked all about his own family on they way to Danelych. Aunt Bertha had had a peculiar friendship for Mrs. Merton, and she was the more special link which had originally joined the two families in their very close intimacy. Mrs. Towan Moore was not at home, unfortunately, so after a short talk with her husband, whom they found reading in his garden, they turned back towards Shotterton.

"Well, dear Gerald," said Aunt Bertha, "I suppose after Emmy's marriage your mother will have to think of providing for you. You're old enough, dear boy, to think of settling now, and it seems as if your prospects would enable you to do so very soon."

This was giving him an opening with a vengeance, but Gerald felt rather taken aback. Would Aunt Bertha have led to the subject if she had any ideas of his wishes with regard to Amy?

"They would live with me, I suppose," he said, "if I were to take this or any other living. I should like to find a thoroughly good home for them, which Clapham is not. But I ought to say to you, auntie, that I have thought of what you speak of already."

"Indeed! Well, I hope you will be happy. But you've kept your secret from us, at all events. Is it any one that we know? But I mustn't pry into your secrets."

Poor Gerald! Any one that they knew, indeed! He was quite disconcerted. Aunt Bertha might know nothing about it; she might have been blind to the meaning of his demeanour to Amy, she might know nothing of Amy's feelings, and yet it was discouraging that she should ask such a question. But discouragement steadied him, and made him determined to know his fate at once, as far as it could be learnt from any one but Amy herself. "Aunt Bertha," he said, "I am sorry if I shall surprise you very much. But you have always been a real aunt to me, and so I shall tell it all to you. I want very much to ask Amy to be my wife!"

Aunt Bertha gave a little start on her seat, and then sat awhile still and silent, while Gerald whipped up the ponies he was driving and waited for her answer. He waited two or three minutes, but at last it came.

"My dear boy," said Aunt Bertha, "you may depend upon it that Amy and all of us love you very much. But I am sure she has not an idea of what you are thinking of. I don't think she's at all disposed to marry at present."

"I can wait, Aunt Bertha," he said. Then, as the ice was once broken, he told her all that he had been dreaming of. How nice it would be for Amy to come back some day to Shotterton, and be the mistress of the Vicarage again! She was the apple of the eye, the heart of the heart of Mr. Wychwood and her aunt, but they had known him all his life, and would not they trust her to him as well as, rather sooner than, to any one else? She was so

good and so affectionate. It seemed to him as if their marriage must naturally grow out of the intimacy that already existed. "We've been like brother and sister for years, you know," he said.

"Yes, dear boy, brother and sister. Amy looks to you as her elder brother. She relies upon your friendship, and would have recourse to your help if she were left alone in the world and were in trouble. But depend upon it, Gerald, she has no thoughts of you as a husband."

"Well, but may not she have them, auntie? I suppose these thoughts don't come to girls like Amy long before some one puts them before them."

"I think you hardly know Amy's mind now. We are all upset about our going away, and we don't know what will follow, at least I don't. Perhaps I judge of her too much from myself. I should be sorry to see her engaged at present, and I think her father would be sorry too. But, Gerald, I am sure of one thing. Amy's happiness would be very safe if she could with all her heart give herself to you. And one thing more. Alfred—her father—will not interfere if you can get her to wish it. She will be left to herself to choose. But remember, dear boy, she is quite young yet. Nineteen is hardly time for her to fix her lot in life. But I suppose you will think it is quite late enough."

She was decidedly kind, as Gerald thought, though he had reckoned on a little more enthusiasm for himself. He had hoped that she would enter with all possible warmth into his plans, and tell him how glad she should be to trust her Amy to him. Nineteen was decidedly an age, in his opinion, when a girl might be trusted to make her choice well. Characters were formed at nineteen, especially in young women. Amy was as mature at nineteen, as sensible, as judicious, as any one else at twenty-one. He could not understand Aunt Bertha's views at all. Why should people wait? Then there was not a word in all that she said about the delight of Amy's remaining at Shotterton. That did not seem to enter into the question in Aunt Bertha's mind. Altogether, Gerald felt chilled and disappointed by the reception which he had met with from his old friend. However, there was Amy herself to appeal to, and he felt sanguine that she would be more responsive than her aunt. He would have a little fun by-and-bye in triumphing over Aunt Bertha.

Should he speak to Mr. Wychwood first? He felt rather inclined to do so as they sat together over their strawberries after dinner, but somehow the subject did not turn up naturally. Then he remembered Emily's exhortation about avoiding roundabout ways, and he made this the excuse for holding his tongue. After dinner, Mr. Wychwood went into his study for some business, and Gerald was left alone with the ladies on the lawn. Aunt Bertha had said nothing to Amy, but she quietly walked off and left the two together. Then Gerald took Amy's hand in his and told his tale. Emmy would have had no reason for reproaching him for not telling it like a man. In fact he had no fear at all about the result, and this perhaps, when he had once opened the subject, made him bold and even careless as to the manner of doing his business.

Poor Amy! I think she was as much surprised and almost as much distressed as when Willie North had begun on the same topic. Indeed, her difficulty was greater now, for she had a sincere love for Gerald, while she had an equally sincere distrust of Willie. Then Gerald's love gave her a

sort of feeling of self-reproach, as if her very freedom of manner and open affectionateness to him had led him astray. Her character was as simple and clear as the daylight; she had always rejoiced in having a brother in him, and had never thought for a moment that she could be mistaken. Now it seemed as if all that she had said and done during the last few days to make him happy, and to show him that his presence was a happiness to her, might be quoted against her. Still, she never wavered for a moment as to the answer she must give.

"My dear old Gerald," she said, "I have always loved you as long as I can remember as I should have loved my only brother if I had had one. I trust that nothing will ever happen to change us to one another, but I cannot be your wife. I am far too young to think of marrying yet. I should be miserable to leave papa and aunt just now, but that is not all. I assure you it cannot be."

It is hardly necessary to relate at length the conversation which followed. Gerald insisted and entreated. She listened with perfect composure and entire goodwill, but her answer was always the same. Could she give him any reason? What was the use, as her mind was made up from the first moment, and could not be changed? Would she think of it, and give him an answer by-and-bye? No amount of thought would change her resolution. She thought it her duty not to marry at present, but that was not all. Did she really mean to say that, come what might, she could never marry *him*? Then she looked him in the face, and begged him not to distress her. Why should she have to say things that might seem hard and unkind?

I am sorry to say that Gerald lost his temper a little. Emmy's words about somebody at Shotcote came back to his mind. "You might give a different answer to some one else, perhaps," he said, with a little bitterness.

But no bitterness could change the quiet sweetness with which Amy met him. This last shaft seemed to sting her for a moment, and her colour went and came. But it was but for a moment. "Dear Gerald," she said, "don't let us pain one another. I can say with truth"—she paused, as if to weigh her words—"I can say with perfect truth, that at this moment there is no one in the world to whom I should not feel bound to give the same answer."

Aunt Bertha now reappeared, and after a time Amy vanished to her room. "It is as you say, auntie," he said, in great dejection.

She spoke to him very kindly, and soothed him as well as she could, but she said no word that could give him any hope.

He pondered over the scene that night as he lay awake. Amy's expressions came back to him one by one. There were one or two he did not understand. Why did she think it a duty not to marry? Why would she feel bound to give the same answer to any one else? "Well, at all events," he said to himself, "there is no one nearer to her than I am. Perhaps, after all, she may feel differently by-and-bye."

"It never rains, but it pours," and next morning another of Gerald's castles in the air had to be suddenly demolished. Jackson, who alone of the Fellows knew where he was, wrote to tell him that Cumberland had signified his intention of accepting the living of Shotterton. He, Jackson, had conferred with the Head on the matter, and they both thought that it would be impossible to pass him over as to the preferment, however much they might regret that he should not see the propriety of declining it. "So,

my dear fellow, you must wait for another turn," wrote Jackson. "They say here that you have a design of offering your hand to Miss Wychwood, and I am sure you must have little chance of failing there. Tell me when I am to congratulate you. You will soon forget your disappointment, if disappointment it is, as to the living, if you can win so good and sensible a young lady as report avers her to be."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARGARET'S LETTER.

MARGARET had written but few letters in her life before she became the wife of Jack Wilton, and since their marriage it is needless to say that she had little occasion for correspondence, except as to her sister at Rathfarnham. Jack's absence from Shotcote, however, made a difference in her ordinary habits in this respect. She discovered that there was a second mail and was rather disappointed to find that the Amyots seldom used it, and indeed, that it required a special messenger to Shotterton in order to do so. So she was forced to be content with a daily missive to her beloved John. Any one who had watched her would have been highly amused at her sudden devotion to the pen. She was continually stealing up to her room to perform the duty of chronicling for Jack's benefit whatever happened during the day. The daily letter grew into the form of a journal; it was begun at night before she went to bed, then resumed in the morning after she had had her post, which, I am glad to say, generally brought her a despatch from Jack, considerably shorter than her own, and written in a hasty scrawl which it took her some time to decipher. Then again the letter was continued in the afternoon, before any expedition which she might take, and left unclosed for her to give it a final line when she returned home, half an hour or so before the post went out.

I need not, of course, put before my readers the whole of this interesting correspondence, but there were one or two incidents thus chronicled by Margaret which may have some little importance to all who care for the story I am telling. Four or five days after John's departure, his uncle, Mr. North, had come over to Shotcote. "I came on purpose to see Margaret," he said. He sat talking with her till luncheon-time, and then went in with the family to luncheon. Afterwards, when his carriage was coming round, he declared that he meant to carry her off with him for the afternoon. He would send her back. To this the Amyots objected, as they were to be in Shotterton themselves, and could easily call for her.

So Uncle John, of whom she was at first a little afraid, drove off with his prize, and she soon found herself absolutely captivated by his tenderness and attention. He talked to her a great deal about her husband, and Jack's praises, always sweet to her, seemed to come with a kind of authority from his lips. She hardly observed where they were going, except when he pointed out to her now and then how prettily the woods hung over the river's banks, or how a longer reach of water than usual gave an unwonted light to the landscape. There was a place where the old church tower came in very beautifully, as a part of such a view, and here he had the carriage stopped,

that she might look at it at her leisure. There were other points in the road which would have delighted a painter fond of the quiet grace and picturesque variety of English country scenery, though they required a little enthusiasm and love in the eyes that observed their beauties. Uncle John was intensely fond of his own county, and found Margaret a ready listener as he eulogized its perfections. The drive was not long, for the carriage stopped at the gates of Shotterton Manor, which were thrown open by the servant, and Margaret found herself, almost before she knew where she was going, at the door of her future home.

"Now, my dear, as Jack has gone off to London without showing you over the old place, I'm going to do it myself. You know that though it is yours in reality it's mine for the moment in name, and I mean to exercise this one act of sovereignty for myself."

He lifted her out of the carriage, and sent it round to the stables, to return in an hour. He had a latch-key in his pocket, and so opened the door without calling the servant. There was something quite solemn in his manner as he put his arm round Margaret and led her in. He took off his hat. "God bless you, my dear, and make you an angel of good to this poor old place. It's hardly known much brightness for many a long year, since my dear Charles brought his Teresa from Shotcote, as I have brought you."

Then he led her from floor to floor, and from room to room, all over the house. It had been built at various times, like most old houses of its size, and he showed her each bit of building and told her its date. There were several rooms in one part made out of an old hall; and a floor had been put in, and the old windows and doors blocked up with masonry. A fine old chimney-piece had thus become concealed, but Charles North, chiefly at his brother's instigation, had routed it out. Now that part of the house was awaiting the hand of the restorer, for the floor could easily be spared, and the old walls, and even the old roof, remained nearly entire.

In another part he showed her a small room, with a gable towards the garden, in which there was a fine pointed window, out of which Charles had knocked the plaster and brickwork. "This must have been the oratory, I suspect," he said. Then he led her through the more modern rooms, the rooms in which Uncle Charles had chiefly lived, Teresa's room, and the room which had been set apart for the nursery for her one little child, which had died soon after its birth. He lingered with great affection over his brother's room, and before the picture of Teresa of which mention has been made. "She was one of the sweetest persons imaginable," he said. "Those two girls are very like her in face, and indeed they seem to be very sweet too. You'll have some nice neighbours in them, Margaret."

Margaret, whose heart was growing full with all his kindness, and the thoughts suggested by all that he was showing her, kissed his hand, and told him that she felt herself covered with blessings which she did not deserve, but she hoped to be grateful to him and to all the rest.

At this point of her narrative, Margaret became rather eloquent to Master Jack on her own great good fortune and other similar topics, which I may leave to the imagination of my reader. Mr. North at last took her to the higher regions of the house, and showed her the room in which Beatrice and her women had been found by the searchers at the time of the catastrophe of the fortunes of the Amyots. It was hardly furnished at all, and was not

used. "It is called Mistress Beatrice's room," said Mr. North, "by the servants, but it is a mistake. It was not the room in which she lived or died, though she got her fright here, from which she never recovered."

When they had finished the inspection of the house, Mr. North proposed to take Margaret over the gardens and through the grounds, but, as might have been expected, the hour was past, and, moreover, the sky had become overcast, and it had begun to rain large heavy drops, which presaged a formidable downpour.

"We're in for a storm, I declare," said he; "but it won't be long, I can see." So he ordered Mrs. Rogers to bring some refreshment, and poured her out a glass of wine himself, making her drink it and eat some cake. A long broad gallery ran nearly the whole length of the house, out of which gallery the principal rooms opened, looking out to the garden. It was hung with pictures and maps, it was carpeted, and had a fire-place in it, and was shut off from the staircase which led to it by glass doors, by the side of which hung heavy curtains, which could be drawn so as to make it into a large and comfortable room. Here he strolled up and down with Margaret on his arm for a good half-hour more, while the smart heavy summer storm, which was not without its single vivid flash of lightning and roll of thunder—very nearly simultaneous in time—had passed away. The sun came out in golden freshness, and everything shone clear and glittering after the drenching shower.

Mr. North put Margaret into the carriage again, and drove with her to the Vicarage, where it had been agreed that Barbara and Walter should meet her. She was getting out alone, but he said no to that. "I will take you in myself," he said, "and explain it all, for the Amyots may have been caught in the rain as well as ourselves."

"No, sir," said the servant who opened the door, when he put his question, "Miss Amyot is not here; Miss Mary is here, Mr. North," she added. "She came in just now with Mr. Merton and Miss Pedallion."

Rosa Pedallion was the daughter of the organist. He was an importation from Jersey, a good musician, only half an Englishman, and with some little foreign oddities of manner. Rosa was considered in the town as standing on the debateable ground between the gentry and the *bourgeoise*. She was a pretty clever girl of about sixteen—just on the border of that other debateable ground which separates advanced childhood from young womanhood. She was very much "taken up" by the Miss Norths, and had on this occasion accompanied Mary on the expedition in which she had met with Gerald. That afternoon he had made an excuse about having something to write in his own room, and had thus let Mr. Wychwood and Amy go out by themselves for their walk. It was the day after his conversation with Amy, and he felt partly hurt, partly embarrassed in her society. It was better, he thought, not to be with her for long together. She was not altogether sorry, though she tried to put him at his ease and resume her former bright and playful manner with him. He was not quite ungrateful to her, but still he had been disappointed, and felt wounded. Amy was very glad to get her father to herself, and had made no effort to induce him to come with them. Aunt Bertha had remained at home, and after a time had slipped out into the village on some errand of mercy. Gerald had taken his hat and umbrella and marched resolutely out into the country for a walk by himself.

As he returned, about half a mile from home he had fallen in with Mary and Rosa, who had been visiting a sick child in a cottage near the downs, and it had come on to rain. Mary had no umbrella, and thus Gerald had naturally fallen into the place of her protector for the nonce. They had stood for some time under a broad oak by the roadside, safe enough from the storm, then as it relented they had started under the umbrella, and had reached the Vicarage, which lay on the side of the village they first approached, in tolerable safety. Mary's feet were wet, and she had let herself be taken into the drawing-room without much resistance. Mrs. Tuckett was summoned, and was drying her boots for her when Mr. North and Margaret approached.

There was a little laugh against Mary from her father, and the whole party made a good deal for the moment of the little adventure. Gerald was in very good spirits, Margaret thought. He was not displeased with his part in the incident, and no one certainly would have suspected from his manner that he had just been disappointed in two matters on which he had set his heart. Aunt Bertha soon joined her guests in the drawing-room, and pressed her favourite recipe of a cup of tea on all of them. When this had been duly honoured, the Amyots arrived and carried off Margaret, Mr. North taking Mary home himself, and promising to deposit Rosa by the way.

Margaret gave Jack, as I have said, a long and particular account of the afternoon. She was especially touched by Mr. North's affectionate manner. She could not understand why he had put himself to so much trouble for her, and she was also convinced from his way of speaking about the Manor House, that it was a mistake to suppose that it cost him nothing to give it up. There were signs of his great affection for the place—nay more, as she thought, signs that he had had plans and intentions of his own as to what was to be done here and there in the way of restoration or improvement if he had ever come to be its possessor.

Margaret was, in truth, quite right in thinking that her uncle would gladly have taken Shotterton Manor for himself if he had merely had his own tastes and likings to consult. His attentions to her had come from a very simple circumstance. He never spoke of his wife to his children or to any one else, and he never allowed them to say a word of complaint or disparagement of her. But he knew, and in his own heart grieved over her faults of character. He had instinctively gathered from her account of Margaret's visit—which indeed had been made a sort of charge against her, as if she ought to have waited till Mrs. North had formally visited her—that the reception given to John Wilton's wife by her had not been very cordial. In a man of his character this was enough. He would never tell any one of his plans of reparation in such a case, nor let any one make amends but himself. He waited a few days because he had not everything ready, but when his time came he did what he wanted in a way of his own. When Margaret was about to leave the Vicarage he took her aside for a moment. Aunt Bertha had gone to the door with Barbara, Walter was sitting on the coach-box as driver, and Gerald and Rosa and Mary were with Aunt Bertha. So Mr. North had no difficulty in detaining Margaret for a moment.

"God bless you, my darling," he said, as he kissed her affectionately. "This will not be the last time, I hope, that we shall be together in that old

house or in my poor place below. You know I had no opportunity of knowing about your wedding, so I am behind-hand with my offering. Here's something to make you remember your poor old uncle."

He put two little morocco cases into her hand, kissed her again on the forehead, and then led her, before she could do more than return his kiss, to the carriage door.

One case contained a very beautiful gold watch and chain, and a pearl necklace. The other looked at first as if it contained a miniature; but on opening it Margaret found in it an exquisite head of our Lord crowned with thorns, painted on ivory, and set round with brilliants.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WORDS WITH WINGS.

I MENTIONED in a former chapter that a request had been urgently made by the family at Shotcote, that Amy Wychwood might stay with them entirely for a few days before the final departure of the tenants of the Vicarage took place. Mr. Wychwood had made no objection, and the matter was arranged almost without consultation with Amy herself. As she would be wanted by her father and aunt for the fortnight or so before the final fitting was made, it was thought well that her visit at Shotcote should come before that time. Thus it chanced that the week after Gerald Merton's visit was chosen. Her father and aunt were of course informed of what had passed between the two young people. On that afternoon of which I spoke in my last chapter, while Margaret and Mr. North were inspecting the Manor House, and Gerald taking the solitary walk which brought him so opportunely to the aid of Mary North, Amy was telling her father in their walk what Gerald had wished, and how she had met his wishes. Mr. Wychwood was by no means displeased, either with Gerald for offering himself, or with Amy for refusing him. He was very fond of Gerald, and if he had been asked, some year or so before the time of which we are speaking, whether he would like to trust his child to him for life, he would hardly have said no. At the present time he was, as my readers may have discovered from his conversation with Jack Wilton, not at ease himself on religious subjects. Very little had passed of positive discussion of these matters between the father and the child; but he had gathered, from little hints and the many subtle indications by which we know the minds of those whom we love and live with, that Amy at all events was not determinedly Anglican. She had seen a good deal of Catholicism abroad, and had been influenced by it more than she would have owned, perhaps, even to him or to herself. At such a time he was not very willing to part with her, and certainly not willing to see her take any step which might fix her for life. He would have given her up, though she was the light of his eyes, if he were sure it were for her happiness; but for her happiness, as for his own, he had come to think that waiting awhile unfettered was by no means the worst thing. A few words which she said when she gave her reasons for not wishing to marry at present, showed him that her thoughts were not far different from his own in this respect.

Gerald had been treated with extreme kindness by the whole family during the remaining day or two of his visit. He had not liked to leave before the appointed time, on account of what had passed; and Amy's unfeigned sweetness and gentleness of manner, by which she strove to show him how much she still trusted his friendship and affection, won upon him so much that all traces of resentment had left him when he came to bid her farewell. His lingering on, and the good terms on which they all parted, quite prevented any suspicions getting abroad at Shotcote that he had failed in his attempt as to Amy. Even Mrs. Tuckett hardly knew what to think. But it soon transpired that he was not to have the living, and people began to speculate what sort of a person Mr. Cumberland would be, and whether he would be likely to marry one of the Miss Norths.

Amy, as I have said, went to Shotcote at the beginning of the week after Gerald's visit. Jack Wilton had not yet returned. He lingered in London, partly to satisfy Mary's unfeigned enjoyment in her sight-seeing, but also because he found a great deal to do in the matter of the Carroll boys. There was a good deal of running about to get up evidence, so as to make the case perfectly clear on paper; and as Mary took up some of his time, he bethought him of Reginald Amyot's offer to help him, and wrote to ask him to come up for two or three days. Thus it happened that both of them were away from Shotcote at the time of Amy's few days' visit.

There is not very much in the history of those three days that need detain my readers' attention particularly. There was a good deal of rain at that time, of which the thunder-storm mentioned in the last chapter was the harbinger, and this kept the young people more indoors than would have been otherwise the case. Although Amy had known Barbara and Grace from her early childhood, and had come to Shotcote more especially to be with them, Margaret was somehow admitted as a fourth member of their little party, and by the end of the first day had almost established herself with Amy on a footing of intimacy of the same sort as the rest. Her letters to John, at this time, were full of Amy. Amy was, perhaps, not quite at her best, at least in point of spirits. She was bright and lively and open, but the circumstances under which she was could hardly fail, not exactly to depress her, but to hamper and soften her usual simple mirthfulness. Now and then she was abstracted and thoughtful, when Barbara and Grace were laughing and chatting as usual. They had never been abroad, and Amy's talk of her travels was a favourite resource. Margaret told John that she seemed to talk of Catholic things as if she understood them thoroughly, but there was always a kind of apology for speaking about them, as if her hearers had more right in them than herself. The two felt wonderfully drawn to one another. Margaret's clever, Irish remarks had an original flavour, as it were, quite to Amy's taste; and, from being interested in one another, they soon became very affectionate friends.

One morning Amy followed Margaret into her room for some accidental purpose, and then Margaret showed her Mr. North's present. "Pearls!" said Amy. "How strange he should have chosen them. Don't you remember Alexandrine, and her *Perlen deuten Thränen*? But it mustn't be so with you, dear Margaret."

"I remember it now," said Margaret, "for I saw the saying quoted in some periodical, I think; but it so happened that I was reading that book

about Alexandrine just when papa fell ill, and I never got through more than a part of the first volume."

"A most beautiful book it is," said Amy. "There were some things in it which were a sort of revelation to me, and which I should have thought a little strained, perhaps, if I had met with them in a book that was only fiction. And yet, when one comes to think of them, they are natural enough—at least, natural to good Christians, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" said Margaret. "The whole family, as far as I read, was full of goodness and high principle."

"I don't mean so much the general character of the family. That is beautiful, indeed; but I have seen a good deal of beauty of the same sort, either in English books or in English people—at least, I think so. But the La Ferronays, and indeed Alexandrine herself, before she was one of them, seemed to have thought great sacrifices of themselves so natural. For instance, Alexandrine when she was a Lutheran, I think, so young as to be just confirmed, prayed to God for light as to the truth, and made then a solemn offer of the happiness of her life in exchange. Then, when they are at Rome for the first time—you must remember that part—Albert went and made a visit to the Seven Churches, I think they are called, and it was made for Alexandrine's conversion, and he offered his life to God for it. Further on there are more instances, especially that of Alexandrine, again, who offered her life to save Father de Ravignan when he was so ill."

"Yes," said Margaret, "I see what you mean. I don't remember, I am sorry to say, more than that first offering of Albert."

"I have heard people," said Amy, "criticize those parts of the *Récit*. Mrs. Towan Moore, whom you may have heard of, and who is a great authoress, and also a great authority in these parts—whom you'll have to know some day, by-the-bye, Margaret—how I should like to see you together! Well, Mrs. Towan Moore wrote a review of the book, and said that all that was exaggerated; people had no right, moreover, to go offering their lives in such a manner. I had a long talk with papa about it, and he told me that there would be nothing wrong—that generosity was a Christian instinct, that prayer was most acceptable to God and most efficacious when it was accompanied by mortification or self-sacrifice, and that he thought there were often instances when the Holy Ghost inspired self-devotion, and when the sacrifice was accepted and the object of prayer granted. As to the thing itself—I mean the offering of our lives, if God will accept them—it was not so much as what some people thought was meant by the prayers of Moses and St. Paul for the salvation of 'their people.'"

A knock at the door here interrupted the conversation, and Mrs. M'Orven appeared, ready for a walk. She had promised to take Margaret to a poor old Irish woman on the downs. Margaret would not keep her waiting, and looked at Amy. "Come with us, dear Amy," said Mrs. M'Orven. "Biddy will be glad to see you." So Amy went off for her hat, and the three set out together.

Margaret asked Mrs. M'Orven if she had seen the book they had been talking about. "Amy was saying that some people found fault with what is related there about one person offering her life to God to obtain some grace for another."

"I wonder whether they remember our Lord's words," said Grannie

M'Orven—"Greater love than this no man hath, that one should lay down his life for his friends.' And St. John says that we ought to lay down our lives for our brethren. We cannot lay down our lives as a ransom, as our Lord did ; but He lets us share in His work as far as may be, and sets us an example that we are to follow in everything, as far as our poor power goes. His sacrifice is all that gives power to our prayers, and value to our sufferings. But those prayers and offerings must be made cautiously and thoughtfully, like vows, which they are something like, and they are very often accepted. People who are not willing to suffer for what they pray for, do not know how to pray. There are some prayers which our Lord can't resist."

Margaret became thoughtful and silent as they were walking to the village. Her two companions kept up the conversation, for Amy was a favourite with Mrs. M'Orven, as indeed with every one else. Biddy blessed the sweet faces of both her young visitors, and went into raptures with Margaret, wishing her all manner of beautiful things in that poetical way which her countrymen and countrywomen so often have at their command. She knew Amy too, and prayed that the great God would give her His glorious light and make her heart burn with His love in this world and for ever. Amy was afraid to make her a little offering, so she whispered to Margaret, and slipped a piece of money into her hand, begging her to give it to Biddy.

"The Lord Jesus reward her," said Biddy, when Margaret gave it, with a little addition of her own ; and as they left, Amy stepped back into the cottage, and said, "Pray for me," in an earnest tone.

Mrs. M'Orven sent them back by themselves, as she was bound on one or two more visits of charity, and told them that she must not steal them away from Barbara and Grace, who were in fact hunting for them everywhere. Nevertheless, Margaret could not pass the door of the little chapel without wishing to go in for a moment, and as she hesitated on account of her companion, "May I come in, too?" said Amy, and so they knelt down together before the tabernacle.

Each was full of thoughts which had been aroused by what seemed chance or ordinary words to those who had uttered them. Amy's mention of the devotion of the La Ferronays, and Mrs. M'Orven's few words about prayer, had struck Margaret's heart. Did she not know how to pray, then, in all that she had done for the conversion of her husband ! What had it cost her as yet ? What was she willing that it should cost her ? A new, strange light seemed to have come over her, as if something might be asked of her as a price for the darling wish of her heart. Great lights from above, even when their shafts pierce deep, strengthen and enlarge the soul and heart. Margaret was not afraid. It would be a terrible pang, indeed, to part with all that was so bright and dear—and yet, now that she had conceived the thought, it did not seem to terrify her. Only let her be sure that it was not a passing fancy, that it was one of those inspirations which carry with them the earnest that strength will be given to accomplish them, and she would not shrink.

Amy had been struck somewhat in the same way by the simple words of the poor woman whom she had visited. "May the great God give her His glorious light, and make her heart burn with His love in this world and for ever." Amy had her own secret trouble, a trouble which would not have

been much to any but a delicate and generous heart such as hers ; but what were all the thoughts and fears that troubled her worth, when she thought of the blessings which had dropped so spontaneously from the lips of that poor child of a persecuted race and a despised faith, seeming to reveal a whole atmosphere of lofty ideas, in which she habitually lived ? His glorious light ! A heart burning with His love, and for ever ! Her thoughts went back to that picture of which she was so fond in the study at the Manor House, in which the light seemed to stream from the form of Him Who was the Light of the world, and he that followeth Him walketh not in darkness but shall have the light of life. She, too, felt new peace come into her soul as she knelt by the side of Margaret, and made her prayer almost in the very words of poor Biddy's blessing.

After luncheon a messenger came from Shotterton, which put an end to Amy's stay rather before the time. Aunt Bertha was unwell and confined to her room, but Mr. Wychwood left it to Amy whether she should come back at once or not. There was a good deal going on in preparation for their departure, and Amy knew at once that it would be better for her to be at home. The Amyots resisted her proposal as much as they could, but they hardly liked to combat the reason which she gave. "It isn't as if I was going far," she said, smiling. "We shall meet again many times before the final departure."

"Reggie has written this morning to say he will be home by the evening train," said Grace. "He'll be so disappointed."

"We shall have plenty of time for meeting," was all Amy's reply.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TIDINGS FROM HURST GATE.

WHEN Barbara and Grace were welcoming Reginald on his return from London, Margaret was afflicted with a momentary temptation of jealousy. Why did not Jack come back to her ? He had been away ten days ! There was Moreen, too, having him all to herself. If he would only get a little ill, like Aunt Bertha, that she might go and nurse him ! She laughed at herself, and then humbly went and sat by Reginald and begged him to give her some news of her truant husband.

Reginald had a good deal to tell her ; much good news, but some also that was very bad. Jack was as well as possible, but very eager to be with her again. "He was always saying so, Mrs. Wilton, I assure you. Your sister is very well, and seems to enjoy herself thoroughly." He had been put through a string of questions by Barbara and Grace as to Mary Burke, and had answered them in a manner which showed that he had not been altogether unobservant. When it came to the exact colour of her eyes, and whether her hair was darker or only as dark as Margaret's, he was obliged to put them off. Miss Burke was happily to be soon among them, and they might judge for themselves. All that he could say was that she was very nice, and very clever, and very sprightly, good-looking withal, and with a very pretty brogue—much more perceptible than anything of the kind of which Margaret could command.

His news about Jack amounted to this. (Margaret had had it all, more or less, except the bad part, which was quite new, in letters from Jack and Mary.) Jack had been exerting himself in earnest in the case of the Carrolls. One day at an exhibition of water-colours to which he had taken Mary, he had been fastened on by a good-natured lady of rank, one of those whose parties he had been used to frequent before he married, and she with her two daughters began to reproach him for having vanished altogether from their society. The lady soon observed the deep crape on his hat, and Mary's mourning dress, and so changed the tone of her conversation, merely saying that she hoped much to see him again when he could come. Jack told her in a few words of the changes that had come over him; that he was only in town for a few days, and was likely to settle in the country. "Well, if I, or Sir Charles Camden either, can ever be of use to you, we shall be very glad to do our best."

When he got home, Jack remembered what he had forgotten at the time, that Sir Charles Camden was a great man in the very Government office to which the complaint must go about the conduct of the parish authorities in the case of the two Irish boys. So he wrote a note at once to the gentleman, and then called on him at his office the next day. Sir Charles Camden told him, what was the simple truth, that the office had no wish whatever but to see justice done, but the union authorities were often refractory, and as they sometimes had great political influence, this was occasionally set to work to shackle the action of the Poor Law Board. Moreover, it was so difficult to draw Acts of Parliament that did not leave loopholes for the escape of people determined to evade them.

"Would you think it, Wilton," he said, "the other day we ordered the removal of some children to a Catholic Industrial School—just the case of those in whom you are interested—and they flatly refused to send them, saying that the Act did not order them to be at the expense of the transfer. Then there was a question raised about a *mandamus*, and it was doubted whether the Poor Law Board or the next of kin were the proper persons to move it, or whether the parish priest might step in and get it done, and then there was a long delay. However, if the case were well got up, and all the facts proved, no doubt the Board would move to the aid of the Carrolls."

Then Reggie described at some length all that had been done. My good friend, Mr. William Lloyd, had lent his aid, and Father Wexford, and Jack, and Reggie himself, had all been active in getting evidence that the parents were Catholics, that the father had died as such, and been attended by a priest, and that the next of kin, if he had any, had gone away years ago to America. Some letters had to be written to Ireland, and the answer did not come for several days; indeed, one or two points which depended on Irish registers were not quite clear when Reggie came away. But all had been got into sufficient order to be embodied in a long memorial which had been sent in to the Poor Law Board, and Sir Charles Camden had told Jack privately that the affair would soon be settled. There had been some angry correspondence between the parish people and the office, and some loud talking at the meeting of the Guardians about the tyranny of a bureaucratic administration which was sold to Cardinal Cullen and the Catholic priests.

I am sorry to say that Jack's name had been drawn in by one of the speakers, and some very offensive insinuations made as to the cause of the

interest he showed in the poor boys—insinuations as utterly ridiculous as they were offensive. Jack had heard of them, but he only smiled, and became more determined than ever to accomplish what he had undertaken, and Reginald of course said nothing of them to Margaret.

"Yesterday," he said, "we really thought all was pretty sure to be settled, and the Catholic orphanage to which they were to be sent was almost fixed, and then came a bit of sad news from Hurst Gate. The elder boy had been induced, somehow or another, to say that he didn't wish to go to the orphanage, and the younger—dear Mrs. Wilton, it will grieve you very much—the younger is dead. We only heard this this morning."

Randal not wish to go to the orphanage, and Denis dead! Poor Margaret felt as if a heavy blow had fallen on her own family. Then amid her sorrow came a strain of self-reproach. Perhaps Jack would have made no objection, when Mrs. Carroll died, if she had urged him then and there to take the boys and adopt them. There would have been no difficulty on the part of the authorities then. At least, so she thought. However, all that had been done had been for the best. Who could have thought that a month or six weeks at Hurst Gate could have proved so mischievous to them? Poor Mrs. Carroll! she would see her Denis safe, but what was to be done about Randal?

The facts had been as follows. After his successful encounter with Purbloke in defence of poor little Denis, Randal Carroll had become a sort of hero among the boys, and even with the officials. He had been made much of, and, as he was a fine strong lad, had become an adept in such sports as the *regime* of Hurst Gate allowed. He soon had another battle, not about religion at all, but simply on grounds of nationality, in which he succeeded in thrashing, without interruption from the authorities, a hulking fellow a good deal bigger than himself. This exploit shed a halo of glory around him. The biggest boys in the school made him one of their own set, and he was soon tempted into various habitual deceptions of the authorities, and breaches of discipline. They were not very bad in themselves, but they brought him into contact with the most depraved subjects in the little community, who did very much worse things than merely deceive their masters and break school rules. I am not to describe the steps by which poor Ranny fell first into the knowledge of sin, at which only a few months ago he would have instinctively blushed, and then into sin itself. When he had once fallen, he became reckless. He even avoided Denis, whose poor thin little face grew paler and paler, and was a silent reproach to his brother, for there was, with all its paleness, the radiance of purity shining from it in a soft light which could not be mistaken. Poor Randal! there were many excuses for him, for he hardly knew what he was about, and there were one or two of his bad companions who had set themselves to corrupt him on purpose because he was a Catholic. It was in one of his moods of despair that some one in authority had taken him in hand with great professions of kindness, and told him of an opening which there soon would be for a boy of about his own age to go into the large establishment of a very benevolent Protestant tradesmen, who took great care of his lads, and advanced them regularly if they pleased him. It was in this fit that he had made the statement, regretted as soon as made, but not retracted, that he would not care to be sent to an orphanage.

• Poor little Denis pined and pined. The doctor said that he had the hand

of disease on him when he came from the workhouse to the school, and that he ought to have been taken great care of and fed up. He was not long out of the infirmary before he had to be sent back to it. I must draw a veil over that poor child's last week of life. He had such care and attention as could be given him, and it was given by no means grudgingly or unheartily. Miss Fitzargent heard of his case, and sent in little delicacies for him in abundance. She went to see him once herself, and her kind words and tender looks brought back to him some faint reminiscences of the care of his mother. When she found he was a Catholic boy, she told the master that, young as he was, he should have the administrations of a priest.

There were a thousand difficulties in the way, but she persisted, and at last the authorities sent for the nearest priest they could find. Meanwhile, Miss Fitzargent had written to Lady Joanna, and that lady had come down herself with Mrs. Shackelrammer. But the priest and the ladies were too late. The little fellow sank into a heavy sleep, from which it was very difficult to rouse him. He had short and uncertain intervals of perfect consciousness, and then he cried and kissed a little medal that he wore round his neck, and said his prayers by himself. Randal was allowed to be with him for the last two days, and he sat by the bedside mechanically, as if in a state of lethargy not much less deep than that of his brother. But in one or two of Denis' rallies they were alone together, and then the little fellow mustered strength to put his arms round his brother's neck fondly, and the touch of that innocent cheek seemed to revive hope and love in the heart of poor Randal. Faith had never left him. Denis should bring back to him his mother's last blessing, and her prayers should not be thrown away.

"He will hardly rally again," said the doctor to the priest, who had obtained admittance. "He is very weak, and will probably pass away without waking up. You might have to wait a long time, and then you might be able to do nothing."

But the priest knelt down by the bedside and recited softly some of the prayers of the Ritual. Then, with Randal looking on, he gave the little unconscious sufferer the Holy Anointing and the last Blessing. Then he knelt again and went on praying. The nurse had looked on all through, and after a time she slipped away into an adjoining room and left them alone.

A very slight movement, a breath rather longer than usual, and then Denis was gone. Nothing but that little stir marked the flight of his soul. The priest knelt again and said a few more prayers. Then he turned to Randal—"God bless you, my child, your little brother is in heaven."

Randal's tears flowed in streams, but he mastered himself by a great effort, and after kissing his brother's brow and lips, he said quietly—"Father, wait a moment, hear my confession." And then, by the side of the dead child, his poor brother knelt down and was reconciled to his God. The priest consoled and soothed him. He could never be as innocent again as he had been, but he could serve God for the future with all purity and constancy, and help would not be wanting to him. He was to refuse to go to the Protestant service, to which he had once or twice conformed, and the priest would write at once to Father Wexford about him. He was himself, of course, ignorant of the efforts that were being made in favour of these two poor boys.

* * * * *

It will be convenient if I here place the mention of two links in the chain of my story, which require to be added before I proceed to the next chapter. Within a short time after Jack's return to Shotcote, which took place a few days after that of Reginald Amyot, Louisa, with many pretty blushings and falterings, told her father that Mr. Malham had come to her, as he was fond of doing, as she was playing with Frankie, and had asked her to take charge of the young gentleman and his father as well, for good and all. "I was quite taken by surprise, papa," said Louisa.

"Ah, my dear," said Mr. North, "young ladies should not let themselves get too fond of little boys who have need of step-mothers. Didn't we read the first book of Virgil together once when you were learning Latin?"

"Yes, papa, but Mr. Malham said——"

"My dear, you may remember that Dido got herself into an entanglement by playing too much with that boy Ascanius. Well, I know what Mr. Malham said. What did you say?"

"Oh, papa, I said I should be guided entirely by you. If you made no objection——"

"Oh, if I made no objection you would be a truly obedient child, and marry a man whom you don't care a pin for because he asked you, and because he had a pretty little boy for a son. You should remember Ascanius won't always be a pretty boy, Loo."

"Oh, papa, but I do—at least I could—I mean I might—I believe I should be happy;" and she began to gulp, and tears came into her eyes.

"*Et cætera, et cætera, et cætera*," said Mr. North, laughing and kissing her. "God bless you, my darling; I've teased you enough, and I should not have teased you if I had not seen what was going on and approved of it entirely. Edward Malham is a capital fellow, and I like him very much. Besides, his falling in love with you is about the most convenient thing in the world for me, except your falling in love with him in return. You're a most dutiful child, Loo; you've anticipated my wishes entirely. No daughter of mine has ever shown herself so good as you. You shall have a prize, *pour encourager les autres*." And then he embraced her fondly, kissed away her tears, and sent her away radiant with happiness, though she hardly understood as yet how very much she had been guided by a dutiful instinct in the matter.

The other incident which I must here relate has reference to Mr. North himself. The day after the engagement between Louisa and Mr. Malham had been agreed upon, Mr. North's foot slipped as he was going downstairs, and he fell heavily on his right arm. There was no serious injury done, but he was incapacitated for some time from using his right hand. Jack Wilton had declared that he did not wish to go to the Manor House till all the legal formalities had been gone through. Now Mr. North could sign nothing as long as his arm and wrist were disabled. So he sent Mary over to Shotcote to fetch Jack and Margaret.

"My dears," he said, "if you don't wish me to be full of anxieties and frets as well as disabled, you will please to take possession of your property without waiting for me. It's yours in reality, and the rest is only matter of form. I don't want to have to practise writing with my left hand for the present."

So it was agreed that they should proceed in as few days as possible to take up their abode at the old Manor House.

Reviews.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

The Vatican Council and its Definitions: A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Longmans, 1870.

THE storm which has swept over Europe and the Church since the partial separation of the Vatican Council in last July has so fully occupied attention, that there is for the moment less interest felt concerning that Council than concerning the calamities which have befallen Rome and the still uncertain issue of the Franco-German war. There is, however, every reason for thinking that we have heard the last of opposition to the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and we are disposed to think that even the admirers of the strange series of articles, drawn from very questionable German sources, in the *Saturday Review*, are perfectly tired out. It is far more to the purpose to rejoice over the peace which has practically followed upon the definition—a peace of which the acquiescence or adhesion of the members of the so-called “minority” has, under God, been the main human cause.

The Archbishop's Pastoral Letter on the subject of the Council is probably already familiar to the majority of our readers, and we need do little more than record its appearance and enumerate its chief divisions. It consists of five chapters and an appendix, which occupies nearly a third of the whole pamphlet. The first chapter deals with the external aspect of the Council as presented, or rather misrepresented, to the world by the newspapers—especially, we fear it must be said, by English newspapers, which, however, chiefly draw their inspiration from German sources. The second chapter is a lucid commentary on the Constitutions of the Council. The third explains the terms used in the Definition of Infallibility, the fourth meets in a general way some of the objections urged against the doctrine from Catholic history, and the last contains an interesting catena of English testimonies to the belief of Catholics, from Sir Thomas More down to Bishop Milner. The contents of the appendix consist of the *Postulatum* for the Definition and the two Constitutions in Latin and English, Cardinal Antonelli's letter to Count Daru about the Council, and a few other documents.

It must always be a matter of pain to English Catholics to see the authorities and writers of the Church forced to complain formally of the unfairness of the English press. There were no doubt many exceptions to the general rule, but still, as a rule, the correspondence of the English journals at the Council was such as to escape the charge of deliberate and unscrupulous misrepresentation only by the plea of ludicrous ignorance. We have had before our eyes, day by day for several months past, the manner in which the managers of the English

newspapers can cater for the information of the public when they choose. To the Vatican Council succeeded the German war. We will venture to say that the difficulties of giving a fair and accurate account of the various military operations of this colossal strife, as far as they fell under the cognizance of the several correspondents sent from England to witness them, cannot have been very small, and there must often have been a certain risk, at all events the need of personal exertion or privation, to obtain the desired opportunity of seeing what they were sent to see. Yet every one is telling us how admirably, on the whole, the duty has been performed, and with what exemplary fairness. The correspondents sent to Rome, on the other hand, had nothing to do but to relate what they saw or heard at their ease, and to ask for information on points of every-day Catholic usage which they did not understand. This was beneath the dignity of these true Britons. English newspapers cannot afford to make themselves ridiculous by sending utterly incompetent persons to the seat of war, and palming off flippancies and vanities, small jokes and anecdotes of the personal adventures of a correspondent and his ladies, in the place of real information. When the matter which has to be chronicled relates to the proceedings of a Council of the Catholic Church, it would appear that the highest qualification for the post of correspondent of a leading journal is to know nothing at all about Catholicism or Councils in general, and to have just that amount of supercilious coxcombry which is necessary to prevent an utterly ignorant person from seeing the folly of airing his own ignorance.

POPULAR TALES OF THE ARYAN NATIONS.

1. *Old Deccan Days*. Second edition. By Miss M. Frere. Murray.
2. *Household Stories from the Land of Hofer*. [By the author of *Putrañās*. Griffith and Farran.
3. *The Fireside Stories of Ireland*. By Patrick Kennedy. Simpkin and Marshall.
4. *German Popular Stories*. By the Brothers Grimm. Edited by Taylor and Ruskin.

Somewhere about forty years ago, English-speaking children found their somewhat scanty stock of literature suddenly enriched by a couple of volumes that took them entirely by storm, and which affected their elders nearly as much as themselves. Mr. Edgar Taylor and one or more of his literary friends brought out a translation of exceeding excellence of the household tales of the Brothers Grimm, and henceforth all other fairy-tales, including even "Mother Bunch," yielded the palm to the German Popular Stories. The wit, sparkle, and genuine fun of these stories were enhanced by the inimitable etchings of George Cruikshank which illustrated them, and which have now become of great value. Few additions to lesser literature have given us more satisfaction than Mr. Ruskin's last year's edition of the reprint of these stories in the identical translation and with the same etchings. Since their first issue by Mr. Taylor, very much has been added to our stores of knowledge of Aryan tradition and legendary lore by the successors of Grimm, especially Kuhn, and a wider development of ethnology and the sources of language has shown us the

deeper signification of the Indo-European myths. But the progress of learning has shown us, also, how much larger are our debts to Jacob Grimm and his brother, whose indefatigable industry and genius have successfully worked the rich mines of the Sanskrit language and literature.

The philosophy of these myths carries us back, not only to the primitive sources of language, but also to traditions and beliefs which, though missing eternal Truth, still had not very long or very far diverged from it, which bear to it unconscious witness, and remarkably preserve the reverence and consciousness of right and wrong which it first dictated. In them we find the clearest representation of the personality of good and evil agents, and all the natural phenomena referred to their direct influence and toil. Heavenly women weave the cloud-mists, piling them up like piles of storm-raidment, and drawing from them to pour down the rain. As they fly here and there, their golden hair streaming behind them forms the rays of sunshine which gild the earth. The upper, or "cloud-sea," is peopled by the gods, and towards it the strong-winged eagle flies with messages from men. The might of the gods is hidden in the bull or ox, their anger in the lion; and therefore the eagle, the bull, and the lion became nearly the earliest embodiments of divine existence. The invention of the fire-churn, or *chark*, still used in the Hindoo temples for striking fire,* and the discovery of the fermentation of the vine-juice, gave rise to the universal legends of the sacred fire stolen from heaven and the "god-drink" of wine. The Aryan traditions were carried far and wide through the whole Indo-Teutonic family, and are still found lingering alike in Greece and Scandinavia, in the Scottish Highlands and the Rhine, by the Loire, the Shannon, and the Ganges. The Scandinavian mythology teaches that the clouds are the cows of heaven, and that when it rains, the *maruts*†—storm-gods—are milking them. To this day the Vendean peasants, quoted by Hüber, say—"There are birds which know the way of the upper sea, and may no doubt carry a message to the blessed in Paradise;" and the storm-gods are still the terror of the mountaineers of the Vosges, who call them *Hellequin's troop*, as well as of the Germans, who view them as the Wild Huntsman and his hounds. When thunder is heard in North Germany the villagers still say, "*Use Herr Gott mangelt*"—the Lord God is mangling, or rolling the thunder. It is a curious fact that the latest form of the storm-gods still lingers on Dartmoor, where Woden, or Wunsch (Wish), still hunts on stormy nights, and his spectral pack are called by the people the "wish-hounds" to this day. This perpetually-recurring idea of the storm-god gradually became interwoven with some actual hero or King of renown, as the Emperors Charlemagne, Henry the Fowler, Frederic Barbarossa, and our own King Arthur, who alternately hunted and slept in enchanted caves with a magic horn and sword. Arthur's sleep in the Eildon hills is well described by Sir Walter Scott,‡ but the grandest of all the versions is that of Frederic Barbarossa in the centre of the Kyffhäuser mountain, sitting with his knights and

* The Aryan *chark* was a stick turned rapidly in a block of Arani wood, and the spark was kindled with raw cotton.

† The word *marut* survives in night-mare and the French *cauche-mar*.

‡ King Arthur is well known in Sicily, and is there said to sleep in a cave under Mount Etna.

squires around him, leaning his head on one arm on a table, round which his red beard has twice grown. When it has thrice encircled the table the last battle will come. The enchanted cave glitters with gold and jewels so that it is as bright as the sunniest day; thousands of horses stand in their stalls, stamping their feet and rattling their chain bridles, while the old *Kaiser* sleeps his sleep of hundreds of years. Now and then he suddenly wakes and asks if the birds of Woden (ravens) are still flying round the mountain. If the answer is "Yes," "Then," says Barbarossa, "one hundred years longer must I sleep." This typical sleep of waiting for the last great battle between the gods and the powers of evil is beautifully developed in the Scandinavian myths, where Heimdal guards the great bridge Bifrost against Loki, the evil wolf, and warns the gods and the sleeping world with his horn Gjallar that the frost-giants are advancing, and that the end is come. The whole story of Barbarossa in one of his waking moments is well told in "Peter the Goatherd" in the German Popular Tales.

Many of our readers are familiar with Miss Frere's charming book, *Old Deccan Days*, and will remember their delighted surprise at finding their old fairy-tale friends in a new dress, for in spite of Pilpay's Fables and Grimm's Notes, we ignore continually the Indian, and remember only the Teutonic root of our family name. One of the prettiest parts of Miss Frere's book is the "Narrator's Narrative," told by the ayah, Anna Liberata de Souza. She was of the Lingaet caste in Calicut, but her grandfather went to Goa, and there became a Christian, so that all his family were baptized. Her grandmother was a wonderful old woman, who followed her soldier husband throughout the war against Tippe Sahib; and many a tale she told of Wellesley Sahib—the Duke of Wellington—and other English officers of renown. It is somewhat characteristic of Indian Christianity that though she worshipped God and believed in our Saviour, she still would always respect the Hindoo temples. If she saw a red stone, or an image of Gunputti, the god of wisdom, she would kneel down and say her prayers there, for she used to say, "May be there's something in it!"

In the stories narrated by the ayah, we find the *Rakshas*, or malignant giant or fairy—sometimes masculine and sometimes feminine—the *Bhoot*, or ghost, and the tricky *Pucca*, or Puck, still well known under the same name in Celtic Wales. The cobra, or hooded snake, is also supernaturalized, though in these tales figuring with *seven* hoods and heads, and seems to play the same part of the embodiment of wisdom and sagacity as the fox in the Teutonic legends.

In the pretty tale of "Truth's Triumph," the Indian version of Grimm's "Seven Ravens," and others, the jealous Ranee or elder wives of the Rajah, act the part of the traditional step-mother in most of this folk-lore, and persecute the thirteenth wife, the gardener's daughter, because she had children while they had none. This little Ranee, Guzra Bai, was imprisoned; and the hundred boys and one girl, her children, were sent out into the woods, where the brothers fed their sister with fruit and berries, till a witch, *Rakshas*, turned them into crows. The poor girl wept bitterly on seeing the hundred black crows, and being found weeping by a Rajah, who was hunting in the jungle, he fell in love with her, and carried her home. But she first objected she could go nowhere without her dear black crows, and

the Rajah said she might bring all the beasts of the jungle if she liked. After awhile this Raneë, Draupadi Bai, had a son, Ramchundra, who overcame the Rakshas by stealing her wand, some jars of magic water, and three of her hairs; and finally caused his grandmother, Guzra Bai, to be set at liberty, the twelve wicked Ranees to be burnt, and "truth to triumph."

In "Chandra's Vengeance," as in Grimm's "Giant with the Three Golden Hairs," the child is exposed in a golden box, and floated down the river to distant lands—the old Hebrew fact of Moses exposed on the Nile—which in some shape or other is always recurring both in the purely Asiatic and Teutonic myths. The two long stories, Surya Bai—the child stolen by the eagles, and therefore called the *Sun Lady*—the "Perdita" of folk-lore, who, being drowned, springs up first as a sun-flower, and then as a lovely rosy mango; and "Panch-Phul-Raneë," are well worth a careful reading, from the graceful way in which so many elements of universal fairy myths are combined. In "Panch-Phul-Raneë," the despised eldest son of the Rajah went forth to seek his fortune, hiding himself in a carpenter's hut, and took to making wooden clogs; but being excessively clever in wood-carving, he then made a thousand wooden parrots, which he painted and varnished, and put out of doors to dry. When night came on Mahdeo, the destroyer,* and his wife, came flying over the house; and the wife observing that if the parrots had life it would be most funny, Mahdeo, to please her, instead of destroying anything, gave the parrots life, and then flew away. "Next morning the Rajah got up early to see if the varnish he had put on the wooden parrots was dry, but no sooner did he open the door than—marvel of marvels!—the thousand wooden parrots all came walking into the house, flapping their wings and chattering to each other." But the Rajah's mother-in-law, being a thrifty, far-seeing woman, said, "It is all very well that you should have made these wooden parrots, but I don't know where we are to find food for them. Great strong parrots like these will eat not less than a pound of rice apiece every day. . . . If you wish to keep them you must live elsewhere." "Panch-Phul-Raneë," the "Five Flower Queen," the "Rose-bud" of Grimm, was surrounded by a hedge of crossed spears, and two of the wooden parrots fulfilled the office of the Arabian wooden horse, and carried the young Rajah safely to try and win her, which of course he did. After a number of adventures, he goes to fetch home his faithful first wife—also upon a wooden parrot—and he and his two wives, and it is to be supposed the thousand parrots also, lived happily till they died.

There are several short tales in *Old Deccan Days*, such as the "Blind Man, the Deaf Man, and the Donkey;" and "How the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to Dinner," which effectually refute the notion that there is no Hindoo sense of the ridiculous. The humour is indeed graceful, delicate, and refined, which only serves to add a fresh charm to the genuine folk of the incidents.

In the *Household Stories* is a pretty version of the universal legend of the competition between three brothers for their father's kingdom; but contrary to all precedent it is the eldest, and not the youngest, who is here the favourite. In the "Grave Prince and the Beneficent Cat," the search is for the best drinking-horn, and hunting-whip, and prettiest

* The incarnation of Siva.

lady, instead of for the dog that will lie in a walnut-shell, and a web of cloth that will pass through a ring. The cat, of course, on being heroically slain, according to vow, turns out to be an enchanted and enchanting princess, who bestows on the "grave prince" her hand. The prince delivers his treacherous brothers from death—that beautiful old story of Joseph and his brethren constantly recurring—and they faithfully serve him as their lord to their lives' end. In Grimm's series, "Cherry, or the Frog-bride," takes the place of the cat, and the traditional younger son resumes his place of honour and success.

The "Catskin" of Grimm's series partly reappears in the *Household Stories* as "Klein-Else,"* a beautiful tale of the *Passeier Thal*, in which a purpose and retribution are carried out with far more moral effect than in "Catskin." Klein-Else, forgetting the name of her noble knight, as well as the good ends for which he loaded her with gifts, finds those gifts turned into punishments, and is carried away to death.

She leant against the rock for support, and her tears fell fast and warm upon its stony side—piteously enough, you might have thought, to move and melt it.

And so it was. For see! the hard rock yielded and made way before the noble form of a knight in armour, who said, with compassionate voice, "Maiden, wherefore these tears?"

"Because my father is dead, and his enemies have taken his castle, and I have no shelter and I have nothing to eat," sobbed Klein-Else.

"If that is all," answered the noble knight, "it is easily made straight." And with that he turned to the rock and said, "Open, hoary rock."

And the hoary rock opened, and disclosed a treasure of every imaginable kind of riches stored around—jewels, and coin, and shining armour, and dazzling dresses. "All this is yours, Klein-Else," said the knight. "You have but to take what you will when you will; it will never grow less. You have only to say, 'Open, hoary rock,' and these treasures will always appear at your bidding. Dispose of them as you like, only make a good use of them, for on that depends all your future happiness. I will come and see you again in seven years, and I shall see what use you have made of my gift. But you must remember my name, or woe will be to you." So he whispered his name in her ear and disappeared.

Klein-Else then took the poor post of *hennenfösl*, or hen-wife, at the next baron's castle, and only used her treasure on Sundays, first taking out a radiant garment like sunbeams, then one silvery, like the moon, and, lastly, one sparkling as the stars, and the baron fell in love with her, and sought everywhere for the beautiful lady who was all the while hen-wife in his own kitchen. The last time he succeeded in slipping a gold ring on her finger, which Klein-Else sent up in a pancake that she persuaded the cook to let her make. The baron, having this clue, sent for the *hennenfösl*, and she became his wife. Years of pleasure and happiness passed by, and Klein-Else had forgotten the claims of the poor and needy, the wants of her neighbours, the account to be rendered, and the very name of him whose generosity had been the source of all her prosperity. One day, her husband, while telling her how much he loved her, how happy she had made him, and how long they had been together, says—

"Nothing can separate us now . . . to think it is *seven* years! No, it wants a few weeks, but it will soon be seven years. Seven——" He turned to look at her, for he perceived that, as he spoke she had loosened her hold of him, and now he saw she was pale and trembling. "But what ails you, Elschen? Elschen dear! Speak to me, Elschen," he added, with anxiety, for she sank back almost unconscious against the bank.

* Little Elisabeth.

"I shall be better presently," stammered the baroness. "I think the scent of the flowers is too powerful. I don't feel quite well. Take me down by the side of the water; I shall be better presently." An attendant took the babe from her arms, and the baron remembered afterwards that, as she parted from it she embraced it with a passionate flood of tears. Then he led her to the side of the stream, and bathed her burning forehead in the cooling flood.

Suddenly voices in angry altercation were heard through the trees, and the servants summoned the baron with excited gesticulations, saying there was a strange knight, all in armour, who claimed to see the baroness.

The baron, of course, angrily rushed away, and—

Now she was left alone by the side of the stream, where, as the *hennenföhl*, she had first washed away the stains of servitude, and dressed herself to meet him who was to teach her to love. It was beside that stream she had sat, and her tears had mingled with it, as she had vowed that if ever such joy was hers as now she owned, her treasure should be for those who were outcast and suffering, as she had been, and her happiness should be in making others happy.

How had she fulfilled her vow? From that time to this it had passed out of mind. Filled with her own gratification, she had left the orphan in her bereavement, the suffering in their misery, nor stretched out a helping hand.

The seven years were spent, and there was, no doubt, the knight come to seek an account of the treasure he had intrusted to her. She had not only to meet him with shame for its misuse, but even his name she had forgotten. . . . Suddenly the knight stood before her, and terrible he was to look at in his shining armour. As she saw him she screamed and swooned away. But he touched her, bade her rise, and then beckoned her to follow him, and she could not choose but obey. He led her over the stream . . . and when they reached the rock she knew so well . . . he said, in solemn accents, "Open, hoary rock." But to her he said, "Look!"

Then she could not choose but look. But oh, horror! in place of the coin and jewels, armour and apparel, it was filled with wasted forms, bowed with misery and distress—the tear-worn orphan, the neglected sick. Here she saw lying a youth, wan and emaciated, struck down in all the promise of boyhood, and his mother tore her hair in agony by his. And there stood a father, gaunt and grey, vainly grappling with Hunger, who was stealing away his children one by one before his face. Here—but she could bear no more. She sank upon the ground, and hid her face for very shame.

"The ransom of *these* it is you have spent upon yourself," thundered the pitiless knight, and every word was a death-knell.

The baron and his servants continued their search for the unknown knight, but they found him not. . . . He only found the lifeless body of Klein-Else kneeling against the hoary rock!

Grimm's admirable "Peewit"—in which the seeming boor triumphs over his clever neighbours and leads them to jump, one after another, into the water after the reflected clouds, which they take to be sheep—and the "Turnip," are embodied in *Household Stories*, as "How the Richest became the Poorest;" and, like their prototypes, sets all attempts at extracting a moral at defiance in its jovial, rollicking absurdity.

In "Luxehale's Wives" there is perhaps some objectionable element; and it might be urged both that the subject is too broadly treated, and that if touched upon at all, it should be drawn, even in a legend, with truth.

Mr. Kennedy justly represents in the preface to his *Irish Fireside Stories*, that they might with more claim be called the stories of the Aryan peoples in their Irish dress; and as he gives a reference, at the conclusion of his most amusing little collection, to some sources of general folk-lore, it is a little surprising that he does not mention Taylor's inimitable translation, reprinted by Mr. Ruskin, of Grimm's

series. It is much to be wished that Mr. Kennedy would complete his labours by seeking out in the west and south of Ireland all the tales and legends that can be gathered relating to supernatural beings, national superstitions, dreams, and omens, in which Ireland is especially rich, and of which a great part bear a decidedly specific and Oriental character. A careful analysis of these, compared with their Hindoo varieties, would be full of interest and value. We have never seen any written record of the "Headless Coach"—*i.e.*, a phantom coach, whose driver, passengers, and horses are without heads—which is still terrific in certain parts of Limerick County. Grimm's beautiful story of "Snowdrop," with her cheeks blood-red, her skin snow-white, and her hair as black as the ebony window-frame, comes up again in the Irish "Twelve Wild Geese," where Snow-White-and-Rose-Red's brothers, are turned into these birds, and she wanders out into the world to look for them, and delivers them from the spell by spinning twelve shirts of bog-down—the *canna* grass—without speaking, laughing, or crying for five years. And here, be it observed, there is, as in the Deccan tale of "Brave Seventee Bai," an evident assertion of the singular power which lies in women when their wills are excited and bent to any task.

The "Wonderful Cake" is suggestive of Grimm's "Mouse, Bird, and Sausage," and like the sausage, the cake comes to a bad end. In the Irish story, the inevitable fox appears and beguiles the cake to climb farther and farther up his back till it is perched on his nose, when a toss-up ends both the cake and the tale. It is an excellent story for telling. The "False Bride" is Grimm's "Goose-girl," in which the real princess is frightened into silence, and the prince marries the waiting-maid. The "Maid in the Country Underground" is Grimm's "Mother Holle," a very ancient myth, combining also the old idea of benefits repaid even by inanimate things. The worn hedge that was carefully stepped over, the loaves taken out of the oven, the apple-tree shaken, and the cows milked, the sparrows and the beggar fed, here equally come to the rescue against the powers or incidents of evil tendency. The "Greek Princess and the Young Gardener" is a version of Grimm's "Golden Bird," one of the prettiest of the German tales, and immortalized by Cruikshank's etching of the young prince seated on the fox's tail, and scudding "over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind." The sleeping Court surrounding the Irish Golden-Locks, guarded by spells, is one of the best known features of folk-lore, as is also the necessity laid upon the instrument of disenchantment of choosing the common cage, and shabby saddle and bridle instead of the golden, in the capture of the bird and horse. This choice of the sordid outside is adopted by Shakspeare from Eastern sources in his "Merchant of Venice." The final disenchantment of the loyal fox by cutting off his head and tail, contains the primitive, constantly recurring idea of the value of obedience or a vow, and of painful sacrifice towards restoration to any forfeited condition.

The "Gilla na Gruaga Donna" contains Grimm's two tales of the "Nose" and the "Salad," in the last of which occur the fairy wishing-cloak, and the piece of gold that returns as soon as spent. The "Princess in the Catskins," is nearly identical with Grimm's "Catskin," and "Ashputtel," and all three are variations upon "Cinderella." The "Well at

the World's End" is the very Eastern tale of the "Water of Life," which is beautifully told in Grimm's series. The "Haughty Princess" is the German "King Grisly Beard," also better in Grimm's stories, the very great advantage of which is that every shade of coarseness and vulgarity is weeded out of them. There are in Mr. Kennedy's collection several genuine Irish stories; one, the "Fairy Rath of Clonnagowan," showing the instinctive horror of the Irish at entering or even approaching the *raths* of their country; and the sketches the "Rock of Cashel" and the "Tree of the Seven Thorns," which embody national traditions and the strong faith and sound belief in certain religious truths.

We must acknowledge that none of the tales in these collections to our taste equal the special charm of some of the German Popular Stories as told by Mr. Taylor, and which linger in the mind with an impression as clearly and deeply cut in later life as on their first perusal. For instance, "Jorinda and Jorindel," in which the beautiful evening, the rays of the setting sun, and the song of the turtle-doves, when Jorinda sits down under the walls of the enchanted castle, convey the distinctive impression to the reader of the sadness which falls upon the lovers while Jorinda was singing her pretty plaintive ditty—

The ringdove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day ! well-a-day !
He mourned for the fate
Of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day !

The song ceased suddenly, Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. And the prettiest of all weapons of disenchantment is the beautiful purple flower with a dew-drop as big as a large pearl, with which Jorindel again obtains his love. The "Juniper Tree," with the bird-spirit of the murdered boy singing so sweetly, that every one leaves what he is doing to listen to it, has also that distinctive character of fitness and retribution which affects the mind as if it were reality. The same sense of intense reality, though in another mood, carries the reader through the glorious absurdities of "Chanticleer and Partlet" with a perfect acceptance of their impossibilities. The Eastern representation of the personality of animals and inanimate things forms a special charm of these adventures. And though not claiming such antiquity as many of the myths of folk-lore, being probably of purely Teutonic origin, nothing can exceed as a story the "Elfin Grove" with its accumulation of fairy delights, and the pretty friendship between Gossamer from the Elfin Grove, and Elfie, the daughter of the child who had once been allowed to live for seven years with the fairies. In the cultivation of the fancy and lighter element of imagination, within proper limits, nothing can be safer or purer from harm than such stories as these.

Before dismissing the subject of legendary folk-lore, we must advert to two tales in *Household Stories*, which are examples of the Christian or mediæval type, without any mixture of pagan origin. The "Two Cousins of St. Peter," and "St. Peter's Three Loaves," are tales which, though childish, and in some sense too much bordering upon the grotesque when trenching upon the Sacred Person of our Lord, are still full of the soundest theology in regard to both His Divine

and Human attributes. In the first, where St. Peter's two cousins are represented as a nun, or person under vows, and a girl in ordinary life, the Apostle is bidden first to open the gate of heaven to an eminent saint. St. Peter, of course, thought it was the nun, and was greatly surprised to see the angels welcoming the poor girl in common life. Soon afterwards, on being told that another of his family was expected who had but just achieved her salvation, he was still more astonished to find that this was the nun. But the Divine Saviour bade him remember that she who performed her ordinary lowly duties with exactness in the world was far more pleasing in His sight than one who aspired to a higher standard and fell short of it.

In "St. Peter's Three Loaves" there are many beautiful touches, showing the loving-kindness, patience, long-suffering, and continual forgiveness of our Blessed Lord with His children. Journeying in a mountain district, and instructing the disciple in heavenly things, our Lord saw that St. Peter was faint with hunger and fatigue, and sent him forward to a cottage out of sight. St. Peter, hastening thither in faith, found a peasant woman baking bread, and telling her that he and his Companion had been fasting many hours, he received three loaves as alms; and rolling the third in his mantle for his own use when wearied with his Master's long prayers, he returned to his Companion, Whom he found still kneeling under the pines. On being asked what success he had met with, the Apostle spoke of two loaves, but still kept the third concealed under his arm. They sat down to their frugal meal, and never had the Divine Master appeared so familiar, confiding, and affectionate. St. Peter listened to every word with delight, and as he did so, began to feel great misgivings as to his hidden loaf. When the meal was done, our Lord stopped the disciple, who was going on, and said that as they had been fed, they should surely return thanks, and St. Peter gladly knelt down. Again the Divine Master spoke, and said that as they had been fed so abundantly, He should wish to return thanks with outspread arms, and immediately stretched out His own as an example. St. Peter still kept the loaf rolled up, and said within himself, that though recommended, he had not been *commanded* to do this act. Then meeting his Master's eyes fixed on him with deep affection, all other considerations gave way, and spreading out his arms the loaf rolled to the ground. Still taking no notice of this, our Lord finished His prayer, and was about to go on His way, when, struck to the heart, the Apostle stopped Him, and confessed everything he had thought and done. It is hardly necessary to say that, although, as we have remarked, such legends are apt to degenerate into the frivolous, they also subserve a better end than mere amusement.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF OUR HIGHER EDUCATION.

De l'enseignement supérieur en Angleterre et en Ecosse. Rapport adressé à son Exc.
M. le Ministre de l'instruction publique. Par D. Demogeot et H. Montucci.

It is now about twenty years since the great struggle in France on the question of "liberty of teaching" came to an end. For years the country had been split into two great parties—the advocates of a State monopoly of education, and the assertors of the principle that

teaching should be free. On the side of liberty were ranged the leaders of the Catholic party, Lacordaire, Ravignan, Montalembert, and others, many who have since become famous and passed to their rest; on the side of monopoly and slavery those pretended Liberals whose liberalism mainly consists in tolerating none who oppose their own opinions. For once right triumphed, and since that time the question of education, pushed out of the arena of politics by themes more stirring, has occupied comparatively little of the attention of Frenchmen.

When, indeed, an active and enterprising Minister has presided over the department of public instruction, reforms on a small scale have been attempted. Thus, M. Duruy, who is allowed even by those most opposed to his principles to be a man of learning and ability, has introduced partial changes into the French *Lycées*, some of them of considerable merit. Desirous of gradually extending his reforms, he conceived the idea of borrowing from the system pursued in England and Scotland those points which were acknowledged to work well, or should be found to produce better results than the corresponding Continental methods. To this end he charged MM. Demogeot and Montucci with the task of visiting Great Britain, and studying, from personal observation in its working and results, the system there adopted. The result of their labours has been two large volumes, the second of which we have before us for review.

The report of MM. Demogeot and Montucci, besides the qualities of a good specimen of its kind, clearness, fulness of detail, methodical arrangement, and conciseness, has excellencies which we do not generally look for in works of this class. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the best account of our systems of education from a foreign pen that we have ever had the pleasure of reading. For interest, impartiality of statement, accuracy of detail, and general grasp of the subject, it is superior to most English works on the same theme. The reader will also be struck with the modesty with which they express their conclusions, and the courtesy and kindness with which, while giving an adverse criticism, they speak of every institution and person they have come across. Where so much is admirable it would be ungracious to insist on minor inaccuracies, and these are remarkably few considering the vastness of the labour, and the multitude and diversity of details that have been brought together.

We proceed now to point out to the best of our ability what has been the general impression produced on our foreign visitors by our method of educating; what has struck them as its weak and what its strong points; and, finally, what modifications in their own system have been suggested to them by their visit to this country. It was natural that, on setting foot on English soil, they should pitch on Oxford and Cambridge—to a foreigner, even more than to an Englishman, the centres of our intellectual life—as the places from which to begin their inquiry. They take no pains to conceal the admiration with which these, the most magnificent relics of the middle ages that yet survive, impressed them. Finding themselves suddenly after the bustle and noise of London in the streets of Oxford, struck by the splendour and beauty of its ancient buildings, by its academic costumes, the legacy of past ages, by the air of antiquity that invests everything there, persons as well as things, they seemed to have gone

back 500 years to a world that has long passed away. It would be a great error, however, to judge of the state of learning or of the actual direction of intellectual tendencies, as the authors of these volumes seem to have done to a certain extent, from the outward aspect of our Universities. Beneath forms indeed ancient and customs that bear the stamp of time, a revolution is working itself out that threatens to make as clean a sweep of the past as the most fervent apostle of change could wish. There is indeed, as our authors remark, a determined resistance to innovation, evident in the caution with which reforms are accepted, and in the stubborn opposition that is offered to any proposal to do away with what has been consecrated by the lapse of ages. But this, instead of being due to the action of the men who constitute the real University—its leaders and teachers—is done in spite of them. No; the spirit of conservatism has its fortress in the ranks of the Anglican clergy, men who, having long since ceased to take an active interest in University work or to keep themselves acquainted with its progress, are concerned only with this—to maintain by their votes the laws and customs that were in force when they were students. As soon as the right of suffrage is restricted to those immediately interested in the University, opposition to change will be a thing not to be feared but rather desired. We must entirely agree with our authors on the practical utility of a spirit of conservatism, which is always on the watch to check exaggerated innovation. It is needless to add that many other obvious points in the outward aspect of Oxford attracted their notice, particularly the gravity and decorum of the authorities, so that, after being present at a meeting of the Congregation, they compared their feelings to those of Cineas when he came from visiting the Senate.

Only a very slight acquaintance with our large Universities was sufficient to disclose the principal difference that distinguishes our higher education from that of France. The authors express it clearly and concisely thus—

In France, where public school education includes those general portions of study that have for their end to form the mind, higher education is decidedly professional in its nature. Its object is to fit one for some special career—the bar, the pulpit, the medical profession, for important Government posts, or private enterprise.

In England, where public school education is less complete, less advanced, a portion of the work which would seem to belong to the first stage is deferred to a later, and interferes with its exclusive character (p. 691).

Education, in that large and literal sense which prescind from anything so narrow as the mere knowledge of a profession, means rather the reduction of the mind to such a form that it becomes a fit instrument for any intellectual pursuit, whether in the department of science, art, philosophy, or government, than the actual acquisition of learning. Mere instruction is not education, but education supposes instruction in that manner, method, and degree that it shall really mould into shape and symmetry the intellectual and moral faculties of man. And it seems to us that the English Universities, in taking it for granted that youths, when they come from Winchester, Eton, or Rugby, have not reached this standard, recognize the only conditions on which they could pretend to give a real education. There is one question of higher education about which we were very anxious to see the opinion of these able writers, since it is a question that has been and is still warmly debated

among us, and upon which, therefore, we might reasonably expect to get light from the impartial criticism of foreigners. We refer to the controversy as to whether a University system which confines itself to a few well-selected branches of knowledge, and insists on excellence in them, is best fitted to develop a man's mental faculties and fit him for command, knowledge, and usefulness; or, on the other hand, a system which, while it applies the mind to a far larger circle of subjects, rests satisfied with a much shallower acquaintance with them. The authors do not seem to have come to any very definite conclusions on this head. The opinions they have put forth are expressed in a manner so guarded, and balanced by propositions so contradictory, that it is not easy to make out to which side they incline. In reading their remarks on the exclusive character of the Oxford system, and its encouragement to excellence on a few points, we had thought to have come across testimonies highly favourable to a cherished conviction. What was our surprise, therefore, when we came to read their observations on the London system, to find that it was regarded with almost equal favour. The exigencies, perhaps, of their position withheld them from giving expression to conclusions that might prove unpalatable to a powerful and intolerant Minister. On the whole, they seem to incline to the Oxford system, and some of their remarks, if considered apart from assertions elsewhere, sum up in an admirable manner the real merits of that system, and testify to the high esteem in which they hold it. We give a few extracts—

The business of a University, it has been said, is not to instruct, but to form. What it has to do is to submit the mind to a wholesome training, without caring to burden it with an unwieldy mass of erudition (p. 172).

To the honour of the Universities we are bound to acknowledge that, in extending their conquests, they have not abandoned their original aim. They have continued faithful to the admirable principle that regards the formation of man in his intellectual and moral aspects as the real end of education (p. 173).

Oxford and Cambridge would have little to gain and much to lose by eagerness to make of their students *des hommes speciaux*—versed in every science except that of man, stocked, for instance, with stores of botanical or entomological knowledge, skilful in counting an insect's legs, or discovering by means of the microscope the phenomena that moss exhibits in its growth, but unskilled in knowledge of themselves and in that of their fellow-men (p. 173).

If we now turn to that part of the report which treats of the London University, we meet with statements that seem scarcely consistent with the above extracts—

The spirit that is adopted and claimed as its own by the University of London, at the very outset of the student's course, with the great name of Bacon—a name so glorious to England as its watchword—is the spirit of modern days, the spirit of experimental science (p. 262).

As to the moderate requirements of the matriculation examination . . . we think that they are exacted with wisdom, and will be found advantageous; thanks to them, the literary man, the lawyer, the man of the world, will not remain in ignorance of the phenomena or laws of nature (p. 263).

How do regulations of this sort deserve to be called either wise or useful if, for the sake of a smattering of knowledge on a multitude of useless subjects—useless, that is to say, for general purposes of education—they rob a man of all education worthy of the name, if their grandest success seems to be the creation of a stunted, shallow

encyclopedist? Our authors tell us truly enough that "le danger de ce système était d'étendre outre mesure la superficie aux dépens de la profondeur" (p. 264). But they add incorrectly—"L'Université a prévu et évité l'écueil." It has done nothing of the kind. It is precisely on this rock that the University has struck, as all know who are acquainted with its examinations and with the results of its working. It may be that, while fully convinced of the superiority of the Oxford system as an instrument of education, they were so sensible of the deficiencies of the older Universities with regard to the study of natural sciences that, in their successful cultivation at London they saw an omission supplied, and imagined something like perfection as the consequence. They failed to note that London, while supplying an omission, had neglected a point of capital importance, and missed entirely the true end of education. It is true that, at Oxford and Cambridge, the study of natural science has up to this been almost entirely neglected. Our authors do not exaggerate when they tell us—

Quant aux sciences, physiques, chimiques, médicales et biologiques, elles se glissent timidement dans l'une et l'autre Université. Mais ce sont encore des intrus peu favorisés, peu récompensés, et partant peu populaires (p. 14).

And a University really worthy of that title should offer facilities for the acquisition of any branch of knowledge. This, however, is an omission which the old Universities can easily supply without abandoning one iota of the spirit of their admirable method, while London, if she really wishes to educate, must remodel her whole system.

We might dwell on other points of difference between our ancient and modern Universities, differences that have not escaped the notice of MM. Demogeot and Montucci, but we will single out one that seems to us to sum up and account for all the rest. If a University, rightly understood, "implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot for the communication and circulation of thought on every kind of knowledge," it is clear that Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham are the only institutions in this country that can challenge the title. The London University being nothing more nor less than a body of examiners, before which students presented themselves at certain periods for examination, is a mere abstraction, which offers no mutual reaction. It does not, therefore, truly educate, for, as Dr. Newman has well remarked—

The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in you, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. . . . You must aspire to visit the great masters in Florence and in Rome.*

The most striking and original feature [observe our authors] in the teaching of Oxford and Cambridge is the tutorial system.

With all its drawbacks, this system recommends itself to our authors, after a careful consideration of its workings and results, as a system well adapted to the English character, and for points of detail and the cultivation of accurate habits of thought, as unsurpassed by any other system. Its chief disadvantage would seem to lie in the fact that

* Newman *On Universities*, pp. 13, 14.

it not only discourages professorial teaching, or teaching by the delivery of courses of public lectures, but well-nigh extinguishes it. Against this last-mentioned method of instruction, which is the only one recognized in the Scotch and Continental Universities, there has arisen in this country a prejudice not altogether reasonable. A lecture, it is contended, is only a book, and that none of the best, a book which can be read only once, if we except the case of Padua, where lecturing was carried to such perfection that servants, as the writers pleasantly note, could attend class in place of their masters, and bring home the lecture cleanly copied out. But it may be urged on the other side that some of the most splendid monuments of human genius have first appeared as University lectures. Had there not existed University chairs to call into activity all the energies of men, the greatest minds might have remained ignorant of, or not cared to bring forth, the rich stores of knowledge of which they were possessed.

We have heard a good deal lately of the marvellous acquaintance of Oxford students with philosophy, and how freely the examinations show them to have ranged through its almost limitless pastures. It had struck us that what was termed philosophy might turn out to be mere poetry or romance, and we find a strong confirmation of this surmise in the work before us. MM. Demogeot and Montucci have reckoned at their true value these philosophizing free-lances, whose philosophy mainly consists of a mass of unsorted opinions thrown together without order or method, and resting on no more rational basis than intense feeling or lively imagination.

Referring to some remarks of Mr. Pattison on the subject, the writers observe—

From the very terms of this estimate, passed by a competent judge, it is easy to see that it is not pure eulogy: it includes severe criticism too. These brilliant philosophical essays of the literary honour men of Oxford are in reality neither philosophy nor science in the historical sense. If we ask the process they are produced by, we shall see that they are only second-hand or third-hand knowledge gathered without proofs from hasty lectures, and not the lasting fruit of patient personal research. These dashing generalizations are not based upon a study of facts, which alone could justify them. To gather with a rapid touch the bloom of current opinions, easily to handle the terms which express it, to get from an able and experienced tutor the fashionable tone for treating all possible subjects, with a few happy quotations from Aristotle thrown in, is all a student has time to do between *moderations* and his final examination. All this is not "philosophy;" it is rhetoric upon philosophical questions; it is the revival of the Greek sophistic art, hitherto condemned by all wise thinkers (p. 180).

The question of religion so intimately allied with true education, does not seem to have awakened any very warm sympathies in the breasts of the authors. It is, however, treated with a distant respect, which, while it leaves something more positive to be desired, stands in pleasant contrast with the studied insult which this subject meets with at the hands of too many Continental writers. On a point closely connected with religion, the degree of moral restraint to which it is advisable to subject young students, they have expressed themselves very severely on the French system as compared with that of England.

Besides these very useful examples, there is another very precious advantage which we envy the English Universities when we think of some of our higher schools—we mean their spirit, their moral discipline. Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, &c., are not,

of course, so many austere Thebæids: an English student need not be a saint. But still how great the difference is between his life and the life of a considerable portion of our pupils; between the decency, the moral dignity, the self-respect and respect for authority which characterizes him, and the licence, the daring vice, the mutual corruption of the two sexes, the blustering way-of-the-world which is made a point of by the students in our great towns! In England, where the schoolboy enjoys a large helping of freedom, the University student under a similar discipline scarcely notices his transition; the *lycée* pupil is subject to a severe rule, the student is abandoned without reserve or guide or controlling eye to the unbridled licence of a capital. Is it surprising that he finds his brain turned by the contrast? (p. 702).

Our limits will not allow us to examine the opinions of these writers on the Scotch Universities, a subject that presents almost as many points of interest as the one which we have already discussed.

The modifications that have been suggested to them by their visit to England, as likely to be attended with happy results if introduced into France, are shortly these. They recommend that the students in France should be made to rely more on their own personal exertions, that the powerful principle of emulation under a different form should be brought more into play, that a more familiar manner of teaching should be adopted, and finally, that the professors should be restrained from ceaseless innovation.

We had always thought, till the appearance of these volumes, that our neighbours laid so much stress on our political institutions, because they imagined we had nothing to teach them on any other point. We are glad to find out that they have at last crossed the Channel to borrow a few hints from our educational systems. We English are flattered with the attention we attract abroad, and give a hearty welcome to the works that are written about us. If they are founded on misapprehension, ignorance, or prejudice, we are amazed with their blunders; if they are the result of intelligent appreciation, we may gather from them useful lessons. It is in the latter class that the work of MM. Demogeot and Montucci deserves a high place. These able writers have not only seized the prominent lineaments of our educational systems, but they have penetrated to their origin and grasped their aim. In conclusion, we may say of their labours that we have rarely read a book from which we have derived at the same time so much pleasure and so much profit.

NEW SERIES OF DE ROSSI'S BULLETTINO DI ARCHÆOLOGIA.

Bullettino di Archæologia Cristiana. Del Commendatore G. B. de Rossi. Seconda Serie, Nos. I., II., III. Roma, Salviucci; Londra, C. J. Stewart, 11, King William Street, Strand.

We are glad to see that the new series of this excellent work is published in octavo instead of the somewhat inconvenient quarto of the former series, and although those who have taken in the work for the last seven years may regret the change in the former, yet to new subscribers the advantage is all on the side of the new *Bullettino*. It is beautifully printed on excellent paper, and each number of forty pages of letter-press is illustrated by three pages of lithograph. It comes out quarterly instead of monthly, or bi-monthly as had been the case latterly, and the price remains the same. The strongest reason, however, which induces us to

recommend this work so particularly at this time is that it is the only means of making known the discoveries made from time to time in the Roman Catacombs, and thus stirring up the hearts of lovers of *Roma Sotterranea* to contribute towards the expense of the excavations. The liberal hand of Pius the Ninth, the *alter Damasus* as De Rossi calls him can no longer supply the funds necessary for carrying on the work, and it is not likely that the invaders of Rome, who seem to desire a return to paganism, would care to spend money on the ancient shrines of Christianity. Even before the sad events of last September, English money had very materially assisted De Rossi in his excavations. In the first number of the new series there is an interesting account of the discovery of an historic chamber in the Catacomb of Prætextatus, and the author commences thus: "It is now my duty to announce to the public and give a brief description of the first fruits of an excavation in the Cemetery of Prætextatus, which the Commission of Sacred Archæology has taken in hand, having gratefully received the kind and liberal offerings of some lovers of sacred antiquities, all of the English nation. The promoter of this generous contribution has been Dr. Northcote, whose zeal for the Roman Catacombs and for the diffusion of knowledge about them is known to the world by several of his writings, among which stands pre-eminent his compendium of *Roma Sotterranea*, of which translations from the English into other languages are already making their appearance. [We understand the French translation was in the press when the war broke out; and a German translation was also nearly completed.] The special object of the contributors is to afford assistance to the Commission of Sacred Archæology, in order that the recovery of the famous and most important historic crypts of the Cemetery of Prætextatus might be continued and completed. Hardly had the work been resumed than it was crowned with the happiest success; and I set myself to relate it both as a duty of my office towards the studious, and also for the honour and satisfaction of the thoughtful and courteous helpers in the good work. Their prudent expectations could not have had a more speedy beginning of fulfilment." We regret that our limited space does not admit of our giving the entire account, for it is extremely interesting to trace the process by which an archæologist like De Rossi arrives at his conclusions. In Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow's *Roma Sotterranea* (p. 79) there is a woodcut of the sepulchre of St. Januarius which was discovered in 1857, and further explorations in 1866 in the same neighbourhood revealed an enormous mass of rubbish such as usually marks the devastation of some remarkable crypt. The first work of De Rossi in 1870 was to remove this rubbish, and then was brought to light a very large *arcosolium* with traces of rich decoration in marble, stucco, and painting. The devastation had been so complete that many of the broken pieces of marble were found to have fallen through into a lower *piano* of the lower catacomb, and among these De Rossi found to his inexpressible delight some fragments with the well-known characters of Pope Damasus. In the sepulchre of St. Januarius had been found sufficient to make out the inscription—BEATISSIMO MARTYRI JANUARIO DAMASUS EPISCOP. FECIT. (See *Rom. Sott.*, p. 80.) And the Salzburg Itinerary had said: "You will enter a large cavern, and there you will find St. Urban, Bishop and Confessor; and in another Felicissimus and Agapitus, Martyrs, and

Deacons of Sixtus; and in a third place Quirinus, Martyr; and in a fourth Januarius, Martyr." The two latter shrines having been discovered and identified, it seemed evident to De Rossi that his newly-discovered *arcosolium*, so richly adorned in ancient times, and deemed worthy of a special inscription by Pope Damasus, must have been the resting place of either Urban, or of the two martyred Deacons of Sixtus. It was evidently a place of pilgrimage, for the gallery had been widened to admit of the approach of devout worshippers; and opposite the tomb a kind of apse had been hollowed out, at the end of which, instead of the episcopal throne, is the mouth of a long gallery, so that a considerable number of people might have been assembled in view of the shrine. In fact, there is no other example in the Catacombs of so singular an arrangement, which resembles that of some of the basilicas where the *matroneum*, or place for women, is placed directly behind the Bishop's throne. The Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian was so constructed (See *Bullettino*, 1867, p. 72). The question remains, which of the two first crypts mentioned in the Itinerary has now been discovered? The Damasine letters on the fragments hitherto found form the end of a line . . . VS . MARTYS . Now *martys*, the ordinary Greek form for *martyr*, is never used for a contraction for *martyres*, and we cannot complete the inscription by reading it: *Felicissimus et Agapit VS*. It follows, therefore, that we must supply the letters, *Urban VS. MARTYS*. It is to be hoped that further excavations will bring out with more certainty the truth of De Rossi's conclusion, and that our countrymen will be encouraged to continue their assistance which is so gracefully acknowledged by the Roman archaeologist.

The *Bullettino* contains two very interesting papers on a bit of tile with a Christian stamp on it, which was picked up among the marbles in the newly-discovered emporium on the Tiber. De Rossi traces this stamp to Syracuse, Thebes in Egypt, and to Lycia, whence it seems to have originated, and to have been known as early as the third century. There are papers on the Dolphin as a Christian symbol even before the use of the acrostic IXΘYC, on lamps with Christian emblems upon them, on a remarkable inscription of Pope Sergius the First, on the ancient frescos of the Pope in the old Basilica of S. Paolo *fuori le mura*, and finally an account of the Mithraic cave recently discovered by F. Mullooly underneath the subterranean Church of San Clemente. We think we have said enough to show the variety of matters treated of in this interesting periodical.

PONTIFICATE OF PIUS THE NINTH.

Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. Being the third edition of *Rome and its Ruler*. Continued to the latest moment, and greatly enlarged. By J. F. Maguire, M.P. Longmans, 1870.

Mr. Maguire has done very good service to the Church by his pen, as well as in Parliament. His book on the *Irish in America* was a service to the Church, for it brought out particularly the working of the religious elements in the national character of his countrymen in the New World, and removed many prejudices as well as many misconceptions. No Englishman could read it without learning to respect the Irish nation far more than before, and we cannot help thinking that

the information conveyed by Mr. Maguire as to the influence and progress of the Church in America has had much to do with the improved tone of legislation and literature in respect of Ireland generally which has been now for some time remarkable. In the work before us Mr. Maguire has set before himself the noble task of removing the prejudice which rests upon all that concerns Rome and the Pope by a plain narrative of events and the statement of facts which he has been himself at the pains of investigating, and it is a good sign that so honest and so complete a book should have reached a third edition. By judicious omissions and compressions, Mr. Maguire has made room for a good deal of new matter, without enlarging materially the bulk of his volume. We have thus gained a complete narrative of the three attempts made at various times to despoil Pius the Ninth of his possessions—now at last successful for the moment; an account also of the Vatican Council, and an explanation of the recent definition. We may notice two points in particular which seem to us to give the work unusual value.

In the first place, Mr. Maguire gives a comparatively full account of Rome as it is—unless we are to say, as it was, before the invasion of Victor Emmanuel's troops in September last. We believe that few, even of those who have been in Rome, have a complete idea of the works of public charity, and beneficence carried on in the Holy City, many of which, if not founded, have been signally promoted and assisted by the present Pope. It is very much to be desired, now that we are forced to some extent to argue for the Temporal Power on the ground of expediency as well as that of right, that people should understand that the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government means the destruction of an almost countless number of charitable works—educational institutions, hospitals, asylums, and the like, by which the whole world benefited. The advent of the Italian Court to the Quirinal Palace—in which the Chapel of the Conclave has already, we believe, been turned into a banquetting hall, and a huge ball-room designed for insertion between the two quadrangles—is very nearly the same sort of thing as if the Holy Sepulchre were turned to the purposes of the Alhambra. But the utter degradation and profanation of everything holy which will ensue if the Italians are allowed to have their will at Rome, is less likely to strike the feelings of Mr. Maguire's readers than the absolute devastation of works of charity, the closing of places of education, the great increase of hardships entailed upon the poor, and the like, which is the certain issue of what is called the secularization of Rome and its States. A good picture of what goes on in Rome, and also of what will cease under the Piedmontese occupation, is perhaps as likely as anything to open the eyes of Englishmen generally to the detestable character of the change which they are so much inclined to applaud.

In the second place, we are glad that English readers should have access to the calm and impartial Report on the condition of the Roman States drawn up many years ago for the French Government by M. de Rayneval. We believe that the Report did not satisfy those to whom it was addressed, who desired something that might justify the policy afterwards pursued by the Emperor in the Italian war and in his subsequent betrayal of the Pope, but it is the report of a thorough

statesman, drawn up with that lucidity which characterizes such documents when proceeding from the pen of Frenchmen, and it is therefore one of the best as well as the most authoritative vindications of the Pontifical system that can be presented to any one whose desire is, not to justify a preconceived opinion, but to know the truth.

Notices.

1. ON noticing last April the work of Rönsch, *Itala et Vulgata*, we expressed a regret that "while we have long possessed able works, both dictionaries and grammars, to assist us to an understanding of the Hellenistic idiom of Sacred Scripture, there has up to the present been little thought of performing the same service for the Latin dialect of the Vulgate." We, however, ventured to hope that the work of Rönsch might lead to a complete grammar and lexicon of the language of the Vulgate. This desire has been gratified sooner than we could have hoped by a Catholic Professor of Exegesis. Dr. Kaulen, a tutor at the University of Bonn, who by two valuable works, viz., a treatise on *Die Sprachenverwirrung zu Babel* (Freiburg, 1860), and a splendid *Geschichte der Vulgata* (Mainz, 1868), has won for himself a pre-eminent place among modern Exegetists, has now presented us with a handbook to the Vulgate, in which the lexical and grammatical peculiarities of the authentic version are considered. Impressed by the truth that the Vulgate is the special Bible of the Catholic priest, and that its study is chiefly impeded by a want of acquaintance with, and a consequent depreciation of, its idiom, he aimed at offering to the practical wants of the priest and of students a means which, while it facilitated the understanding of the Vulgate and justified the authority of the dialect, might lead in an efficacious way to a more energetic study of the Holy Scriptures. If we are not altogether mistaken, we believe the learned author will attain his end. In our notice of Rönsch's work we remarked, as one of its greatest defects, that the special meanings which translators had to give to the Latin words in order to express the new Christian ideas, were almost entirely neglected, and we are rejoiced to perceive that Dr. Kaulen has for the most part filled in this sensible gap. For after some not unimportant remarks in the first book (*Elementarlehre*) on pronunciation, spelling, and punctuation, he in the second book discusses words and word-forms in nine chapters, corresponding to the nine parts of speech, substantives, adjectives, &c. In each of these chapters the first paragraph regularly shows the peculiarities of meaning attaching to the Latin words in the Vulgate. The author has here collected with such praiseworthy industry whatever could present any difficulty, that the gleanings of another would be tolerably profitable. And as the second paragraph of each chapter contains those words in the Vulgate which offer a new or peculiar sense, the handbook may in this respect supply the place of a Vulgate lexicon. The grammatical

portion in the third paragraph of each chapter, which treats the peculiar word-forms, and in the third and fourth books, on the syntax of words and sentences, is drawn up in a complete, clear, and comprehensive way. The book offers this further advantage to the Catholic priest, which is not to be undervalued, that constant reference is made to the language of the Liturgy, while for our English priests we may note that the author frequently quotes the Douay version, at one time to correct it, at another to confirm it. Students of Scripture are greatly indebted to the author for this laborious and useful work ; and we trust with him that many priests may through it feel themselves urged to a more earnest study of our Catholic authentic version.

2. Although, no doubt, some additional interest attaches to Mr. Meade's narrative of his *Ride through New Zealand* (Lieut. the Hon. Herbert Meade, R.N. Murray), on account of his early and lamented death, still the great demand for his book arises from its individual merits as a story told with unusual spirit, simplicity, and modest courage. The Hon. Herbert Meade was cruising as a lieutenant in the *Curacoa* and *Esk* in Australasian seas, for about four years before he was cut off by a fatal accident, and the account now published was his own private journal, kept during a very troubled time in New Zealand. At the request of Sir George Grey, Mr. Meade, accompanied by a friendly chief, Poihipi, undertook the journey, which he relates, to Lake Taupo, to visit the friendly chiefs and Maori tribes who had complained of being deserted by the English Government ; and Sir George Grey considered that great good had resulted from Mr. Meade's friendly intercourse with the natives. He left Auckland in 1864, in the midst of the most cheerless predictions of his friends and fellow-officers, who warned him that the "Kingite" chiefs—in contradistinction to the "Queenites," or English Government and its adherents—would keep him for life to hoe potatoes. Ta Poihipi—which we are glad to hear is Maori for "Mr. Busby"—a brave and loyal chief, and several other native and foreign companions, made up the party, for whom the various Maori chiefs found relays of horses as they went along. Not long after they started Mr. Meade was invited to attend a "runanga," or assembly in the great "pah" or fortress, at Maketu, where every preparation was made for his reception, even to the posting a small Maori shoe-black inside the pah to black the English officer's boots. The proceedings opened with drinking the health of "Kuini Wikitoria." During the whole discussion Mr. Meade observes that the "chiefs all spoke with dignity and ease ; their speeches were sensible, and many had a touch of grim humour. . . . No abusive language was made use of, no speaker was interrupted, and the greatest courtesy was observed both between those who joined the debate and the listeners." On the road to Taupo is Ohinemutu, built in the very midst of the most extraordinary geyser-system in the world. The whole district is perforated with hot springs, and the inhabitants live in a perpetual steam-bath. There is also a perpetual "cooperative kitchen," for the natives have only to hang their food in a flax-basket in one of the hot pools, and it is boiled ; or to scrape a hole in the hot earth, put in the pot and cover it, and it is stewed ; or to bake it in layers of earth and fern. It requires good pilotage to walk about among the geysers, as the

sulphureous crust is treacherous, and several people have been boiled to death. The great geyser, when playing, throws its jet every twelve minutes, a magnificent bouquet of forty or fifty feet, which remains spread for some seconds, and then falls in soft spray into the lake. In this warm lake it is the fashion to bathe in troops and crowds, when joyous songs and laughter echo from the water, and the whole lake seems alive. The chiefs sit smoking in groups with the water up to their chins. The hot basins and fountains of Whakarewarewa are exceedingly beautiful, the decomposition of the rocks causing some of the water to be of the brightest emerald green, some turquoise, cobalt blue, or bright pink, and always perfectly transparent.

After leaving the hot lakes, Mr. Meade and his party visited Father Boibeaux, one of those brave and devoted French missionaries, whose cheerful self-sacrifice carries them all over the world. It is pleasant, instead of the usual sneers or depreciative remarks, to read Mr. Meade's words. "It would be difficult to conceive a life of greater devotion and self-denial than his. Wifeless, childless, with no companionship save that of his little congregation of natives, most of whom live at great distances from their priest; no hope of ever again seeing his native land, or returning to the society of educated men, his life is passed in his Master's work, in a place where even the barest necessities of life are procured with the greatest difficulty." Father Boibeaux spoke hopefully of his labours, though the introduction of the "new fanaticism" called "pau-paus"—which is an association of hatred and enmity towards all strangers (*Pakehas*)—adds much to the difficulties of conversion. The hot spring Ta Tarata, seems to be one of the wonders of the world. It flows from a deep crater in one of the mountain-walls of the lake, thence falling in thousands of cascades into crystallized basins, which form terraces of fringed icicles and stalactites like lace, either white as the driven snow, or a delicate rose colour, while the water is of the deepest blue. There are twenty-five large craters expelling hot water round the lake, besides sulphur springs and mud volcanoes. Crystallized wood, twigs, leaves, ferns, &c., are found scattered all over the plain of these springs. The description of this whole scene, with the immense volcanic mountains beyond, is most vivid and beautiful. So also is that of the New Zealand forests, more beautiful than those of torrid climates, having magnificent timber without rank jungle, and where the full beauty of the parasites and creepers charged with colour, and hanging "straight as cathedral bell-ropes," is thus fully apparent. Here also is the paradise of ferns, from the lofty tree-fern, the most graceful of all forest trees, to the delicate, vivid fronds of all our rarest hot-house kinds, and the lycopodium forming the perpetual carpet under foot. Not a sound besides the whispering of the wind in the tree-tops, too high to be felt, is heard throughout these vast solitudes.

Mr. Meade gives, probably, one of the fairest accounts of the Maori character and condition that has appeared. The missionaries have drawn their portraits, in general, without shade, while other writers have described their demoralized and licentious life in far too vivid colouring. They are described as a high-spirited, courteous, touchy, pugnacious, and exceedingly intelligent race, not more immoral than the natives of southern Europe, and if it were not for the new "pau-pauism," open to the influences of Christianity.

3. "It takes one man to set a house on fire, but a good many men to put it out." This proverb expresses pithily enough the immense advantage which is possessed by the assailants in the war perpetually carried on by falsehood against truth. Any one can tell a lie, or any number of lies. Any one can seize a critical moment, and send into the world just at the nick of time a number of calumnies against some obnoxious person or against some hated institution, and the calumnies may do their work by poisoning men's minds for the moment on which almost everything depends. But the refutation of bold calumnies takes time. No life so spotless but it may be spattered over for a moment by mud, which it will require evidence, and documents, and the comparison of facts to remove. No history but has some confused passages, some uninvestigated periods, and a bold assertion concerning one of these is made in a moment, and confuted in, perhaps, a year. Then, again, lies live, because they are often pointed, often spicy, racy, anecdotic—or, at all events, because they fit in with the prejudices that would gladly know them to be true. The refutations of lies are dull, laborious, prosaic, respectable, ponderous. Few people care to read them, few people are well posted up in them. If a lie once refuted were never to show its face again, the guardians of truth might almost rest on their arms and go to sleep.

A year ago every one was talking about "Janus." He was translated again and again. He was a man of wonderful learning. It was not quite certain who he was, and he was said to be some one who he was not. His learning was so wonderful that he must be at least two learned men rolled into one. He had hit blots that no one had hit before. He had unmasked the Jesuit conspiracy—the plot incautiously divulged by the French correspondent of the *Civiltà Cattolica* for the carrying of the dogma of Infallibility by "acclamation." However, "Janus" had settled the question. There could be no Infallibility now. The death-blow had been given. Even the Council had been made out not to be free—so that if it should venture on a definition, no one would care for it. And now "Janus" is forgotten. Like his Roman prototype, he has been "shut up" till such time as a new war against truth has to be declared. But "Janus," as we have said, did his work for the time. Not, indeed, that he seriously discredited the Council or that he prevented the definition, but still he set a number of old, and some few new, calumnies flying in the air for the time, which it took some trouble on the part of Catholic writers to shoot down. He furnished several pages to Dr. Pusey, and has been still more copiously used by other assailants of Catholicism.

It may be said that Professor Robertson's translation* of the admirable work of Dr. Hergenröther in refutation of "Janus" comes into the field too late. It is too late to prevent harm that has already been done, certainly: but that is, unfortunately, no uncommon lot for the refutation of falsehood. But it is not too late for the student, the

* *Anti-Janus*. An historic theological Criticism of the work entitled *The Pope and the Council*, by Janus. By Dr. Hergenröther. Translated from the German by J. B. Robertson, Esq., Professor of Modern History and English Literature in the Catholic University, Dublin. With an Introduction, giving a history of Gallicanism from the reign of Louis the Fourteenth down to the present time. W. B. Kelly, Dublin, 1870.

theologian, the historian. It gives to these and to others who may have occasion to inquire into the subjects of which it treats a sort of manual of the Anti-Papal controversy. As "Janus" brought together a number of false charges and apparent difficulties, which before were scattered here and there over the lines of Protestant polemics, so "Anti-Janus" has concentrated and made available the answers to these charges and the explanation of these difficulties. Thus much we might say if the book were a mere translation, but it is a good deal more. Mr. Robertson's introductory sketch of the history of Gallicanism is one of the very best pieces of the kind which we possess in English.

4. The progress of scientific research, which has revealed to us so many secrets respecting the sun and the planets which circle round him, has necessarily encouraged questions such as that which is the main subject of Mr. Proctor's volume*—which, as we are glad to see, has already reached a second edition. The idea that the stars are inhabited by beings analogous to those which people the earth is perfectly natural, and is suggested the moment that we realize the stars are worlds like our own, only very far surpassing it in size. At all events the idea is natural with regard to the planets which belong to our system. Nor, we suppose, is there anything in faith or experience to contradict the supposition, which has been made the subject of a good deal of writing in this country for a considerable space of time.

Mr. Proctor's work sums up for us the evidence as to the point in question. Of course the speculation is limited in its field. When we speak of the habitability of the planets, we mean to speak of their capacity for being the dwelling-places of beings analogous or like to ourselves and those with which we are acquainted. Mr. Proctor goes through the several bodies of which our system is made up. The sun is probably out of the question, as well as the moon. The idea of inhabitants in the sun is "too bizarre and fanciful," the moon has no atmosphere, no seas, no seasons, her days last a fortnight, her nights as long, and during the day her surface is at a heat above the boiling point, while during the night an intensity of cold must prevail of which we can form but imperfect conceptions. Mercury must be rather a hot place, certainly, but there are arrangements of seasons there which might make life endurable. "Those regions which correspond to our temperate and tropical zones could indeed scarcely be habitable, but the polar regions of this planet would not form a disagreeable abode." Venus might do well enough to live in, and would not, perhaps, differ very much in this respect from the earth, but there is a terrible theory about the "inclination of her axis" which would make her liable to a very complicated arrangement of seasons, and expose her inhabitants to a rapid series of remarkable changes in this respect, which no terrestrial beings could endure. Mars seems likely to be a place of dwelling not very different from the earth on which we live. Jupiter and Saturn are probably uninhabitable themselves, but they may serve as minor suns in relation to their satellites, which may perhaps be the abode of living creatures. Neptune and Uranus must be considered as in the same

* *Other Worlds than Ours: The Plurality of Worlds studied under the light of recent Scientific Researches.* By R. A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S. Second Edition. Longmans, 1870.

category with Jupiter and Saturn. Mr. Proctor's work deals also with the subject of meteors and comets, nebulae and galaxies, as well as with that of which we have been speaking.

5. There is an astonishing difference in the quality of American literary wares; some are full of a kind of tonic wholesomeness of energy and instinctive principles, so that in spite of their singular religious freakiness, they are good to read; some, on the contrary, in addition to their American peculiarities of style and taste, have added faults of a more serious and dangerous character. Probably the immense spread of various forms of spiritism has added to the irreverence which innumerable varieties of belief engender, and brought the rash handling of sacred things more objectionably to the surface. This is apparent in the late popular tale of *Miss Van Kortland*, in which the heroine, Gay, and her lover, Noel Seaton—supposed to be a very fine lady and gentleman—converse about this world and the next, life and death, good living and evil, with the half-sneering and commonplace flippancy of the worst aspect of low society in this country. It looks ill for future American society if young ladies of its better class—which certainly Gay Von Kortland and Margaret Dane are intended to represent—disdain all proper protection and surroundings, and set out on long expeditions, rides and walks, with single men of their own age and standing. The only individual, in fact, possessing any propriety in the book—for which he is ridiculed accordingly—is one of the gentlemen, Alan Prescott, who marries Margaret Dane. Margaret's character is prettily drawn, and if it had not been for its intense vulgarity, the story might have been made attractive. The writer of *We Girls*,* Mrs. Whitney, is one of a wholly different stamp. It is, of course, inferior to the *Gayworthys*, for what author is there, man or woman, who does not put his best into some one thing, round which all his other efforts circle as lesser stars? But the strokes of humour and family fun in *We Girls* are nevertheless genuinely telling, and the Holabird home owes something of its individuality to the purely American incident of not only "moving house, but moving the house as well." The description of the passage of the said house on rollers, and the various aspects the country took as they went along, is quaintly transatlantic. The "girls," Rosamond, Barbara, and Ruth, their little brother, who was "Steve" when he was a dear, and "Stiff" when he was tiresome, and the love and mutual admiration of the Holabirds for their mother and one another, make up altogether a charming pre-raphaelite home scene. And the other girls, not "we," are also good, and all fall into their place. Though we do not advise our young friends to copy the American style of conversation nor to say they are going "right away," or "all summer," or "to feel of the gown," we can safely recommend *We Girls* as a wholesome story to read and to lend.

6. *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite* is a comparatively short tale from the indefatigable Mr. Anthony Trollope. It contains a good deal that no one, perhaps, but himself could write, and shows no falling off in the vigour and clearness which have made him so popular. The chief

* *We Girls: A Home Story.* By Adeline D. J. Whitney, author of the *Gayworthys*, *Hitherto*, &c. Sampson, Low, and Marston, 1870.

character, from whom the tale takes its name, is a north county baronet of large fortune, with a single surviving child, his darling and heiress. Emily Hotspur is not one of Mr. Trollope's most carefully drawn characters, and it is here, if anywhere, that the story fails to satisfy us. The old baronet is of course anxious above everything else to marry his daughter happily. Emily, with the usual perverseness of heiresses in novels, gives her heart to a thorough rascal—one of those blackguards with whom Mr. Trollope's readers are not altogether unfamiliar. The interest of the tale turns on the battle between the daughter's constancy and determined faith in the possible redemption and reformation of her lover, and the strong repugnance of the father to consent to the match. The lover happens also to be the heir to the baronetcy, though the estates are entirely at the disposal of Sir Harry. Thus another element is added to the struggle. George Hotspur would be the man of all others whom Emily ought to marry, if he were a man whom any virtuous and respectable girl could marry with the slightest prospects or expectation of happiness. At one time the "young people" seem to be about to win their proverbial victory—Sir Harry, who has already offered George to pay all his debts and settle an annuity upon him if he will give up Emily, relents so far as to offer him an estate to farm, and promises that the marriage shall take place after two years of probation, if he behave well in the interval. But George turns out to have been so very low, so abominable, so utterly hopeless in his blackguardism, that Sir Harry is obliged to send him about his business. He marries an actress, and Emily "dies of a broken heart."

The story labours under a defect which is, we think, to be traced in many of Mr. Trollope's novels. That writer is very successful indeed in tracing the workings of character in persons who have got into difficulties or placed in extraordinary and abnormal positions. He seldom puts before us any characters that might not be met with in ordinary life. He is therefore true to nature in his portrayal of character, and this, combined with his brilliant writing, gives their special charm to his works. He seems to be content to be an ephemeral writer, but of all ephemeral writers he is certainly one of the most powerful and most judicious. But the faithfulness to nature which is remarkable in his characters must not be claimed as a quality of his plots. He puts people in positions into which they would have been most unlikely to get, and then works out his story. George Hotspur, for instance, reminds us of another irredeemable blackguard, George Vavasour, in *Can you forgive her?* But the Alice of that tale would never have put herself in the circumstances which form the necessary ground-work of the whole story. Nor would Mary Lowther, we think—one of Mr. Trollope's latest young ladies—ever have accepted the young squire, whom she ultimately fits in the *Vicar of Bullhampton*. So in this story as well, Emily Hotspur, who, faintly as she is in some respects drawn, has high principles, strong sense, and a good deal of hereditary pride, could never have yielded herself so entirely to the love of the "black sheep" of the family, as Mr. Trollope tells us that she did in the scene at Airy Force, and as is required for the catastrophe of the whole tale. Lily Dale almost throwing herself at Crosbie is not very probable—but Lily Dale was not a Hotspur, and Crosbie was an angel of light in comparison to the coarse George of this story.

7. Mr. F. E. Weatherly has published a volume of very pretty poetry—*Muriel, the Sea King's Daughter, and other Poems* (Oxford, Shrimpton; London, Whittaker and Co.). Whether he will ever be a great poet we are unable to say, but we take it for granted that this is his first considerable publication, and that there is a possibility of his continuing to write and publish. At present he belongs to the class of songsters who may be called "Tennysonidæ." He has caught much of the Laureate's style and manner: his subjects even are Tennysonian. The principal poem, "Muriel," is founded on the "Little Mermaid" of Ham Anderson, and is, as our readers may easily imagine, a version of the old "situation" of a sea-princess falling in love with a mortal prince, who marries another, and whom Muriel, the sea-princess, spares when in her power at the cost of her own life. The story is very prettily told, but there is hardly a strain in the whole which is new; and yet as it is possible to get cloyed with sugar-candy or pine-apple, we are tired after a time even of the wan moon, and the voices from the sea, and rose walks, and samite, and all the glamour of marble palaces, and pine-clad headlands, and golden hair, and sad-white faces, and peach-bloom cheeks, and twinkling feet. Running through these pages we observe a great number of poems divided here and there by asterisks, from which circumstance we gather that Mr. Weatherly has often had the courage to prune down what he has written. Let him, if he is to be a true poet, rise above the temptation of simply repeating the notes, however sweet, with which Mr. Tennyson has made the air of England ring; and let him avoid, as a still more dangerous temptation, the lusciousness of Mr. Morris.

We may as well justify, for our readers' benefit, what we have said about the real charm of some of Mr. Weatherly's poetry. He is great in "marriage-lays"—here is one of them—

Away! the bright late morning wears
Towards the baby-autumn noon;
Away! away! lend not thine ears
To yonder gray sea's quite tune.
Unheeded 'neath thy pine-clad hill,
Still let it woo thee, saying "Stay;"
Unheeded let the song-birds fill
Thy garden-ways with music gay;
Unheeded leave each flower and tree,
About thy loved home-spaces born;
Another now hath need of thee!
The summons hast thou heard since morn.
"Now life we ring to thee!
Glad days we sing to thee!"
Clash the bells gleefully,
Bells of thy marriage-morn!

Another now hath need of thee,
Who, in the village church, awaits
Thy coming footsteps wishfully;
Pass on, pass through the wide-flung gates,
And up the leafy lime-tree aisles,
Amid the flowers before thee flung,
Amid the sunshine, and the smiles,
And welcomes, sent from many a tongue
And lift thine eyes, and lift thine ears,
To yonder ancient tower and worn,

That high its belfry-windows rears,
Whose summons hast thou heard since morn.
"New life we ring to thee!
Glad days we sing to thee!"
Clash the bells gleefully,
Bells of thy marriage-morn!

Pass, maiden, at thy father's side,
Into the dim church from the glare!
Pass out! pass out, a new-made bride!
While loud the organ shakes the air.
And, while thy fair bride-maidens move
Bright glancing down amid the limes,
And, while thou lean'st on him, whose love
Shall fold thee in the coming times,
In sweet requital for the life
And well-loved home, whence thou art torn,
Thou'lt hear the bells that hail thee "wife"
And thy new life, towards the borne.
"New life we ring to thee!
Glad days we sing to thee!"
Clash the bells gleefully,
Bells of thy marriage-morn!

Awiles: and then with hearty speech,
And glee, the bridal-feast encrownd;
Good wishes, vying each with each;
The wishing-cup flashed gaily round;
But chiefest, and than all more sweet,
The wish, that life be here so past,
Through storm and shine, that all may meet
At the great marriage-feast at last.
So may'st thou own in after years
(Thy mind on wings of memory borne
To all the sounds that fill thine ears
On this, thy golden marriage-morn).
"New life we ring to thee!
Glad days we sing to thee!"
Clashed the bells truthfully,
Bells of thy marriage-morn!

8. *Conventiones de rebus eccles. inter S. Sedem et civilem potestatem inite Moguntie Sumptibus Fr. Kirchheim* (Londini: D. Nutt, 1870). This collection of fifty Concordats between the Holy See and the secular power is for the most part borrowed from the collection published in Rome under a similar title, by Vinc. Nussi. It differs however in this that, whereas the Roman collection arranges the materials contained in the Concordats according to the *subjects* under twenty-five headings, this work follows the *chronological* order. This difference makes a second divergence necessary. While Nussi puts aside the beginning and the end of the conventions, as well as other affairs which bear but slightly on his subject, the Mayence collection gives the complete text of the Concordats, commencing with the Callixtine Concordat in A.D. 1122, and closing with the Concordat between Pius the Ninth and the Republic San Salvador, 1862. Historical introductions and critical notes are not appended; nevertheless this lucid collection of such important matter is of great value to every canonist and historian.—9. *Lectiones quotidianæ de vitâ, honestate et officiis Sacerdotum et Clericorum*. Edidit. P. Josephus Schneider, S.J. (Ratisbon: Pustet, 1870). Father Schneider is already well known by his manuals for the use of

priests and clerics. His present work is equally beautiful and useful. It is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of the person of the priest, the second of his duties. Thus under the first we have sections on the priestly vocation, its dignity, what the priest ought to do and what to avoid as to himself, in order that he may discharge his office faithfully. The second part treats of his duties under the usual division of teacher, priest (or sacrificer), and pastor. The matter of the book is divided into short chapters, of two or three pages at the most, so as to form a series of spiritual readings for every day in the year. These readings are selected from a vast number of writers, spiritual, ascetical, liturgical, the instructions of Bishops and synods, and the like. The plan of such a book is excellent, and might serve as a model for books of spiritual reading addressed to Christians in general.—10. *The Kingly Office of the Church*. A Sermon, by W. G. Todd, D.D. (Longmans, 1870). We usually consider sermons as not quite the matter for ordinary criticism, and if this were not so, we should be tempted to dwell at length upon this admirable discourse. It is a manly profession of Catholic principles upon the subject of the day, the invasion of Rome and the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Pope. The enemies of the Church, Dr. Todd tells us, are always in rebellion against the power of the Church, and covet it for themselves. Their pleas may vary in kind, but this is at the bottom of all. After speaking very forcibly of the manner in which certain people in England first wrote to advocate the destruction of the Temporal Power of the Church as if they had nothing more at heart than to increase her spiritual power—which, as they argued, was impeded in its exercise by the possession of independence—and then, when the Temporal Power had fallen, began to shout a triumph over it, for the very reason that its fall was so deadly a wound to the Spiritual Power, Dr. Todd speaks hopefully of the present state of the Church in respect of her influence on society. "In spite of its apparent weakness," he says, "the Catholic Church possesses, to-day, two advantages greater than it enjoyed at any previous periods of its history. Its population is immensely more numerous than in the days when all Europe was Catholic. It is more diffused throughout the world, and very powerful portions of the Church are rising in new continents. Then this population, for the most part, occupies a more important intellectual position. Education and instruction are telling in favour of the Church, even where they are not all that we could wish. The Church has to deal at present, and in the future will have to deal still more fully, with a class of men who may indeed be deficient in the freshness and simplicity of the olden times, but who know more, reason more, and understand more. In two ways this state of things tends to the increase of the spiritual power: (1.) by exhibiting to the world the spectacle of immense bodies of well-contented and educated men, who, living in the communion of the Church, are more closely united to it, more ready to accept its decisions, have less mutual distrust of each other, and are more hearty in their allegiance to the Holy See, than at any previous period since the early days of Christianity. And (2.) it tends to the increase of the Spiritual Power by the sound public opinion which is thus made to bear upon the world. The various Governments may have given up the Christian faith as the guide of their political conduct, but they cannot help being

influenced by a strong public opinion." We must confess our cordial sympathy with this manly, hopeful language, so well calculated to rouse Catholics of all classes, not clergy only, but laity, to take their proper position, and exert themselves in the cause of the Church, in preference to the more lugubrious view which occasionally finds advocates among us.—11. *History of the Foundation of the Order of the Visitation*, and the Lives of Mdle. de La Fayette and several other members of the Order (Baltimore: Kelly and Piet, 1870). This little book is a model which we should like to see largely imitated. The Annals of the Religious Orders contain, it is no exaggeration to say, thousands of beautiful lives, from which selections might be made which would entertain as well as edify in the highest degree. For the most part, these Annals are barely known outside the walls of the houses of their respective orders—sometimes, we may add, hardly within them. No doubt the selection must be judiciously made, and the editor should receive liberty to curtail and condense. The book before us gives a short account of the first beginnings of the Visitation. The selected lives which follow are those of Mdle. de Fayette, the Maid of Honour of Anne of Austria, Dona Teresa de Bourk, Lady Alexandra Mackinnon, Miss Mary Teresa Weld, and Sister Mary Raymondina Jullian.—12. *The Pictorial New Testament* (Baltimore: Kelly and Piet) is a really handsome volume, profusely illustrated with fine cuts. It will no doubt be a great boon to the Catholics of America.—13. *A Pictorial Life of Jesus Christ*, in the words of the Evangelists, compiled by the Rev. H. Formby (Burns and Oates), is a marvel of cheapness, and we sincerely hope that the devotion—we can use no other word—of Mr. Formby to the end of making the life of our Blessed Lord known in this familiar and attractive form may have its reward.—14. *Anglican Friends in Council. A Conversation on Papal Infallibility* (Burns and Oates, 1870). A short dialogue on the effects of the definitions of the Vatican Council on the unionist position.—15. *Lilia*, or the Test, and (16.) the *Two Crowns* (Baltimore: Murphy). These are two nicely-printed little dramas, the first in two acts, and the other in one, written, as it would seem, to be acted by the young ladies of convent schools in America. There are no gentlemen characters, and the whole plot and dialogue are admirably adapted to the purpose of the author.—17. *La Chiusura delle Scuole del Collegio Romano* (Florence: Mancelli). An account of the tyrannical closing of the schools of the Roman College by the intruding Government of Victor Emmanuel, which is said to have already done more in the way of destruction and petty persecution in Rome than the short-lived Republic of Mazzini and Garibaldi.—18. The *Catholic Directory* (Burns and Co.), and (19.) the *Catholic Calendar* (Washbourne) have made their appearance for 1871, and may fitly close our list of short notices.

The Pope and Modern Europe.

ONE of the motives which have weighed with us in favour of an enlargement of our own pages has been the hope of being thus able to make room from time to time for accounts of the labours of the foreign Catholic periodicals, from which we have also intended to make considerable extracts. The present calamitous war has for the moment reduced to silence a large number of our fellow-labourers in the cause of Catholic literature, and we postpone until happier days the full execution of this part of our plan. We may, however, give our readers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a part of a thoughtful article to which we have elsewhere referred (p. 15). It is taken from the *Katholik*, one of the best of the German periodicals (published at Mayence by F. Kirckheim. November, 1870). The title of the article is "The Pope and Modern Europe." After speaking of the recent catastrophe at Rome, and the indifference, forced or voluntary, of most European Powers, the writer thus speaks of Prussia—

It will be for Prussia, and for the Prusso-German Empire of the future to deal with the question of the Papacy from a perfectly neutral, not to say impartial, point of view. That feeling for authority and order which undoubtedly prevails in the highest circles, must sympathize with the Head of the Catholic Church, and with order as represented by that Church. But the Italian movement, whose crowning act was the occupation of Rome, claims a certain relationship with the conquerors of 1866. The treaty of April 25, 1866, can no longer be said to bind the Prussian Cabinet, but, so short a time having elapsed since it was concluded, its influence cannot be otherwise than powerfully felt in restricting the sympathy with the interests of the Pope and the restoration of the States of the Church. Thus there is a struggle going on in the best Prussian society between the respect entertained since the time of William the Fourth for the institutions of the Catholic Church and the freedom of religious life, and that unquenchable hatred to the Papacy in which Freemasonry and Lutheran fanaticism unite.

In the most influential circles of Prussia the Holy Father is doubtless an object of veneration and sympathy; at the same time he is also a silent reproach, and it thus becomes impossible to arrive at a decision, either one way or the other. The calculations of politicians lead to the same conclusions as the influences of these unseen agencies. Prussia and Prussian Germany is compelled, through the very nature of its population, to show itself equally just, considerate, and benevolent to the Catholics as to the Protestants. It cannot, therefore, like the German Federation, declare itself unable to act, when it is called upon to protect religious freedom. That it has been obliged to promise its support to the Catholics who entreated aid for the Holy Father, may be learnt from the Royal speech of 1867, and we are told that the same has been again done recently in a no less decisive manner. But will the Prussian Government find itself able to carry out these promises in opposition to the remonstrances of Liberalism and the objections of Pietism, which in this point is equally difficult to deal with? In 1867 the heroic Zouaves and the French Chassepots spared it this perplexity; the kind words of the King pleased the Catholics, and he was not compelled to proceed to any action which might displease the enemies of the Church. Things are changed now. Berlin must do something for the Pope, and actions are more costly than words. The Pope has never been attacked by Prussia, but within a short space of time he has

thrice suffered through the course of conduct pursued by that country—in 1859, when the neutrality of Prussia prepared the way for the defeat of Austria; in 1866, when the victories of Prussia created, so to speak, Italian unity; in 1870, when France withdrew her forces from Rome, to oppose them to Prussia bayonets. Is Prussia so strong at the present time as no longer to need these sacrifices? Will she have the power to pursue the Revolution beyond the Alps, or will her politicians succeed by peaceable means in inducing the Italian Government to withdraw from Rome?

He then speaks of the peculiar difficulties of our time—

Let us not confine our attention, however, to those external difficulties with which the maintenance of the Pope's sovereignty is at present beset. In the political heavens there are no fixed stars. We might yet hope that Europe would once more take up the cause of the Pope, did his fate rest only in the hands of those Ministers and Princes who now hold aloof from him. A European Congress to follow immediately on the conclusion of peace has long been talked of; perhaps even Victor Emmanuel himself would be grateful to such a Congress if it imperatively demanded Rome for the Pope. But what would be gained by this proceeding? The peculiar problem involved in the situation would receive no solution from a diplomatic intervention of that sort; the only possible result would be the proclamation of a fresh truce in the struggle now going on between the Revolution and the Holy See; a truce for which the Pope would no doubt have to pay very dearly, but which would not in any way tend permanently to guarantee his rights. If the Holy Father is to be really fixed in his sovereignty and the Church in her independence, Europe must first return to that normal condition which alone can give and secure to the Head of the Church such a position. In order that the Successors of St. Peter should govern the city of Rome and the Roman provinces, it was of a paramount necessity that the population of the Roman Empire should be Christian. Pagan Rome had no place for the Vicar of Christ—in her, the Successors of St. Peter were like their forerunner, obliged to bear the palm of a martyr, not the sceptre of a King.

We have thought ourselves obliged to make this trite observation in order to show the real cause of all the conflicts to which the Papal sovereignty is exposed. In the first three centuries, on the crumbling ruins of heathen temples, a new and Christian Empire arose; during the last three centuries the reverse of this has been going on, and pagan ideas and principles seem to predominate in Christian Europe. That spirit which men are pleased to call progress and modern civilization, is at the bottom of nothing else but a new form of paganism. It offers to humanity an existence without God, without immortality, without truth and law; it would have a State upheld only by force and taking care of material interests alone; it cuts at the root of religion, of law, and of society. This spirit of modern paganism has, during the last three centuries, been penetrating every European State, and it has been especially active in Italy. Continually resisted by the Church, and ever repelled anew by the Christian feeling of the nation, all the more surely has it gained for itself the Universities, Cabinets, and Parliaments, there to rule without rival and without foe, although not venturing to show itself elsewhere in its true proportions. The dominion of this spirit must ever be at enmity with the dominion of the Vicar of Christ. Where the Pope is supreme, there the law of God, the law of Christ, the law of the Church must be supreme

It is possible for the Pope to bestow upon the artisan, the burgher, the noble who will own his sway, freedom and independence as real and as great as that which any Republic can offer; but it is not possible for him to abrogate on their behalf the law of God, nor to release them from subjection to the supernatural order. He can never inaugurate the modern State, that pagan State, which profanes the sanctity of marriage and the domestic life, abandons truth to the mercy of an unbridled press and unauthorized teachers, and allows every individual to be a law unto himself.

In this opposition between modern ideas and Christianity lies the real cause of all the difficulties against which authority has to struggle in Europe in the present day; by no one has the enemy been more clearly recognized or more fearlessly denounced than by Pius the Ninth ever since the beginning of his Pontificate. In the Syllabus he has exposed the whole position of the adversary with whom he wrestles, to the terror of his indifferent friends, still more to the terror of his enemies. The former, let us hope, will now no longer call the Syllabus ill-timed; the latter have never attempted to conceal the fact that in the Pope they hate the watchman of Christian society, and that they rejoice in the occupation of Rome, because it silences the voice

of the Council, just about to condemn their own ideas. If we thus look at the Roman question in all its gravity, we shall not seek the solution of it on the surface of ordinary political occurrences. The existence of the Papal sovereignty does not mean at all the same thing as the existence of Greece, or Belgium, or the Danubian Principalities, for it involves a principle; in espousing its cause European diplomacy would be espousing the cause of the Christian State, and the supernatural order. Pius the Ninth, as we said above, has put the question in this light, and none of his successors will be able to put it in any other, even though centuries should elapse before it is finally settled.

After some remarks on another change in Europe—the disregard of international law—he then speaks of a further evil, the loss of the correct political conception of the Catholic Church—

As the Church grew up gradually within the Roman Empire, she found there ready to her hand the idea, founded alike on nature and history, of an independent corporation existing in its own rights. This idea she brought to bear upon herself, and even the heathen State, while persecuting her, could not deny it; and the Christian Emperors only recognized a principle founded on universal justice when they took the Church as a corporation under their special protection. In all Christian times this view of the subject has been taken for granted, and on it has been raised that vast superstructure, in which, numerous and varied as are its subdivisions, both the whole Church as personified by the Pope, and every individual diocese, as well as the several communities existing in the same, enjoyed, each in its own sphere, a free and independent action. Before the modern theory of government, however, the conception of a separate corporation has become but a figure of speech. The scheme of a supreme State on the one hand, and the principle of individualism on the other, have, in their union, inevitably led to the rejection of the idea of the Church as a corporation independent of, and separate from, the State.

The Catholic Church is the greatest sufferer from this change. As it is only gradually that all theories of reform can be carried out into practice, so in this case modern opinion has not been able all at once to make its influence felt; in our day it is, however, almost everywhere supreme. Most modern States only recognize individuals, to whom they allow the free exercise of their religion as far as this accords with the constitution and laws. If their citizens wish to establish relations between themselves and the citizens of other States, and, in order the better to carry on these relations, deem the election of a head desirable, the permission to choose such a head is more or less graciously accorded to them. Thus the Piedmontese Government, at least if its promises may be believed, will not oppose the existence of such a Head of all Catholic Christians exercising authority over all his spiritual subjects, and presiding over the religious society of all nations. This permission is what they are pleased to call a free Church in a free State. But the recognition thus accorded to an international Catholic union can be withdrawn at any moment, and can be restricted at pleasure by the constitutions of the several States. It remains, therefore, for the legislators of Austria, Prussia, and France, to determine the degree in which they will accord their protection to the relationship existing, in each of these countries, between the Pope and his Catholic subjects. On the other hand, it remains for the good pleasure of that State to which the Head of the Church belongs in his character of citizen—that is to say, for the Italian Government—to fix the limits within which he may view the Catholics of other States as his subjects, without interfering with his own subordination to the State whose citizen he is.

This condition of affairs need not prevent the respective States from granting to the representatives or spiritual rulers of their Catholic subjects positions of distinction and honour: for instance, they can give a Bishop the rank of a Privy Councillor, or any other which it may please them to confer upon him; there is nothing to prevent Cardinals from having the rank of Princes or Dukes, and the Pope might, if desirable, receive regal honours.

But there is one thing which, in this condition of affairs, is absolutely impossible. The Pope or any other ecclesiastical dignitary can never have supreme sovereignty, because in holding this he would cease to be subject to the State, and the community presided over by him would no longer form an integral part of the political whole. The supremacy of the Holy Father has in later times been the sole protest against this modern conception of the ecclesiastical body, in which, a hundred years ago, the existence of numerous independent Bishops and Prelates offered so energetic a resistance.

Sicut vox clamans in deserto the Pope-King has, by the very fact of his existence, defended the autonomy of the Church against the clamour of modern theories of government, whilst his active measures have prevented on many occasions the first step towards the dissolution of ecclesiastical society. But all must now be changed, and in this change the real and final aim of that secularization of the States of the Church, so lately effected by Victor Emmanuel, will be completely attained. It is not a question of contenting Garibaldi and his hordes, nor of satisfying the claims of the Savoyard dynasty, it is the carrying out of modern principles and ideas which has deprived the Head of the Catholic Church of his supremacy, and the Catholic Church herself of her rights as a self-existing and independent corporation. In this respect does the Pope-King represent not merely himself, nor even the Catholic religion alone, but a great, universal principle. The destruction of his sovereignty will imperil the existence of the Catholic Church in all lands, and utterly destroy corporate autonomy.

The article concludes as follows—

If the nineteenth century denies those first principles of truth and justice which are represented by the Pope-King, future ages will return to them. Change comes with revolving centuries, but the Church and her position are affected by none of those changes, for her foundations are on the holy hills. It is, however, not necessary to appeal to a far-distant futurity: the laws which govern the development of false principles have only a limited sphere of action; they lose their force in the very moment of attaining their accomplishment. The truth of this will soon be apparent in relation to the so-called modern ideas. A century has already elapsed since they were first disseminated in Europe, and a chain of mighty catastrophes has made manifest their working in every country of that continent. Now, when they have spread themselves over all its length and breadth, they have turned the European world into a camp bristling with bayonets, and a wide constituency torn to pieces by struggles about first principles. All around us we see nothing but threats and struggles. The sword is beginning to turn upon him who wields it. War is perhaps the least of these evils, or rather it helps to cure them by cooling the passions which are stirred up by the strife of opinions. In any case, it is something gained, if for a time the Liberal theorists are unable to obtain a hearing, and Princes and people alike feel the hand of God. But in the period following after war, in the ovations paid to the conquerors and the straits to which the conquered are reduced, evil principles always grow apace. After the Treaty of Prague, both victorious Prussia and vanquished Austria alike paid court to Liberal ideas, whether in pretence or in reality we cannot say. Will the same thing happen when peace is concluded between Prussia and France? That is the question which the history of the century will have to decide.

If Germany will combat at Berlin and at Rome both that French Imperialism which received its death-blow at Sedan, and the Revolution, to which, please God, it will deal no less hard a blow on the Loire, then this bloody war may herald the birth of a new Europe, or rather the renovation of the Europe of the past. But if Germany abuses her victories in order to establish Imperialism on the one side of the Rhine, and to foster a popular delusion on the other, then the dissolution of European society will advance with great strides.

But in any case, when peace is made the Powers concluding it will have to take up a decided position with respect to the Roman question. A treaty which left the Pope to his fate, would, although apparently drawn up in the interests of Conservative and of Monarchy, confirm the dominion of the anti-Christian Revolution. A treaty which protected the Pope, would restore in Germany the foundations of right and authority, whether concluded with the Republic or with the legitimate dynasty. How things may turn out we cannot fortell nor even conjecture, but of this we are certain—that no question of importance can be decided, without involving a settlement of the Roman question. It is one of the prerogatives of the Holy See, that all its acts are *Urbi et Orbi*, and this is equally true of its sufferings and humiliations. European order, the order of human society, stands and falls with it; not only the voice of religion, but the voice of true patriotism bids all Catholics fight with might and main for the Pope. The German and the Roman are not two several questions, they are but one; and it is at Rome that, in the present day as in the time of Charlemagne, those nations who formerly owned his sway await the decision of their fate.

*** This Catalogue annuls all preceding. [November & December 1870.

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